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UNITARIAN REVIEW

AND

RELIGIOUS & MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XIX.

BOSTON:
OFFICE OF THE UNITARIAN REVIEW,
141 FRANKLIN STREET.

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VOL. XIX. JANUARY, 1883. No. 1.

THE STUDY OF CHURCH HISTORY.*

Fellow-students,—For the first time in the life of our University, a professorship of Ecclesiastical History finds a place by the side of other endowments, as an independent member of this great corporation of learning. Until six years ago, the means of support necessary to the maintenance of this chair were wanting; and it had not seemed a pressing demand of the times that it should be created by a special effort. Meanwhile, the work of instruction in the department had been for the most part intrusted to gentlemen not permanently associated with the government of the school, so that, however admirable their work may have been, it could not fail to be considered as, to a certain extent, something lying outside of its main purpose. In the year 1876, the late Joshua B. Winn, a merchant of the town of Woburn in this State, left to a board of trustees a sum of money to be held in trust for the benefit of the Unitarian denomination. These trustees, acting upon the basis that the Harvard Divinity School had long been the

* Inaugural Address by Ephraim Emerton, Ph.D., Winn Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Harvard University.

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chief school for the education of Unitarian clergymen, obtained the sanction of the courts of the Commonwealth to the application of a part of Mr. Winn's bequest to founding a chair of Ecclesiastical History here. During the greater portion of the time which has intervened since this bequest was made, the duties of instruction have been performed by the accomplished scholar and genial gentleman whom you have learned to know in this place, and whose retirement from these duties is to me the one shadow upon my acceptance of them.

The establishment of this professorship has seemed to me to be in many ways significant, first of all in the fact of its lateness. Here is a school of learning which has been devoted to the study of theology for more than sixty years, and yet the historical aspect of that study as a development, as something whose present can only be understood by reference to its past, has only now officially received equal recognition. Doubtless, lack of means has had much to do with this; but, aside from that, the causes for a distinct indifference to the historical aspect of theology are not far to seek. It is an indifference shared by theology until recently with all departments of learning. The study of history, if it is anything, is the search for absolute truth, as far as our means of information supply it, upon the working of men in masses, just as biography is the truthful story of development in the life of the individual. By political history, we mean the working together of men under the form of the State; by the history of civilization, we mean the story of how men have worked together in all those many ways by which the inner life has been outwardly expressed in social institutions; by literary history, we mean the record of the expression of men's best thought in language, as shown in the progress of time; by church history, we mean, or ought to mean, the record of the life of men together, under the form of the Christian Church. Now, it is a fact familiar to all of you that the prosecution of the search for truth of any kind for its own sake is a purely modern idea. In its completeness, we may call it a contemporary idea. It had

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its origin almost in our own day. See how it was in the history of States. Until our own century, political history was written usually for a purpose. This historian had at heart to prove the divine right of kings. Another would demonstrate that only among the great masses of the people were the true foundations of national life to be discovered. Another would prove the right of a certain dynasty to its throne, and what a countless multitude of so-called histories have had for their avowed object the glorification of some great public leader. There was at bottom a certain volume of tradition handed down from one historian to another, and out of this each selected what suited his purpose, interpreting the record in his own fashion. The historian was not a searcher after truth so much as he was a man with a mission, and the world was inundated with a flood of such distorted pictures of political life. No wonder that, in our own time, a popular orator can represent history as one-half guesses and the other half lies, and can denounce the study of history as a useless waste of time. How often do we hear history decried as being the mere record of the crimes, miseries, and follies of humanity! And how natural that it should be so, when these dramatic elements of history have been so often emphasized at the cost of those deeper and more decisive currents of human life, whose perusal must bring us warning and hope for the future! But, within the present century, the prevailing views of historical science have been essentially modified. Men began finally to inquire: upon what does all this great fabric of tradition rest, from what *sources* do these writers draw their information? By this inquiry, men were led to search into the matter for themselves. And, when they looked, they found, as they had suspected, that the picture had become distorted, because the original had been but imperfectly discerned. Men had taken too much upon the faith of others, and had been too willing to find their own views confirmed, without searching deeply enough for possible arguments against them.

With this discovery, the science of modern Historical Criticism came into being. From monastery cells, from

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royal archives, from forgotten corners in the council-houses of ancient cities, a vast wealth of manuscripts was brought to light. It was a veritable modern Renaissance, with methods and implements enormously more effective than those which the earlier one could command. An army of scholars, equipped with every requisite of linguistic and dialectic skill, began with zealous eagerness the endless labor of deciphering, comparing, emending, and publishing, which has now laid before us the contemporaneous records of the past as open to our gaze as is the newspaper, the history of the present hour. Now, the spirit which has animated this host of laborers has been, on the whole, one of singular devotion to the cause of absolute historic truth. Without regard to nationality, and yet conscious that they were preparing the most lasting monuments of national greatness, Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, and Englishmen have joined hands in this great endeavor; and we have in Germany the *Monumenta*, in France Bouquet, in Italy Muratori, and in England the "Rolls Series," where every scholar can read for himself whatever the past has handed down in the form of written history. A multitude of translations and epitomes have made these treasures accessible to every reader. With the exception of our own country, thus far the most backward in all that pertains to general historical study, societies and publications all over the civilized world are laboring to keep the progress in historical research before the mind of the reading public. In the face of this untiring activity, the conventional delusions which had obscured the political history of the European States are being rapidly dissipated.

Nor is this activity confined to political history alone. In that still wider range of subjects, which for want of a better term we include under the History of Civilization, the same spirit has prevailed. Here, history has found a most valuable and effective ally in the comparatively new science of archæology. Wherever the pen of the historian has pointed the way, the spade of the archæologist has followed, and has been more powerful in its effects than ever was

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human pen, though the boldest imagination guided its course and the most profound learning sustained its effort. Indeed, archæology has been at once the most effective ally and corrective of all historical writing. In the face of this imposing array of monuments, inscriptions, statues, buildings, paintings, all speculation as to historical theories has for a time been silenced; and we are living through a period of purely objective research for all that can make up the solid basis of fact on which future speculation may perhaps be based. Speaking generally, and overlooking some very striking cases of misinterpretation, the results of archæological inquiry have been too real and tangible to admit of wide difference of judgment. To be sure, the true purpose of the so-called Venus of Melos still excites the learned world to a bitter war of words, and the one unclosed eye of King Agamemnon still winks at us from out the reports of Dr. Schliemann in grim satire of our puny wisdom. But, on the whole, a world of misconceptions on a multitude of controverted points has been removed by these purely objective and unprejudiced labors. A healthier tone has pervaded all historical narration since it began to acknowledge its debt to archæology.

So we see that, in most of those human relations with which history has to deal, men are approaching the inquiry into the past with unbiassed minds. The historian who a few years ago published an exhaustive work on the age of Hildebrand, with the distinct purpose of proving that all the powers of Europe were in the wrong in resisting what seemed to them encroachments upon their rights, lies neglected upon our shelves,—a monument to demonstrate that in this day a man who wrenches the plain records of history to prove anything overreaches himself and fails of his purpose. For his violent opponents, who have allowed themselves to strain the truth in the opposite direction, have fared no better. If we want to get at the spirit of that great struggle, we go to the records of the time itself, or to those painfully wrought annals in which many scholars of to-day have been willing to give up all claim to elegance

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of diction or force of presentation for the sake of reproducing in purely annalistic form the record *as it is*, in all its meagreness and all its incompleteness.

We ask of the historian no longer that his point of view shall agree with our own, but that, in so far as it is possible for a man to do so, he shall merge his point of view entirely in a single devotion to the discovery of truth. He must hold himself in readiness to change or to abandon his point of view at any moment when the discovery of new truth shall have made his former position untenable.

This demand, you will see, takes for granted the possibility of error in the mental attitude of the historian. It even implies that he should hold himself wholly without preconceived theories, maintaining an absolute impartiality in view of all records which have come before his notice. The demand is a severe one, doubtless; but, in these departments of history we have been speaking of, in politics and institutions, it has been made and often responded to. How has it been, and how can it be, in that field of inquiry which now most nearly concerns us, the history of the Christian Church? Here is one form of human life differing essentially from all others in its claim to a special divine origin. Here there seemed to be one line of historical investigation into which men could not and dare not enter without prejudice. In this line of research alone, phenomena were to be judged not by the ordinary rules of human observation and deduction, but in the light of certain immovable and unchangeable preconceptions. Men who would approach without hesitation the records of Assyria and Egypt, deciphering and explaining them according to their best knowledge of the principles which govern human action, shrank from the unpopular task of submitting the Christian record to similar tests. The great triumph of the Church, which seemed to give support and color to the most extravagant pretensions, has exerted an influence to this day on the minds of almost all writers who have approached the subject. The meagreness of the record on the early days of the Church leaves almost endless space for the working of

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the devout imagination. The gap between the first appearance of Jesus and the time when the Christian congregations appear established and in communication invites speculation of every sort, and seems to many persons actually to *demand* the operation of supernatural, at least of superhuman, powers. This unhistorical attitude of mind has affected the judgment of historians upon every epoch in the progress of the Church. This effect has varied of course with the individual writer and with the age in which he wrote. On the whole, we may say that the farther back we go, the more historians are inclined to account for the extraordinary, or to supply the unknown, by reference to supernatural causes. The nearer we approach to our own time, the greater the tendency to seek for human explanations of human phenomena. And yet this progress has not been by any means a purely chronological one. It has gone on in different countries and among different confessions at very different rates. To our own day, one, the largest branch of the Christian Church, steadily refuses to put itself in harmony with the tendency of human thought, replying to every argument with simply repeated statements of its ancient position. Among Protestant sects, on the other hand, while some cling with great tenacity to every supernatural theory which is not distinctly disproved to them, and others reject every supernatural theory which cannot be as distinctly proven, there is still a substantial agreement to approach the outward facts in the life of the the Church with the honest intention of seeing them as they were.

What I have ventured to call the unhistorical attitude of mind on all subjects connected with the Church seems to me the result of the almost wholly theological treatment which this subject has received. Theology must have its preconceptions. Its very topic is the supernatural. It concerns itself primarily, if not wholly, with man's relation to powers outside of and above himself. But, when it would make history serve its purpose, it is as far from its legitimate right as were those political historians to whom I have

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alluded, when they tried to make history tell a story suited to their own purpose. What the attitude of theology toward the history of the Church has been is well illustrated in those schemes of university study for which our German fellow-students are famous, and which have been widely copied in our own language. In these schemes, we find Church History regularly entering as a part of "Historical Theology," as if history were no independent subject by itself; but only a form or mode of theological speculation. The farther we enter into these schemes of study, the more must we become convinced that history is thought of as a subordinate and auxiliary study rather than as a science worthy to stand alone. We find, for instance, that the very definition of Church History is by no means well established and agreed upon. One authority regards the Church as beginning from all eternity, and must therefore conclude that its history, if properly understood, would include the whole history of the universe. Others, somewhat less fancifully, but still theologically speaking, would find the beginnings of the Church among the ancient Jews, and would connect these, its first appearances, with the later visible association of Christians by a chain of reasoning resting wholly on theological and not on historical foundations. Still others, reaching out still more boldly into the unknown, define the Church as consisting at any given moment of two parts, the visible and the invisible.

Thus, it will be seen that a certain antagonism between theology and history has been created,—an antagonism as completely unfounded as that which is popularly supposed to exist between theology and natural science. You do not need to be told that this latter antagonism is only fanciful, kept alive by those persons who believe their particular form of theology to be the only possible one, and ignored by all who believe that all truth is God's truth, and that the loss of a certain quantity of error is only a gain in the final summing up. So it has come to be with the claims of historical science. Here, again, what seemed an antagonism proves to be but a new form of interpretation.

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It has been a long and somewhat painful process. Historical criticism has laid an unsparing hand upon the early records of Christianity. A multitude of questions have been raised and answered in such a way as to terrify all those timid spirits which cling to error rather than venture upon any change; but, on the whole, the current of opinion now is setting toward the conviction that there cannot be too much light,— that, if old convictions cannot bear the glare of modern day, they had better be allowed to moulder quietly away in their own dark corners. If theology will cease to bind history to its service, it will be found that the unwilling handmaid has yet become a servant in a higher and better sense. Left to its own methods and its own results, history offers to theology, as to every other branch of human knowledge, an auxiliary of incalculable importance. It is not a matter of chance that natural science has been called also natural *history*. The method of natural science is the method of history; namely, the observation of facts and inductions from them. The fundamental principle of all modern historical science is that every event in the life of man is the result and the cause of an endless series of other events, reaching backward and forward to both eternities. You perceive at once the analogy with the method which has carried the modern science of nature to its colossal triumph.

And yet it is a somewhat singular fact that history was for a long time almost the only branch of learning in which the historical method was not recognized. Long after natural science, using the method of history, had gained for itself a commanding place in university instruction, it would have been a piece of audacity to claim for history anything like an equal footing with other departments of study. In no college in this country was there an organized historical department. Anybody could teach history. Some one incapacitated for further service in some other department or, worse yet, some youth eking out his income in this way, while studying a more worthy profession, was detailed to sit behind a book and hear lessons out of it. If here and

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there we heard of a successful teacher of history, it was the brilliant lecturer who knew how to charm an audience with details of personal anecdotes, or dramatic summaries of events.

A man trained in the methods of natural science asked me, one day, what all these professional teachers and writers of history in these days were doing; and, as well as I could, I made it clear to him. "Why," was his comment, "they are borrowing precisely our methods." And I had to answer: "No, it is you who have been borrowing our methods. You have been studying history also. Your grandest discovery in this age has been a purely historical one. We have been letting you get ahead of us for a generation or two. Give us a little time, and we will see what can be done." And already much has been done; yet there are to-day not more than a half-dozen colleges in the country where any adequate provision for an independent department of history has been made. Three years ago, at one of our leading colleges, the only instruction in history consisted of a course of lectures during one half-year, given as a perfunctory matter by the Professor of the Harmony of Science and Religion! Here, at Cambridge, more has been done in this direction than anywhere else; and yet we continue to regard it as a trifling matter that young men of nineteen should come up here with absolutely no knowledge of the only subject by which they may gain some idea of how the existing social order in the world came to be what it is. Any attempt to supply them with such knowledge at the cost of a few pages of Latin and Greek would be regarded as revolutionary. Gradually, all this is changing. Within my recollection, the historical instruction at Cambridge has passed wholly into the hands of men who propose to make it the business of their lives. Next to the classics, history is the branch of learning most often selected by those of our graduates who go abroad to study as Fellows of the University. The same is true of the graduates from other colleges. These young men, trained in the methods of the modern European historical school,

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will return to contribute their powers toward the maintenance of their chosen study as an independent science. Within the college itself, no department attracts larger numbers, and none draws upon better material.

All these considerations upon which I have been dwelling have come to me lately with renewed force in thinking about my own relation to the work to which I have been called among you. I have found it important to define to myself, even more sharply than I have been in the habit of doing, the limits and purpose of the branch of science I profess.

At first, as I considered the character of my predecessors, of the men holding similar positions at home and abroad, — men, all of them, trained in the methods of theology, — I seemed to myself to be out of place, to be called to a work for which I was, by training and by cast of mind, wholly unfitted. When, however, I came to reflect upon those matters of which I have been speaking, and put clearly before myself that even the history of the Church was coming to be considered as only a part of the great story of humanity, that its study was to be undertaken with the same methods and the same materials that were employed in other branches of historical inquiry, I began to find some slight justification for myself. It seemed to me then that the Government of the University, in inviting me to this duty, had expressed its belief that here, at least, such should be the meaning of Ecclesiastical History; that it should be viewed as a department of historical rather than of theological science. I found then that the principle I had already adopted, whenever in the course of my teaching I had crossed the line of this especial topic, had now received the high sanction of the University, and even of the distinguished theologians who compose the government of this school. I could not regard this as a slight matter. We have seen how, in a neighboring school of theology, a controversy over the appointment of a professor of somewhat doubtful orthodoxy produced a commotion in the religious

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world which went far beyond its immediate occasion, and served only to throw out into sharper relief the lines of divergence upon which the minds of men within the same confession are moving. I fancied then that my own appointment lost its personal character and became another expression of the general determination of the University to maintain here a school of learning in which the sole guiding principle should be the untrammelled search for truth, no matter to what consequences it might lead. Our University stands pledged to this confession and to no other. It stands before our growing nation as one of the few spots where all that is demanded of a man by his fellow-workers is that he shall devote himself to the search after new truth, while maintaining still a reverent respect for that portion of absolute truth which has already been attained. If I have watched the currents of opinion in the University of late years to any purpose, it is a fact that reverence for whatever is sound and honest in matters of religion has not declined here, while at the same time inquiry has grown more fearless and unrestrained. Elsewhere, inquiry has been checked, lest its results might prove dangerous to certain preconceptions which must be preserved at all hazards. Here, I fancy I see signs of a deep conviction that no truth can ever destroy another truth; and therefore, if a belief be destroyed, its very destruction is the proof that, so far as we are concerned, it is for us no truth at all. Wherever I go, I hear our University spoken of with distrust and often with horror, because, as a University, it does not offer direct religious instruction to all its students, more especially because it does not require of its professors of science that they should be professors of religion as well. I think we may well afford to disregard this judgment, in the hope that it will become more enlightened as time goes on. I think the absence of profession among us is, on the whole, a sign of moral and mental soundness. The very dread of formulating one's convictions, lest one fail therein to express precisely what one thinks, seems to me to promise for the future a larger liberty and a healthier faith.

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We enter upon our work, then, under favoring auspices. Let me make one or two suggestions as to the methods of instruction which I propose to follow.

In the name by which I have addressed you, I desire to express my view of the relation which ought to prevail between us in all our dealings with each other. The day is long gone by when any man could dare to place himself on the high platform of the finished scholar, and dictate from above downward the results of his own study, for which he demands absolute acceptance. The office of teacher has changed its nature in proportion as the bearings of every branch of learning have become wider, and its methods more clearly defined. Even in the realm of natural science, which has to deal primarily with observed facts, open to whoever will take the trouble to examine them, it would be a bold teacher indeed, to-day, who should dare name himself more than a guide to others through ways with which he had become somewhat more familiar. He must remind his pupils at every step that for permanent results they must look to their own effort, following out those same processes of observation and generalization through which he has himself passed. And, if this is true of subjects in which some approach to absolute correctness may be attained, how much more must it be true of a subject like our own, in which the conclusions reached must always be essentially modified by the point of view of the observer!

It would be the height of presumption for me to come before you at this beginning of our relation in any other attitude than as one desiring to accompany you with equal step in that inquiry after truth which is the main purpose of our lives. I understand my duty as a teacher of history to be not chiefly to pour into your minds an accumulation of knowledge gleaned from every possible source, nor yet to assign you specific tasks and watch over their fulfilment, though without both these elements my work would be incomplete. Above all, it is the task of the historical instructor to bring into orderly relation with each other the

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widely scattered materials which he and his pupils have accumulated. To every one beginning the study of history, the mass of this material is appalling. It presents itself to him as a confused jumble of dates and events, persons and races, governments and rebels, beliefs and superstitions, passions and cruelties. Nor, as he advances through the conventional courses of reading or study, does he find immediate or satisfying relief. He reads books upon books, describing, one might suppose, the whole progress of the human race; and still he finds himself only standing impatient at the threshold of that temple wherein he believes the divinity, Historic Truth, sits enshrined. The multitude here abandons the quest, and contents itself with that shallow judgment which I quoted at the beginning, wherein history appears as only a mass of fables, devised for the amusement of the unpractical in all ages. It will be found that critics of this calibre are persons who, having read the "standard works" in their own language, fancy this is all there is of history. It is no wonder that historical study assumes for most persons a somewhat grim and forbidding aspect.

It is only when we penetrate far beneath the surface of such events as make up the greater part of the narrative in most "standard" histories that we find our work enlightened and elevated. It is this power to read beneath the dryness of a royal edict, a grant of land, a dreary enumeration of titles to property, an instruction to an ambassador, a decree of a church synod, which only long experience and definite training can give; and it is just at this point in historical study that a teacher becomes of use. The accumulation of facts is a task within the range of every one. To know the value of these facts, and their bearing upon each other and upon the whole course of historical development, calls for wide comparison, for fertile suggestion, for intelligent direction.

If I were asked, then, to define the function of the historical instructor, I should describe it as twofold: first, to illustrate the events of one period by their relation to those

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of all others; and, second, to guide and direct that personal investigation of historical questions, by which alone one gains the power of judging and estimating recorded fact. You read in your book the story of the battle of Morgarten, —how, on a certain morning of the year 1315, a proud army of Austrian knights, led by the brilliant and gallant Duke Leopold, met in a narrow mountain pass a little troop of Swiss mountaineers, and suffered so terrible a defeat that the face of their leader bore the marks of his chagrin and disappointment to his dying day. You may even read the numbers of the troops, the personal experiences of the combatants,—it may be all made like a picture before you by the skill of the narrator,—but you have utterly failed to grasp the meaning of Morgarten, until you have followed out the long line of legal complications whose result it was. When you have read your "standard work," the battle is a battle to you, and nothing more. When you have heard through what a long struggle the men of Switzerland had already passed, what a principle they had at stake, and into what a liberty they now entered, the name Morgarten suggests to you no longer a combat of knights with peasants, of sword and lance with mace and staff, but a combat of ideas, whose roots lie embedded far down in the beginnings of the race, and whose wide-reaching branches shall be the shelter of nations yet to be. Or, again, you read that the Emperor Henry IV., of Germany, to free himself from the ban of the Church, hastened over the Alps in the depth of winter, and stood before the castle gate at Canossa, clothed in the shirt of a penitent for three days, before the desired absolution could be granted him,—a simple narrative in a couple of lines; but now set yourself down before the records of that time, from which this account is drawn, and try to form a narrative for yourself which shall do justice to all the conflicting testimony you will find there, and you will be amazed to see how in solving this one limited problem, you are led on and on into a world of research, where you enjoy all a discoverer's rights of possession and satisfaction. To lead the student out and

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up from the region of bare statement to that of ideas seems to me the justification of the teacher's right to be. If he fails utterly to do that, he has failed to prove his calling; in proportion as he succeeds in just this direction he becomes of use in the world of thought.

At all events, fellow-students, it is with this understanding of our position that I invite you to study with me the history of the Christian Church as a great human institution. If history is, as I have defined it, the record of human life, then whatever has to do with the life of humanity is a part of history; whatever goes beyond the life of humanity passes the boundary line of history, and enters into the region of philosophic speculation on the one hand, and of pure observation of natural phenomena on the other. At many points, it is true, history approaches both these limits. In so far as man himself, on his spiritual side, rises beyond our understanding, and, on his physical side, comes into the closest analogies with all lower forms of life, so history, the record of man's experience, is constantly tempting its votary over into these forbidden fields.

It will be my purpose to direct your attention, so far as lies in my power, to the various conflicting theories of development in the life of the Church; but, for myself, I shall endeavor to pursue that plan which my present line of thought will have indicated. It is the work of my theological colleagues to give you answers to the many questions which must arise, especially in regard to the early days of Christianity, touching the relations of the Church to powers beyond the control of man. You, who are to go out again as teachers, held to an accountability wider than that incurred by any class of educated men, must face these questions. You must keep your minds open to the inquiry whether the Christian Church be in any peculiar and different sense a divine creation,— whether the men upon whom it primarily rested were, in a sense peculiar to themselves, the instruments of divine activity; whether this activity, displayed at the outset of the new faith, was suspended when its aid seemed no longer necessary, and, if so, at

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what point such suspension of divine assistance took place. You must meet, on the other hand, the opinion that Christianity stands upon the same footing, in so far as the especial divineness of its origin is concerned, with Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Mormonism, or any other form of religious faith which claims adaptation to all men as the result of a special revelation. Your opinion on these questions must greatly modify your judgment upon all the events which it will be our work to study together, but this opinion must be the result of quite other considerations than those with which we shall have to deal. You must reach this opinion upon the ground of theological and philosophical speculation, and will then bring it to bear upon the study of observed facts. It may be, indeed I should hope for this, that you will accompany your study of the human aspects of Christianity with your speculations as to its especial nature, until finally the two will weave themselves together for you into a conviction,—no matter on which side,—but a conviction which shall make your position in the world of thought so firm that all the waves of petty and irrelevant discussion shall be powerless against it. The reproach against all clergymen, and especially against the graduates of this school to-day, is an indefiniteness of expression, which to the layman can only appear to cover an indefiniteness of conviction upon these fundamental conceptions. The moral grip of the educated clergy upon the laymen of this nation (I say it as a layman) can never be recovered until this feebleness of conviction and of expression is overcome. If thinking men fail to obtain from clergymen answers to these perplexing questions as to the nature and limits of the divine dealing with man, they will go to other sources; and the clergy will find itself left high and dry upon the sands of a barren formalism or a scarcely less arid mysticism.

If it should be my good fortune, in the fulfilment of the duties of my office, to contribute to any man's firmness and clearness of conviction, I should consider any labor abundantly rewarded. What I desire to make clear at the outset is that my contribution to this result must be con-

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fined to the human side of all questions. I should consider myself trespassing beyond my own limits, if I should say that on a certain day the gift of tongues descended upon the disciples of Jesus, and gave that impulse from which the Church as an organization derives its origin. It belongs only to me to say that there is a written record that on a certain day a company of men started out upon the mission of preaching to the world the doctrine they had received from Jesus. If you desire to know whether these men received on that day a gift from God, marking them out as men especially detailed on a divine mission, you must inquire of a professed theologian, not of me. And especially will this be the case when we come to study, as I hope some of you will next year, the history of the development of the *doctrines* of the Church. There, again, I conceive it to be wholly aside from my duty to consider the truth or falsehood of any doctrine, orthodox or heterodox, which has played a part in this great development. It will then be my purpose to point out as well as I can just what these doctrines were, how they originated, and what part they bore in fixing the faith of Christendom. Here, again, the history of dogmas will interest me, because it is a part of human life. The absolute truth of any given dogma is for our purpose comparatively unimportant.

I propose further, in the optional course which I shall offer you this year, to give you an opportunity of learning by practical experience something of the rules and limitations of independent historical research and criticism. It will thus be my endeavor to make you acquainted with both the best results and the best methods of historical study in the broad field which lies before us, according to those two demands which I have laid upon myself in defining the work of the historical instructor. It will often be necessary for me to ask your indulgence for deficiencies which, with your assistance, I shall hope, as time goes on, measurably to remove. Let us put our hands to this work with good courage, believing that whatever light we may gather from the record of the past will be of service in enlightening all the future.

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AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.

We think that no American can read Mr. Matthew Arnold's recent criticism of American civilization without an emotion of some sort. With many patriotic souls, that emotion will probably be wrath; with others, indignation will be tempered by a sense of the intellectual pleasure afforded them by the manner and style of the criticism; and there are still others who will be ready to accept the whole as dreary but undeniable truth. But it is useless to be angry with a critic like Mr. Arnold. It would be only another and unnecessary proof of our "Philistinism," which his keen eye would be sure to detect and laugh to scorn. As we finished reading the article, however, with its inimitable imitation of kindliness, the thought came into our mind of the man whose prayer was this: "Lord, deliver me from my friends, and I myself will take care of my enemies!" It is, however, precisely from such friends, possessing Mr. Arnold's knowledge and genius for criticism, that no honest American, with a real love for his country and desire for its future welfare, would wish to be delivered. We may think that he is not entirely just to our best civilization, and that he does not sufficiently take into account the obstacles with which the civilizer has to grapple; but can we honestly blame him or any other critic who answers the direct challenges we are always throwing out to the world, to behold and admire us, not for what we hope to be, but for what we are,— which is a very different thing.

Mr. Arnold quotes Mr. Lowell's description of the people of the United States as being "the most common-schooled and the least cultivated people in the world," and says that this is the way they strike foreigners. To show the way we strike at least one nation, he quotes again from several French critics, one of whom says: "In spite of all its primary education, America is still, from an intellectual point of view, a very rude and primitive soil, only to be cultivated by violent methods. These childish and half-savage minds are not moved except by very elementary narratives

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composed without art, in which burlesque and melodrama, vulgarity and eccentricity, are combined in strong doses." We are also called to note the view of M. Renan, which is that "the United States have created a considerable popular instruction, without any serious higher instruction, and will long have to expiate this fault by their intellectual mediocrity, their vulgarity of manners, their superficial spirit, their lack of general intelligence." These words sound harsh and unjust to Americans, whose national pride blinds them to every possible defect, and whose resentment is so extreme that it prevents their learning the needed lesson conveyed in these words, which really point to precisely the same fault recognized in Mr. Lowell's own criticism. Margaret Fuller saw the same thing, when she wrote that "the superficial diffusion of knowledge, unless attended by a correspondent deepening of its sources, is likely to vulgarize rather than to raise the thought of a nation, depriving them of another sort of education through sentiments of reverence, and leading the multitude to believe themselves capable of judging what they but dimly discern." Mr. Arnold himself says that the bulk of the nation is composed of "Philistines" corresponding to the English middle class, and intimates that, though the pressure and false ideal of the upper class are taken away, the American Philistine is none the more agreeable on that account, as his vulgarities and eccentricities thus have full swing.

Now, under the accumulated weight of these adverse judgments, is it not well, instead of indignantly rejecting them as wholly false and unfounded, to look as honestly as we may into the matter, and learn, if possible, what is true and what is defective in both the judges and the judged? Of course, no criticism can be accepted without some regard to the nature and aims of the critic; and, when we find ourselves violently condemned by the French *littérateurs*, we naturally ask ourselves if the fault is altogether ours. We cannot be blamed for hesitating a little before taking as our guide to a higher civilization, sentiments which emanate from a nation whose best critic has given such a gross inter-

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pretation of the genius of Shakspere, and such an inadequate idea of that of Wordsworth, and who prefers Alfred de Musset to Tennyson,— a nation which takes for its oracle a man like Victor Hugo, and which sends us, as its contribution to redeem us from our half-savage estate, dramatic performances like *Camille*, and Offenbach's indecent burlesques, and novels like those of Emile Zola, and his school; a nation which alternates from Catholicism to the wildest rationalism, and whose wit and humor are keenly pointed by their entire absence of moral sense.

There is one characteristic, however, which the French nation possesses nearly in perfection; and that is, the power of artistic expression, whether in the conduct of affairs, the painting of pictures, the writing of books, or in the social life. Naturally, the French hate the absence of this quality in other nations; and, as in their own case nothing seems to them so important as this power of expression, so in other cases no amount of morality, of industry, of freedom, can compensate for the lack of it. Thus, these French criticisms should be taken with a grain of allowance; and, though we recognize that we have much to learn from France in art, in literary style, and in good manners, we need not assume that our civilization — or our want of it — is in quite such a hopeless condition as we are told it is.

But when the wisest critic of a nation so closely akin to ours as is the English nation, with the same original characteristics, changed as they may be by a century of different climate and conditions,— when this critic carefully points out the faults of our civilization, as he has not hesitated to do with that of his own country, it certainly befits us, instead of rising in patriotic and unreasonable indignation, and denying the truth of every charge made against us, to try to consider them rationally,—deny or explain where we think mistakes have been made, and candidly acknowledge where Mr. Arnold's keen judgment has seen actual defects.

Our civilization, Mr. Arnold thinks, has reached about the same point as that of the English middle class,— the

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"Philistines," as he calls those of whom it is composed,—possesses the same virtues and suffers from the same faults. "Our society in England," he says, "distributes itself into barbarians, Philistines, and populace. America is just ourselves, with the barbarians quite left out, and the populace nearly." It is here that we think Mr. Arnold makes a not unnatural mistake. Looking at us over the Atlantic as he does, it is perhaps no wonder that the dividing class lines, never marked and well defined as those in England, should become obscure, and the whole prospect take upon itself the look of a vast plain, covered with Philistines, "where ignorant armies clash by night." It must appear in this way to many foreigners, whose criticism we foolishly challenge, when we compare our fluctuating, unevenly developed state of society with the crystallized civilization of the older European countries. Ours is yet crude and unformed, always changing and developing; and in that fact lies our best hope, if we are wise enough to see and accept it. Still, there are the elements of some of the classes of which Mr. Arnold speaks, perfectly apparent to the close observer; but their manifestations here are so different from that of the corresponding class in England that perhaps Mr. Arnold himself would not recognize their distinctions, if he should cross the Atlantic to find out. A superficial acquaintance with an American Philistine, or with one of the populace in this country, would not always determine the class to which he rightly belonged.

Before we proceed to the comparison however, let us glance for a moment at the statement of the Boston journalist, who wrote that in the small towns and cities all through the United States exists "an elegant and simple social order, . . . belonging to the highest civilization." Mr. Arnold expresses himself as somewhat astonished at this declaration, and then proceeds to ask, if this is true, why does not this "order" make itself more felt in the general conduct and attitude of the nation. In proof of the small influence it exerts, he cites our refusal to give copyright to English authors, our recent denunciations of the American

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minister to England, and the disgraceful exhibition at the Guiteau trial. We think we must stand convicted in the face of not only these facts, but of others which have not been mentioned, and acknowledge that the statement is a decided and rather absurd exaggeration, savoring in itself somewhat of Mr. Arnold's *bête noir*, "Philistinism." Did the Boston writer realize what he meant, or rather what Mr. Arnold would mean, by an "order belonging to the highest civilization"? It is something that exists scarcely anywhere. It is a community with the purest and highest aims, and with ample leisure to pursue these aims; with the most cultured tastes, and sufficient means to gratify these tastes; and, to crown all, with a religion broad and enlightened and literary as Mr. Arnold's own.

Now, it is scarcely necessary to mention that this desirable state of things is not universal, or even prevalent, in the towns and cities of the United States. We may not require such an unlimited standard of culture as Mr. Arnold does. We have seen very cultivated people, with most enlightened ideas in regard to the arts and with irreproachable manners, who yet said that they believed in hell and in the literal inspiration of the Bible,—partly from the force of education, partly from the constitution of their minds. Of course, the narrow hardness of their creeds affects their whole lives, more or less; but they are not unmitigated Philistines, in the sense that the average Methodist is a Philistine. We may think that Mr. Arnold is too fastidious, too dainty, and too little tolerant of those who have to battle with the hard facts of life,—a conflict where the victor is almost sure to come off worsted and materialized, if not vulgarized, by the warfare. But it is well for us that there is some one who possesses in these things what he rightly says we need,—a finer lucidity of soul,—and whose standard of an elegant and simple social order belonging to the highest civilization is a little different from that of the stump orator, or of the self-satisfied and narrow mediocrity to which most of us attain. That there are persons of high and serious culture scattered all through

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the towns and cities of the States, particularly in and near New York and Boston, neither Mr. Arnold nor any one else would think of denying; and it is quite probable that they are more numerous than Mr. Arnold supposes. We think that they are. But to say that these individuals are numerous or powerful enough, except in a very few instances, to form what could be called "a social order," is to make a very unfounded and ridiculous statement. That there are, however, enough of these individuals to constitute the beginning of such an order, and that their number is increasing, there is no doubt; and, though their voice is often drowned in the loud and coarse babble of the great half-educated mass of the people, it is to them we look for our salvation as a nation, and we think that we have no reason to feel that they are unworthy of the task laid upon them, even although many of them do "hop back and forth over the Atlantic."

We have said that the different elements composing the national life of America were capable of being divided into very nearly the same classes into which Mr. Arnold disposes his countrymen, but that their manifestations are so different that it is almost impossible to recognize them. Indeed, it is almost wholly for convenience and clearness of statement that we attempt the comparison, fanciful as it is; for, though it is indisputable that there is much aristocratic feeling and that decided social lines are drawn in American society, there is no definite aristocracy for which any one can cherish a definite feeling, and there are no social arbiters to draw the lines, which are consequently wavering and uncertain to the last degree. Nevertheless, we will try to follow them as nearly as possible.

We think, in the first place, that Mr. Arnold makes a mistake when he says that in America the "populace" class is nearly left out. It seems to us that we have a great deal of populace, and a populace which we have made very disagreeable, and even dangerous, in what we might call their present stage of evolution. We receive yearly, weekly, daily, thousands of ignorant emigrants, the de-

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graded and repressed populace of all the other nations on the face of the earth; and the first thing that we teach them is that they are "as good as anybody," a lesson which they learn without much instruction. We then teach them or their children to read and write, which for a while simply makes them more powerful to exert their dangerous tendencies, depraved by centuries of ignorance and stupidity. The education of the moral and humane nature does not and cannot begin till after several generations have passed; and, in the mean time, we have on our hands a class of people perhaps the most inimical to the best civilization of any on the globe. They are essentially foreigners, who have no particle of love for their adopted country, except for the fact that they can "get ahead" here; they are little less ignorant than when they were at home, but they here possess as much power in the government as the wisest and best of the nation. Their children go to the schools, and are taught to use the education they receive there for the most selfish and vicious ends; and, as they usually do not advance beyond the primary classes, they learn just enough to develop into the Western ruffian or the Eastern ring politician, and any serious-minded man must be blind, indeed, not to see the dangers that arise from this enormous class of half-educated, half-civilized populace.

But there is another and brighter side to the picture, which is this: We have taken these brutalized, unreceptive natures, and made them receptive,— of good as well as of evil; and many of these natures become less brutal and more teachable, more alive to the importance of education, even if they but dimly discern its real significance. Many of them settle down peaceably; and, after two or three generations, they develop into what Mr. Arnold would call Philistinism, but not a hopeless Philistinism, since they retain their receptivity, and their ideals grow with their growth. It is perhaps more dangerous, and certainly more disagreeable, to come in contact with such a populace than to live with the repressed and unthinking peasant class

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which exists in England and on the continent of Europe; but is it not in accordance with a higher idea of the nature and dignity of man that we are trying to carry out this principle of the education and freedom of the masses, and must we not inevitably go through this stage of rowdy and vicious semi-civilization on our way to better things? Our best hope lies in the facts which constitute our greatest danger; and, whatever mistakes we may have made and are making, our primary schools certainly seem to be the only possible beginning of ultimate safety to the nation. Education, of course, is neither morality nor culture; but no high degree of either can be obtained without an educational foundation upon which to build: only, the foundation should not be mistaken, as it too often is, for the whole structure.

Mr. Arnold is of opinion that the great bulk of the American nation is composed of persons corresponding as nearly as may be to the English middle class, with a defective type of religion, a narrow range of intellect and knowledge, a stunted sense of beauty, a low standard of manners; and cites the prevalence of Methodism in the United States as one of the proofs of this. Here, again, we think we must acknowledge that there is much truth in the accusation, even if we do not accept it wholly, and if we think we can find more hope in our Philistinism than Mr. Arnold does in that of his own country or of ours. He says that the American Philistine is a livelier sort of Philistine than his English brother, "with the pressure and the false ideal of the barbarians taken away, but left all the more to himself and to have his full swing," which Mr. Arnold evidently thinks makes him none the more agreeable. Now, it would be absurd to deny that a very large class of people in the United States do possess precisely those faults which Mr. Arnold attributes to his abhorred Philistines; and the perfect liberty they have to exhibit these faults makes them more aggressive and unpleasant than if they were kept within bounds, and limited by the pressure of a false ideal. But our Philistinism differs from the Philistinism of Eng-

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land in the same way that our populace differs: it is receptive, and it contains within itself the elements of growth. The lack of reverence which this condition of things brings forth is often appalling and disheartening to the looker-on; but is it not safer and more hopeful to have the sentiment of reverence undeveloped than to have it formed by and for a false and arbitrary standard? Possibly, Mr. Arnold is rather too unmerciful upon that unfortunate class of people who have not yet attained to that lucidity of soul, in matters of religion, beauty, and manners, which might also be called perfect good taste. It offends him to the soul to behold such violations of taste as are to be found in the Methodist type of religion, in the Mark Twain school of humor, and in the coarse, narrow, and selfish meanness of the middle class. Perhaps he thinks that there is nothing in the world quite so hopeless as just this state of things; but he, nevertheless, propounds a remedy which, it seems to me, is the very one we are ourselves trying to apply to our deficiencies,—and that is more culture in all these directions,—and he suggests that a great reform is needed in our secondary instruction. We will not enter into the question of the higher public schools of America, but simply say that their standard of studies is not the ultimate decision of the educators of the country, any more than there is an Established Church or a social aristocracy. Reformers and friends of the best education are hard at work moulding and changing the curriculum of the higher schools, which perhaps do now teach a great variety of *choses inutiles;* and, what is worse, they inform the minds of the scholars instead of cultivating them. But, in this as in everything else, our salvation must be worked out by time and experience; and we do not think that our "*dure unintelligence*" is so hard that we are incapable of learning or adopting wiser methods of training, as soon as their wisdom is made manifest to us.

In the matter of a defective type of religion,—and many of us will agree with Mr. Arnold in thinking that the widespread Methodism is a defective type,—we know that we, in common with hosts of American Philistines, radically

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differ with him in his method of curing the defects. An Established Church, even when it has the benefit of splendid traditions and a delightful ritual, with a creed so broad that it excludes scarcely any shade of non-conformity, has, to our minds, something of the same repulsion that it had to our Puritan ancestors, though the creed of those ancestors may now seem to us the worse of the two. Injurious and trying it may be, as Mr. Arnold says, for men to live with their minds fixed upon a mind of the third order, as was John Wesley's, in a matter of such importance as is religion to the Methodist; but what is known as secular culture must open their eyes to the difference between a first and a third rate mind, rather than the arbitrary establishment of a fixed form of religious worship, which, however broad and satisfactory it may be to the thoughtful and scholarly minds in its communion, degenerates with the unthinking into a passive and stupid observance of required ceremonies.

As to a stunted sense of beauty and a low standard of manners, it is to be feared that the accusation is too true in many instances; though here, as in other things, we think that the American is more susceptible to improving and ameliorating influences than the average Englishman.

As to the class of very rich people materialized, their influence is hardly worth considering. We have no aristocracy which will correspond at all with Mr. Arnold's class of barbarians in England. Property, like everything else in the United States, is so fluctuating that our enormously rich people have not had, and do not keep their wealth long enough to become either very much cultured or very much materialized through the effect of it. They are just what they were before, with more money,— that is all.

And, lastly, there are the very decided elements of a higher and more serious culture that the Boston journalist has magnified into a simple and elegant social order. Of course, the question arises whether these individuals, grouped together as they are in and near the large cities, will be strong enough to vanquish the brutality and mediocrity of the many. Time alone can give the answer to the problem

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but we think we have as yet no reason to reject or decry a method and condition of life that has done so much to develop the mind and intellect of the unthinking lower classes; and though, in its present stage, our civilization, taken as a whole, is not altogether a pleasant thing to contemplate, it bears within itself elements which, as Mr. Tennyson writes of heaven, "will give us the glory of going on." One such genius as Ralph Waldo Emerson is more powerful for good than a whole host of Philistines for evil, and he was quite as much a product of American civilization as are the Philistines. In this fact lies the seed of our salvation. The clown walks by the side of the poet and philosopher, and both feel their kinship. The thought is not to be tolerated for a moment that the contact will harm the wise and strong man who has sounded the heights and depths of his nature. He is the only secure one in the universe, and a little light from his finer wisdom will penetrate the superficial "smartness" and hard mediocrity of the man at his side, and give him a glimpse which will not be without its effect, of the true ideal; before the force of which all shams, whether those of an unworthy aristocracy, a corrupted democracy, or those of what Mr. Arnold calls "Philistinism," will eventually go down and perish.

ISABEL FRANCIS BELLOWS.

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THE BIBLE.

From the late dispute, still in the air, whether the Bible is an orthodox book, and the willingness of more than one of the liberals to make a handsome present of it to the orthodox school, comes a question what the Bible is worth to orthodox or liberal, to any Church, party, or body in the world. It has some historic and scientific worth. It is, at least, an old monument in building through many ages and stages, taking more thousands of years than it took hundreds to complete the Cathedral of Cologne. If the geologist is rightly curious, digging through the layers to ascertain the annals of the globe; if the antiquarian justly prizes the unburying of cities, and unearthing of statues, utensils, and gems, to discover how men thought and acted in a former time; if the naturalist and biologist have a lawful instructive interest in tracing the live thread of evolution of animal structure from the worm to the man, why should the scholar, the literary student, feel less concern in the development of the human mind, especially in the religious direction, as shown by writing from the earliest period it could use a figure or alphabetical sign? The Bible is the moral geology of mankind.

But the Bible is not something wholly out of us, like a new-found land, just descried comet, obelisk disinterred from the sand, or strange coin. It has been our nursery. We have sucked it like mother's milk, drunk it like a cordial when we were faint, eaten it like bread: some effect and proof of it rest in our flesh and blood and bones; and, were there any chemistry to analyze and remove that live deposit, we should shrink and dwindle in every faculty and good affection. Some customs and directions in this ancient register, dislocated from their connection and preposterously applied as timely and healing prescriptions to-day, have been active poisons, noxious to mine inwardly and kill. But, under the hardest notion of verbal inspiration, human nature has commonly a power to assimilate the nutriment, and shed the bane. The Bible resembles some plants, like

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the tapioca, that salutary and delicious article of our diet, from whose root a venomous juice must be boiled or squeezed to leave the wholesome starch.

This benefit of the Bible is not conscious with us, save in part. It cannot be reckoned up, or give of itself, every quarter, a statistical account. It is knowledge-producing. But how largely unconscious is all our best knowledge and lore of life! I said of a distinguished actress, Adelaide Phillips, "She knew how to pose on the stage." And my friend answered, "She did it from instinctive grace, not knowing about it anything at all." And I replied, "Was she less knowing, because for the moment inattentive or unaware?" I row a boat as I breathe. I think no more of it at the time than of my muscular flexors and extensors, or of my expanding and contracting lungs. Do I not know how to row? Does the expert musical performer curiously in his understanding consider every note he blows, strikes, or draws on or from the trumpet, harp, piano, organ, or violin? He knows from habit, by dint of repeating and refining and strengthening his touch. More than arithmetical or philosophical, his is artistic knowledge. It does not lie a lump in his speculative brain. It flows in every drop of his circulation. It tingles in every nerve of his frame. It is stored and transported, like freight in a car, all the way down from his shoulder-blades to his wrists and finger-ends, and the tip of every finger-nail; and when this operative knowledge becomes perfect, omniscient, we have a Rubinstein, Paganini, Joachim, or Liszt.

There are the painter's canvas and easel and palette. You are a geometrician, photographer, surveyor. You can carve a tombstone, make a design for a building, rudely sketch an object on a blackboard, measure a field, or delineate the pattern of a machine. Can you make a portrait like Stuart, or landscape like Corot? Not till you have studied and learned so thoroughly that your pencil moves by calculation, but from wiser impulse as well! We sometimes know enough to tell other people how to do a thing,

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but not enough to do it ourselves; and that practical part of knowledge, we miss of, lodges not in our heavy pondering head, but must fly with the wings of our imagination, and flow with the beating of our heart, and make a medium of every fibre and atom of our bodily frame.

It has been a much debated problem how the bees and ants rear their cells of wax and houses of sand. They do not know anything, it is said. They are not intelligent creatures like us, creation's lords. It is blind instinct. As if that were, or ever could be, blind! It is an Almighty Hand in which ant and bee and beaver are tools. As if we men were not just as much in the same grasp! These large or little beasts know what they are about as clearly as we do. The coral insect makes no mistake, constructing and raising like a house the island lagoon, the continental reef. The hornet knows how to make his elliptic, balloon-like burrow and nest. "And," said William Hunt, "were you to offer him one of your fashion, however ingeniously shaped out of the firmest brown sheet of paper, he would not take it at half price." This deeper, intuitive and incarnate knowledge in animal or man passes, a swelling capital, from race to race, from age to age; and this is in great measure the knowledge we have of language, letters, books, especially of the Bible, on account of the pre-eminent part in our education it has played. If there be in this generation less punctual and long-continued poring over the venerable and hallowed page, it is not only that we have other sources manifold beyond our forefathers, from which to be informed and inspired, but that the world, or our portion of it, has literally learned the book by heart; and many can reel it off by rote. I refer, of course, to the pious section, not that which is sceptical and blasphemes. But the Bible has passed from the literal to the spiritual state. It has experienced a resurrection. It is invested and laid away in its sense and substance in our breast, like precious stuff in a magazine, or specie in a bank, or the consols consolidated English funds; and, in place of having it at our tongue's end, and being able—we or our children—to re-

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cite, as I did, a chapter or whole Gospel or Epistle, we recollect the passage or clause which for our edification or comfort we need. It was not in our precise immediate recollection, like a sentence engraved on a tablet or sculptured in stone, but hid in a drawer of the bureau of unconscious memory, to start forth when this inward desk with minute pigeon-holes, that holds millions and myriads of words and facts, was applied to and opened by our want. We are not bewraying any secret of our profession which we are bound to keep, like Morgan, whom the Masons spirited away and killed for divulging the ceremonies and oaths of that body, when we say this is the way a good, well-trained preacher gets his text. He does not draw lots, or take the whole volume indiscriminately, from Genesis to Revelation, to explain and expound. His theme, like a magnet attracting an iron or steel filing out of a heap of refuse, selects the particular saying of prophet, apostle, psalmist, redeemer, saint, that fits and justifies his point. The subject is the foundation of the text, if the text is the vindication of the subject. The text was covered and concealed in a great pile of a thousand leaves, relics of by-gone periods and of barbarous or half-savage tribes; and it leaped forth at the summons of spontaneous suggestion, to serve us now. Any text to-day is nearly two thousand years old, and may be selected by an occasion of the instant on the spot, from a special discussion of but a fortnight ago. With all that present science can unfold or art express or, to stead us, wit invent, we preserve our identity as individuals and a race by reverting, picking ourselves up from the past, while we project the future fate, weaving the thread of personality we hope death will not break, from recollections, associations, fond affections, and intimations of immortality in early childhood, each one of us thus keeping himself from going to pieces, and holding the continuity of his being in this way; and in the process of this weaving the warp and woof of our existence, from our ancestral habit of teaching and training, the Bible is more by far than any other book. We deal with, we are served by

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Shakspere, by Milton, by any author likewise, if not so much. The sentiments, from doctrine or image, that have fixed our regard and printed themselves on the inward tables; the charming, enchanting ideas, that seem like strains of music without our will,—have become vital and essential ingredients in our soul, which is not an indivisible primordial atom, but a composition with many component parts.

We take what serves us. We skip much of the so-called Sacred Writ. Upholstery of ark or temple is valuable only as fashion of an obsolete style. Whole sections in the Prophets are little perused. Kings and Chronicles afford seldom a hint for our discourse. The Epistles are made up very much of *argumenta ad homines*, special pleas to those Roman, Ephesian, Galatian, Colossian, Corinthian folk, to whom immediately they were addressed. Yet, strangely, the most dry and abandoned portions of the Bible are suggestive, because through the whole canon runs that religious spirit or owning of the living one, which is the highest exercise of the human mind. We find rest in the old tabernacle still. In the Greek and Hebrew as also in the Chinese, Persian, and Hindu scriptures, and in the pagan oracles, when that deepest cord in every bosom is touched, it can never fail to resound. "I know not," said Charles Darwin, "that there has been a revelation: of immortality I am not sure; but an atheist you must not put me down." Wherever and by whoever, with a holy art, a cunning, sacred skill, is wakened that sense of wonder and worship for superior power, which is planted by that Power with his own image at the core, there comes the responsive thrill.

The Bible remains the great organ on which this sublime tune is played. Some modern thinkers are zealous to divorce morality which they honor from religion which they despise. But religion is the root morality would die without. Conscience would have none but weak legs to stand on but for the sanction of righteousness in an Eternal Judge. The moral does not prosper, parting from the religious sense. The Bible-lovers and Bible-reading people are the best.

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There are many radical rejecters of God and his word, either in a volume or in the sky, who are sour and sad and loose and coarse. The holy register, that traverses space and time, is a domestic, social, and civil bond of sanctity in our living constitution and unwritten law. For one that was ever worse for reading and minding it, a million are worse for giving it no heed.

Much of this bundle of books, the Bible, is little used or perused: much is outlawed and out of date. Yet even, what is monstrous in it shows how we started and have got on. We dig up the mammoth, mastodon, and megatherium; but humanity is never a fossil remain. Its doings are more than heirlooms: they are birthmarks. Its tale is more than a title deed: it is a character-builder. The flaws and follies instruct by contrast with the integrity and faith. If the supposed mistakes of Moses, judged by a document put forth you know not by whom, hide in the cloud of dust which a declaimer may raise the features of the more than Clarkson or Garrison of his day; if Noah's vineyard make you forget his ark; or if for Solomon's concubinage you are blind to his wisdom, or for David's curses deaf to his song,—your criticism does you an ill turn.

By whom then, orthodox or liberal, is the Bible forced? By whoever tries to make it out a self-consistent book! Its writers contradict one another, and not a few of them contradict themselves. Contrary to reason and nature and history, impossible to be done, is such a feat as harmonizing them out of all discrepancy,—a feat our religious progenitors did not attempt, but in which Orthodoxy stubbornly persists, and, with no end of dragging and forcing, claims to have achieved. In this forcing process, according to King Rehoboam's saying, its "little finger" has been thicker than our liberal "fathers' loins." The Bible is forced by those who discard, as its readers, reason and common sense, and claim it as a whole for a miraculous, illegitimate production, unlike any other book. But, fairly construed, what a treasury of truth! What a stage of acting,—a theatre no fire can burn down, its drama never antiquated or played

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out! What a gallery of the old masters, with which modern painting cannot vie! What a background of the past, which cannot die or go, more than the old sky and cloud, to set forth the picture of present life! When I see with what voluminous trash young America of either sex stores its mind and spoils its eyes,— the United States mail, in the name of liberty, claimed for the conveyance of indecent figures and prints,— I pray for a course of gospel and law, some hydropathic bath as an alterative and tonic to brace and purge the moral frame. I find the Ten Commandments, thirty or forty centuries old, as timely and needful as when they were thundered from Sinai and graven on stone.

Precept or poem, there is that in the Bible whose truth and beauty no offspring of the human brain out of it has surpassed. But some parts are of trivial import and quite uninspired as compared with many a specimen of other literature we possess; and with this view Paul accords. "Every God-breathed writing is profitable for doctrine, reproof, correction, instruction in righteousness." The apostle refers to sacred parchments of the priests, the New Testament not having been written; and he rises to a general principle that whatever we read anywhere in any library that does us spiritual good, and fetches a response from our soul, proves its own inspiration, its coming from the breath of God. Will you limit that breath, from which body and spirit we all live, to an ancient canon closed up ecclesiastically many centuries ago? God must be troubled with great difficulty of breathing! He must be a very asthmatic deity! Indeed, he must have died of consumption in a far remote former age. But no: he breathes where he will, where he is, and bloweth where he listeth. From his nostrils, not of flesh, is all holy air. I enjoyed, said one, my visit to your house, the atmosphere of it. An atmosphere every house has, and every person. So far as it is sweet and pure, it is the very breath of God, direct as to Amos or Isaiah. "He breathes still," we say of one seeming dead, as we hold up a mirror before him and get the moisture of the exhalation

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from his lips. God is not dead: he breathes still, and every good feeling or purpose is from his mouth. Every scripture in Greek γράφη,— from which our word "graphic" comes,— every inscription, engraving, etching, line from the pen, electric flash, lightning telegram, bit of color or draught on paper or the canvas, or winged word of eloquence which stirs us to love and purity, is God-inspired, come it from Rome, Assyria, Greece, Judæa, America, it matters not whence.

But no Bible is the only, the chief, or the final authority. Every true Bible, or all that is true in it, is through and out of the human soul, and rests for its warrant on the incorrupt and gracious instinct which in turn it confirms, as iron strengthens the magnet which it loads. In the ecstasies of love and prayer, we read no book, as the running athlete wants no chair. Yet, by rest, he is in condition to run, and run again. And the religious book, with its repose, comfort, and peace, makes often possible the transport for which even it is left. In the morning, we care less for a book, even the sacred one, though it be well to chew a bit of it before going out. We would be inspired for action by pure affection and thought. With will and power to devote ourselves to accomplish some worthy design, turning over any leaves is dissipation and waste. It is to loll and to lounge; and the recluse, monk or nun, if doing nothing but ponder and study even the Bible, away from this open, living scene of the lists where the race for the immortal prize is appointed,— "not without dust and heat," Milton says,— makes the holy book his sofa; and thus many a devotee of a sect is bed-ridden with his so beloved liturgy and creed. Let us have and cherish and walk by all the Bible we can get into us, as a principle and motive to duty and bounty to our fellow-men. How much of this old Bible is in us by hereditary law! Abolish, abandon it? We might as well take down the walls of our imagination and rase off the bond written on the tables of our heart. The Bible in the soldier's breast-pocket has sometimes saved his life on the field. The Bible in us may be the saving of our soul.

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Were I, the present writer, a referee, I should witness that, be the Bible fallible or inspired, it does not — fairly interpreted from the mind of patriarch, law-giver, leader, prophet, apostle, or lord — yield the Calvinistic theological scheme of trinity, total depravity, arbitrary decree, individual election, vicarious atonement, and endless doom, as in the orthodox standards still maintained. As the huntsman blows on his horn a set of notes called a recheat to call off the dogs when they have lost their game, I would wind on the gospel trumpet a recall for both and all parties in the chase from a false scent, after a dogmatic creed. The Bible is a pasture, not a pound. Some growth is in it as of ivy or night-shade among the grass. But cattle can be trusted to avoid venomous plants amid which they stray. Cannot we shun poison too? What is not for our health in Scripture let us leave, and feed, as the buffaloes in some wide prairie, on the sustenance never spent. We can build on no letter in the Bible more than out of it. But we cannot do without the letter, the natural phenomenon or the written sign which conveys the spirit. On pure idealism we cannot exist. By some incarnation, we must get sustenance and proof. What store of provision is still in the old book! What an arena of controversy, it is better to strive in, than not meet at all! What a granary to feed a host, fountain that supplies a town! What a vessel, buoyant on the tide of time, so much has sunk in and left no bubble or ripple, while, never foundering or cast away, it floats and fetches its freight! What a tribute to it in every sect's claiming it for its own, as our civil secession began with being a fight for the flag!

Unfair handling of it is a sin against the consciousness of Christendom and the entire Church, as it is an aggravated crime to abuse a public building, desecrate a church, depredate on the Common or Public Garden, assault an officer of the law, assassinate the Chief Magistrate of a nation, commit what we call piracy on the high seas, the pathway of the world. The highwayman, the horse-thief on a prairie or in the South-western wild, the mail-robber on some

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solitary, unprotected route, is pursued, hung with a vengeance stirred by a feeling that his transgression is against mankind. The king's highway! It was once a star-chamber offence, for which the right hand must be cut off, to draw a sword in the precincts of the court; and, in the *Fortunes of Nigel*, Walter Scott avails himself of that rule of royal justice for the main hinge of his tale. The Scriptures are the King's highway, purlieus of our Sovereign's palace, free to all peaceable sojourners, to the quarrelsome forbid; and the present time witnesses a disposition, all denominations are inclined or constrained to indulge or allow, of mutual privilege in the ample, sacred place. Let us be glad for whatever encouragement, nourishment, any one or all of them can get from the common mother's breast. To claim the Book as altogether our own, or give our ownership in it up and make an offering of it to anybody else, is an equal offence. "It is enough to make the king turn in his coffin," was the saying, on some perversion of the laws of the realm. It hurts the line of our spiritual ancestry, and must grieve the angels, good men out of this mortal coil are converted into on high, when their character is misconstrued or their trust betrayed. Is their blood congealed in our veins? In some finer fashion does it not yet flow in theirs? In the Siamese twins, every twinge of pain as every thrill of joy was shared. A Bible, a creed, a Book of Common Prayer, a political platform, represents this reciprocal vitality, if the planks, articles, petitions have the animation of sincerity, not the deadness of compromise and function of a machine. But no formal liturgy or summary of belief has discharged or can fulfil the office so well as the Bible, with its broad experience, its mixture of races, its blessed contradictions to stretch our conceptions, its versions into scores of tongues, its applications to every lot, the testings of its truth by every practical or scientific strain, its chronological span, its vast horizon behind, its immense prospect beyond. No wonder, when Lockhart asked the dying Scott what he should read to him, the great writer answered, "There is but one Book"; and, while it is

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scorned and scouted by materialism rising destructive like the huge wave or bore produced by an earthquake on the sea, does it not become those to whom it is committed, as a bank deposit or trust fund, justly and jealously to maintain its proper worth, standing by their profession, not betraying the citadel they are set to defend? Ambitious men, tired and impatient with the old traditional textual style, slight or deal roughly with the record, would demolish the structure of faith, and rear an edifice of opinion and institution on a new foundation of evolution. But the new must actually, as theoretically, be unfolded from the old. It cannot be made out of such whole cloth of observation or abstraction. Breaking the thread handed down, the whole fabric ravels out. There must be long soaking for fast colors in a dye; and the purely scientific understanding, not dipped deep in sentiment, can furnish no mordant to the web. With all its clear, intelligible, superficial quality, the texture of a religion to order, job-work of a novel school, has a frail knitting and a fading hue. We must not swear by a record in every clause and syllable. Let our oath be registered with the Most High! But we are mountain travellers, and shall be lost in some crevasse, if we completely drop the social, historic clew. Not living in our memory, we must live largely from the memory of mankind; and, among many dear memorials, the most precious to us, beyond all statues and buildings, is the Holy Book. Drowned in bibliolatry, forfeited and thrown away by infidelity, it is preserved and profitable in a rational, conscientious use. We human creatures are passengers in long unbroken line, and this is our bridge. The generations across the wide spaces wish to communicate with each other, and this is their telegraph and telephone. They want to know they are of one species, not confounded with the beasts out of whose structure their frame seems improved; and, by this enduring induction, they are classed. They pray to feel they belong to an intelligent universe, not evolved,—for where was it before?—but evolving without beginning or end; and here is the principal word-picture of this relationship in the halls of time.

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To insist on instruction from generalities of speculation is as if we should ask to be illuminated by rays not concentred in sun and moon and stars: to have unradiant beams, when shadows must define the light! The planet Venus serves us not only brilliant as the morning or evening star, but, passing a black dot across the face of the sun, to show us our distance from the great luminary in space.

The Bible has been called a "misleading book." The devil can take a text, but he was a devil before taking it! The fanatic and bigot justify themselves by a clause. The Bible is a mirror in which every man can see his own face. Witches would not have been hung in Boston on the strength of a Hebrew statute, had not Puritan intolerance copied the narrowness of the Hebrew mind, as Mormonism rests not on ancient polygamy, but on modern sensuality for its base. Profane people do not learn their language from the Psalms. Nor is fighting in England, Germany, America, a resultant of the wars against the Canaanites. Young Orthodoxy denies that it holds any theory of inspiration which warrants immorality or binds it to any doctrine of depravity or doom to which Liberality objects. The Bible is a score which only he knows who does, a picture which only he views who paints on the canvas of his life, a play which, in all its acts and scenes, can be understood only by him who enacts and personates it on the stage of affairs. Science, philosophy, is narrow, if it do not perceive that the affections and active powers, heart and conscience and will, as co-ordinate with the logical understanding, contribute to knowledge, convert it into wisdom, constitute with it reason, which, if passion and action were withdrawn, would be a ship without a rudder.

The Bible has served a purpose as common ground. The human mind how slowly raises a superior bar! Meantime, let us grudge to no sect its favorite texts. The Orthodox can pick up some crumbs of comfort, but not carry away the whole loaf. The Universalists, from the baking in this oven, shall have a generous slice. Episcopacy blows up into a bishopric a supervising headship in the early Church

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Rome beholds Peter gigantically magnified through a traditional mirage, and turns a trope about the flesh and blood of Jesus into a local and periodical presence of the Omnipresent Eternal One who, for the Unitarian, pervades the world. "This is God's house," said a child in a Catholic church; "but he is not in now."

To be fair to the Bible is a duty for all. Why is a soldier's simply running away accounted a capital crime which he may be shot for, but that he is adjudged to be untrue to a common country and a common cause, that would be ruined, were his example followed? Why, but for the same reason, is it held an unpardonable fault to reveal, though it be but telling the truth, the military position of one's own nation to an invading foe? The British spy, Major André, is shot; but no such horror hangs over his name here as over that of Arnold,— rather pity for his fate. By a larger than any patriotic sentiment, we claim the Bible, ready to defend our occupying it, and show our warranty deed. Out of all its inspired and signal declarations, like some flag of lustrous silk which we gave our sons going to the front of conflict, we have woven a celestial banner. Or the book is the torn and smoky, brave and beautiful ensign, a hundred generations of the finest lineage of mankind have been led and inspirited by, in the battle of life; and their experience, as in colors of blood, has been wrought into the old folds, wept over, and washed in the tears of uncounted suffering souls. Let criticism of what has conducted our march, and not been drowned or swept away in the deluge of time, be tender and reverent, while truthful and bold! What stands for ages, in the phrase of Thomas Browne, "under the drums and tramplings of three conquests,"— stands, while the books written against it die like ephemeral insects or sink in the stream like stones,— will fix the attention it deserves. Loyalty to it and to all that is just and noble in its construction in our own communion is a virtue compatible with disowning unworthy standards recorded of a preceding period or uncivilized tribe. We must hate — not with personal animosity, but the comprehen-

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sive repugnance of principle — father and mother and our own life also, when they withstand our obedience to a fresh divine call, in listening to which the law and the prophets are not destroyed, but fulfilled. Jesus lamenting the fate of Jerusalem, and Paul clinging to the Israel he was born of, which had "the covenants," show, refined and purged of all base atoms of fondness or revenge, the same fidelity of race and blood, whose sweet or bitter germ is in the feuds and friendships of barbarous tribes. "I am cosmopolite, but Russian," says Rubinstein.

Ecclesiastical as well as political history is full of examples to prove how individuals not only sin against each other, but that consensus or common consciousness, in which a family, company, community, party, or church is embraced. Whether revolt from one's associates, however, be a sin, unpardonable as it may be in their eyes, depends on the aim of the person committing the offence; and that aim or purpose may be held in his own bosom, confided but to God. Nevertheless is there this common consciousness to be recognized, cherished, and by no means assailed without justifying cause. "I have wounded thee with the wound of an enemy," as written by Jeremiah, means there is no deceit, but only frank equity in the divine rebuke. But when the prophet is asked, "What are these wounds in thy hands?" and has to answer, "Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends," we consider how far to being fatal and defying cure a wound may go. When David says, "It was not an enemy that reproached me,— that I could have borne,—but thou, mine equal, guide, and acquaintance, with whom I took sweet counsel, and walked to the house of God in company," it is a verse which fire of like trial will bring out as fresh now for us as in his supreme grief. We are religiously struck at when the Bible is struck. Any religious denomination would sign its death warrant, and commit retrospective or prospective suicide, that should renounce, surrender it for the booty of a sect or the prey of unbelief. If it is not the great aorta of the moral system, it is a main artery to feed every part and return the live cur-

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rent to the heart, to be used over again out of all loss or waste. Every faculty must have exercise on some external object, through some outward medium; and, above all verbal machinery constructed to convey the spirit to its ends, the Bible is the transcendent form of faith. Is the germ of Orthodoxy in it? Were the Bible a moral Euclid, an axiomatic book, not composed with a running hand; were it a deed, which a conveyancer said must be written to read only one way,—it might yield anything anybody might please; and, so construed, it would as with a thousand stabs destroy itself. But in what solution was it dipped to become such a petrifaction or mass of kyanized wood? It is not dead timber, but a forest that grows as it is used. The Holy Spirit is not a strait-jacket, but a wind. It is very fond of tropes, which we foolishly turn from illustrations into propositions. When you speak of hauling a man over the coals, heaping coals of fire, in Scripture phrase, on his head, roasting him, do you mean literal flame? Why should it be meant by that Oriental, more poetic than the Occidental, mind? We speak of a man cast in court like a horse in the stall, of a railroad pool, of a bottomless pit of disaster; and we are not more figurative than was imaginative John or ardent Paul. As the universe is not evolution, but evolving; as it has no commencement or conclusion, shows no straight line, is an orbit and no pit, and can nowhere on peril of ruin stop, every comet having to leave its aphelion and approach the sun,—so the idea of a soul "fixed in an eternal state," out of the universal flow, is absurd. Tennyson's "Vision of Sin" ends in

"An awful rose of dawn."

Can God stop? Stoppage is disease and death. There must be a way round through hell. Were the Bible a dam, every freshet of truth would sweep it away. But it is only bank and channel for the stream. What is the Spirit itself, that supposed third person, but a medium whose office ceases when we are full of God? In the electric experiment called Dives and Lazarus, a metallic pendulum car-

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ries the electricity from a full to an empty jar, the swing ceasing when the equilibrium is complete. There is no third party in us when we have the peace of God, no need of comforter or messenger dove. "I believe in none of the trigonometrics about him," Thackeray said to Bellows. Jesus drew him down from the sky to domesticate him in the human breast, to make us, as we are, part of him, and him all of us. With this process, Trinity becomes an obsolete term.

Is there a dot in the Bible from which the dogma of total depravity can shoot? A totally depraved person could not know he was so; and what do the sternest descriptions of wickedness, as in the Epistle to the Romans, imply, but a conscience without which they could have no purchase or hold? The hunter, cursing his dog for losing the scent or his gun for missing fire, signifies that brute or barrel might have done better. Paul calls himself chief of sinners after his conversion, because he persecuted the Church of Christ. Must he be pursued through all eternity by Saul? Will Judas be haunted forever by his own ghost, and never be allowed to drop the bag, as he threw his silver bribe ringing, to re-echo to all time, on the temple floor? David, murderer, adulterer, tainting the blood of Jesus, according to the boasted hereditary law, yet a man after God's own heart, model and tutor of piety to every age, declares himself conceived and born in sin. Was his corruption congenital and entire? A totally depraved person would never be conscious or able to tell what hurt or ailed him.

Is vicarious atonement, as limited to the Christ, a Bible truth? How, then, may we "fill up his sufferings," as Paul said? Was not the blood an atonement in our Civil War, every drop, as Abraham Lincoln said, answering to "a stroke of the lash"?

The Bible speaks of the *elect;* but it is no orthodox election of individuals to interminable weal or woe, but of nations and races, by dispensations that come and go, each chosen for what it can do, and thrown aside, with Egypt,

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Assyria, Greece, or Rome, to founder or struggle in the tide. Is the Massachusetts Governor, is the Republican or Democratic candidate or party, elected forever, or to stand but for a while on Fortune's ever-rolling wheel? Are the hills eternal? When one says to me in a letter, "Ever yours," is he talking of eternities? The word translated "eternal," where it does not mean spiritual, always means temporal, however long the time may be, an absolute eternity being impossible to conceive.

Is there, then, no eternal joy? Remove the infernal foundation, do you not crack the celestial arch? Of all undertakings, the meanest is to get a promise, to be forever happy, out of God! Making redemption not an attainment, but a decree, causes sensual sores, past all surgery, to break out in the Church, and justifies fraud that trusts to luck by the example of an immoral God, who sets forth his sovereignty against human liberty. But both these are affirmed in the Bible, and must stand or fall together, hard as it may be to reconcile them, neither to be asserted at the other's expense. Nor is our eye to be fixed on our lot. Heaven is not to be sought nor hell shunned. Either is circumstance, environment; and in character alone are we concerned. On it alone, Scripture lays stress. Superior intellect is but an accident to character. It is a gift, genius a harp for us to play on, to be taken away unless we mind how we play, as perhaps David, Napoleon, Hamilton, and Webster have found, and some will find who are still alive in State or Church. The willing, loving principle in him is the man! I sat beside Emerson at Longfellow's funeral. He asked of me the name of every performer, and where one of them got what he said, and after he left the chapel forgot that Longfellow was dead. But in every look, motion, kind attention, as I sat with him in the pew, in the smile and the earnest quest of his countenance, the expression of his interior, the essence, the type, he was all he ever had been and must forever be to charm and enchant. There was a vessel in him to bear him across the stream.

There are things, not expressed in the Bible, important

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to mankind: republican government, the slaves' emancipation, the enfranchisement of woman,— not expressed, but in principle there. Calvinism is not there; and, were it the summary of that book, the book must go. Between Calvinism and Materialism I should not halt, but prefer for my mother and devourer the worm. Benloew, the French historian, says Buddhism, with its doctrine of annihilation, was suited to please a population bending under oppression, from whose indefinite continuance they shrank. Beneath the burning sun, they gladly thought of themselves as the grass growing rank to wither blessedly away! Orthodoxy discredits faith with its bitter immortality; and, but that Spiritualism came to the rescue, Sadduceeism would have swept the land, with desolation as of war, in the orthodox track.

But is not Orthodoxy in possession among Protestants as the ancient belief? No: it is a modern affair. It has no root old and wide in Holy Writ, but sprang up in a corner, and very late. It bears no royal or noble title, but is an upstart in the world. No patriarch, prophet, psalmist, seer, redeemer, apostle, had any acquaintance with Calvinism, anticipation or dream of its grim creed. It is a *parvenu*, a mushroom, toad-stool, I had almost said. Temperance is our pre-eminent cause. But how this religion proffers an alcoholic draught! As enraged and outraged men and women have broken into the rum-sellers' dens to demolish casks and demijohns potential with their woe, so let us unbottle this damnation of bad news! As Jesus said, "The old is better"; and how old is the good, a symbol of which he found in the mildly ripened wine? Abraham needed no articles of faith. Noah did not with a scheme of salvation launch on the flood. Moses, defending the women at the well in Midian, had formulated no theory of their rights; but was there ever knight-errant more true, chivalry finer among the German tribes, or suffragist of our day more zealous than he whom Pharaoh's daughter drew out of the river bulrushes, a wailing babe? Was he a "mistaken" man? Is truth a stranger or old visitor on the globe? Does

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the comet of radicalism, with its little body and long tail, though here of right, with its word embrace all? If you have but a theory of creation or evolution, you but flourish an empty bottle in our eyes! Were I the first person on the planet to be truly pious, I might doubt and despair; but devotion is very old. That matchless statue, the Venus of Milo, surpassing the Venus of the Medici, of the Capitol, and of Arles, was dug up by a peasant's spade in a cornfield, after the oblivious lapse of two thousand years. The Master, we profess to follow, is yet to rise and be disinterred. When a worthy wife heard her mate compared by Theodore Parker to Jesus, she said, "I love my husband well, but Christ is my ideal."

That perversion of Christianity called Calvinism crumbles and passes so swiftly now from most thoughtful minds that we scarce need show how uncouth and impious it is. It finds a true figure in that awkward squad of "antiques and horribles" so ephemerally parading our streets on the Fourth of July. How wide apart is the liturgy or creed of the minister from his discourse, like those unhappy couples that eye each other with ill-concealed aversion, but have as yet secured no legal divorce! Out of disharmony, only fear or hypocrisy can hinder our atoning work,—not by a smoothing plane of superficial agreement, but by testifying to the truth.

We may not regret a discussion which will develop for religion ideal as well as historic grounds. In the debate, let us not be acrid, or care to be acute, so much as just to whatever stand, from high motives, any brother may take. Meantime, any questioning at the position of our liberal fathers, as from biassed will, at once raises their ghosts, honest as Banquo's, to our mind; and we have a vision of the men: of Mayhew, that light not under a bushel, but firebrand of zeal against throne and episcopate, too sparkling for any trick; of Freeman, a happy name for independence, simplicity; of Channing, prophet of a new dispensation; of Worcester, apostle of peace with his "Bible news," artless as the Bible; of Ware, with his incarnate

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and consummate candor; of thunderous Walker, with his irresistible statement, which, in the Greek rhetoric, was called the "fist"; of Greenwood, apostolic, and incapable of being immoderate even in a gesture or a tone; of Palfrey, in whom conscientiousness omitted no duty and went to the verge of mental health; of the younger Wares, who resembled the elder in honesty of intellect; of Dewey, forced out of Orthodoxy by a fair exegesis, and bringing an edge of peculiar sensibility to the dissenting side; of Nichols, without a rival in the realm of pure thought; of Norton, the scholar, with scarce a peer; of Frothingham, proving all things with sure and delicate scholarly tests; of Putnam, clear and ingenuous, with his blue eyes, with seldom an equal in the preacher's desk; of Gannett, too flashing and fervent not to show his hand; of the Peabodys, whose sincere goodness is a bequest; of scores of men of such single heart and eye they would in any case of doubtful claim have been selected to decide.

These men were Unitarian. Was Jesus Trinitarian? Had he lisped the Trinity to the Jews, his religion would have stopped before it started. Had Paul hinted it, Christianity would have halted in its step or expired in its cradle. It was offence enough in Hebrew eyes that Jesus claimed to be the Son of God, but that this was affirming his equality or co-extensive identity with God was a charge he warmly repels, as it is accusation of his good faith that for such a doctrine any phrase of his was a disguise. Father, Son, and Holy Spirit is more than a baptismal formula for us all; but only two persons are in it, and eternally prior to the second is the first.

Let us speak humbly, and not be too bold. In handling and overhauling sacred documents, by lack of humility as well as of courage, we miss the truth; and, by hasty procedure in a revolutionary time of free thought, some rather rash than patient students may carry the audacity, Danton recommended in politics, to an extreme; as the soldiery of the Revolution in Paris, as they sacked the old palaces, broke many a fine ornament, shattered the splendid glass,

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pierced precious pictures with their bayonets,— as one of them in this country still shows,— and threw valuable furniture into the streets. We want not in scholarship the *sans-culotte.*

Yet let us not denounce those coming out from among us. The nature of any act of secession must be judged by its incentives, like that of the South, which made a selfish bolt. But the seceding abolitionist, prohibitionist, radical or free religionist is compelled otherwise than was the planter, slaveholder, and overseer. If a brother's object in the fault he finds with his childhood's church, its constituents or antecedents, is purely to establish it on a nobler than any traditional or Biblical ground, to substitute spirit for letter, ideas for a creed, worship of God for that of a Book, by no shot of censure can he be reached. Especially, if he have gift to clear up that firmer basis, and stand on the table land to which he invites, he is free of blame. But the moving of a denomination or single church, as buildings are moved with pulleys and screws on the street, is too much for the will of any man. Luther might reform in part, but could not transfer the Church from which he was never quite unclasped or divorced. Attempts in Boston, Chicago, New York, to shift from its ground a body or society with old roots and a living sense, whether to a semi-orthodox, wholly evangelical, or ultra-radical base, offend its common consciousness, are resented by its combined conscience, and end in its spewing the enterprising innovator out of its mouth. To succeed in such a task, one must be not only hardy, but good and great.

Meantime, the court is open for our appeal. Here is the Bible, to stay and for many æons not go from some grip and rule in the human soul. Here is this literary survival of the fittest in the consciousness of Christendom and the Church. Here is this grand refuse of death, a rejected morsel from the all-devouring maw of time. This is a drift on the sea of life; this is an ocean, the common property of mankind. Let it be owned as neutral territory henceforth! Let us proclaim over it the truce of God. It is

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made for man, like the Sabbath, and for no set of men. The whole of it serves no party, nor can be squeezed into any part. It yields everything and nothing to any sect. Why impeach the impartiality of any communion diverse from our own, while we are partial ourselves? Should not a liberal resent an orthodox man's accusing of Woods and Stuart, and the Worcester who was on their side, as forcing the Scripture and sacrificing the Christian to the partisan? Why argue against this or that denomination, when, eternally to baffle its exclusive pretensions, the Bible exists and is enough? Its heaving deep floats or casts up treasure beyond all ships, and the flotsam and jetsam on every shore. The anomaly and self-contradiction the human creature is, such is the Bible in every copy of itself and of him. It is his echo, his looking-glass, yet reproof of what it reflects. Shall we claim it for a Unitarian book? Not with any arithmetical uni-personality of Moses or Mohammed, Hebrew Jahveh or Islamite God, when he is tri-personal, centi-personal, omni-personal, and out of him no person, not that of Satan, could be? He is one, the Trinitarian declares. Said the fair-minded Baptist, Rollin H. Neale, to me, "I am a Unitarian: you need not tell anybody," meaning that the dogma of the Trinity had loosened and dropped from his mind. But, when we have said God is one, we must ask what his oneness is. Is he one as apart from any other? "Is there any other," Spinoza inquired, "but him?" "I and my Father," said Jesus, "we two are one." Did you ever find the boundary between yourself and any object, in earth or heaven, of your love? Were or could the father be one without the son, when he would not be even a father so? The meek and lowly child says: I am essential to him: he cannot leave me out, and get along by himself. He is conscious of himself in me, and would lose his own conscious life but for the life he imparts. Self-conscious, self-comprehending, the Infinite cannot be. It is one substance in myriad forms, whose symbol is eternity of time with no stop of events, immensity of space with no end of stars in the field of view to the naked eye, or

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like a bright swarm, as of bees without the humming, in the sweep of the astronomer's tube. Such a region or sky is the Bible, best counterpart in writing of the human mind. It is open, not enclosed. Is it a Unitarian book? Not unless Unitarianism absorb the measureless reality, the manifold fact; and that may not be for the heavenly tidings until we reckon up what the Greek poet, Æschylus, called the innumerable smile of the waves.

We have sought to raise a theme, which particular recent utterances suggested, out of the unquiet air of personal controversy into the serene light of principle, trusting that what we have said, with no intent of exclusive individual application, will stand as general truth. When we express sentiments of disapproval at positions maintained or for views entertained, not by one man or author, but by more than we can count, while aware that sentiments precisely the same may be at once turned on their part against ourselves, we use no weapons under which we do not bleed. Our old love is fresh for the diligent and eminent student, distinguished historian, and industrious worker all his life in so many a good cause, who has furnished now a new topic of debate, as he has often with the zeal of his original and independent investigations stirred the community and his own fraternity before. If his speech, without reserve, or in favor of any side, shall move every regiment of the religious host to revise and reform its armory and mind its evolutions, he will be a benefactor indeed.

C. A. Bartol.

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ELLIS' LIFE OF DR. CHAPIN.*

We are told that Dr. Chapin belonged to a school of oratory outgrown, and that his pulpit achievements rested on insecure claims. Now that the man is dead, and the king has fallen with his sceptre, the critic comes to the front with analysis and judgment. Some of this analysis is valuable, much of the judgment is shallow. We are not now referring to the book before us, which is the work of a friend and admirer, but to published and unpublished comments, which, to our mind, are the cheap product of intellectual activity chiefly directed to dissection. The true test to apply to a public man's career, at its close, is the demand that it shall have deepened and broadened in the channel of its original tendency. If it lack in this, call it a failure; if it answer to the demand, crown it with approbation.

The diversity of gift which characterizes the ministerial profession, and the exact relation of wants and tastes to this varied supply, ought to make us catholic in our estimates of talent and worth in clergymen. Perhaps no denomination has suffered more from the Procrustean method of judging preachers than the Unitarian. From the clergy and from no inconsiderable portion of the laity in the Unitarian fellowship have proceeded verdicts and sympathies which, while assuming to represent high, broad opinions, were essentially provincial and narrow. To those who are fond of hearing a sermon that reads like a chapter from some book, Dr. Chapin could not have been acceptable. His fire, to them, was turbulence; his eloquent outbursts were rant; his strong, pervasive voice was unduly loud; his firm, vivid pictures were tinsel. No scholar he, no Martineau, no still small voice, fit companion to dim religious light. Truly, he was not a flute, but a trumpet. And have not trumpets inestimable value? Why compare him to others, whose excellences, though conspicuous, were not more creditable and lustrous than his own, each being

* *Life of Edwin H. Chapin, D.D.* By Sumner Ellis, D.D. With portraits and illustrations. Boston: Universalist Publishing House.

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judged by their rightful standards? For one, I am thankful as I trace his earnest, glowing course, seeing how it ever tended to elevate truth and subdue error; how it coalesced with the noblest aspirations of the race; how its influence cheered the reformer and strengthened the hands of justice. All this one may say without going the full length of his biographer, holding in reserve qualifications and regrets.

Dr. Chapin belonged to a group of public men whose style of oratory and mould of thought differed from the fashion of our day in marked ways. Choate and Everett represented that style; Dr. Putnam and Starr King were examples in the pulpit; Bancroft illustrates it in history; Curtis, in *belles lettres*. Chapin amplified and touched with warmth the thought in hand. In a scholar's sense, he employed rhetoric. It is easy for a generation overfed on borrowed ideas to decry Choate, or to smile with complacency over the printed lectures of Starr King. They may even read the sermons of Putnam, and wonder whence came the power felt at the moment of their utterance. The question for us lies in the path of sober search for the secret of that power, and in the pertinent doubt as to the superiority of our own methods. If they erred in one direction, we are at fault in another. They, perhaps, had too much heat: we have not enough. They planned too eagerly for form: we lack skill of presentation. They may have dwelt too long and strongly on familiar topics: we cram the listener with odds and ends of new ideas. They may have made too much of impressing the feelings, and sweeping conviction at the moment: we are constantly thinking of the printer and the reporter. Chapin's wise reserve in the pulpit on special issues does not please the belligerent partisan: he can find many in this day who set parishes into useless commotion over hobbies stubbornly and tediously paraded on Sunday. It behooves us to compare candidly and sympathetically our present methods with the past; for certainly this is fact, that we are not reaching the people in the degree our great principles deserve, or with the success our hard efforts ought to secure.

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This Life has been prepared in strong colors, as might have been expected from an admirer; and yet there is a frankness as to facts throughout, which leaves nothing concealed and little to be criticised. Edwin Hubbell Chapin revealed his gift early. He was noted for declamatory powers; his imaginative vein found expression in poems which decorated some passing event; he formed a friendship with E. L. Davenport, then a young man, whose after fame as an actor is still in remembrance. The teachers under whom Chapin came fostered his proclivity to oratory, especially Mr. Ballard, who was delighted with "whirlwinds" of elocution. Four years in an academy gave him a reputation for average standing as a scholar, and developed a great love of literature. In 1836, he went to Troy; and in one year's life there "touched the borders of the three great kingdoms,—Law, Politics, and Religion." Soon after, at Utica, where his father, an artist, went to fill some orders for pictures, Chapin became a Universalist, and contributed to a local magazine. From this time, he studied for the ministry, and began his clerical labors in 1838, at the age of twenty-three, in Richmond, Va. A desultory course thus far, but with aim now fixed, the organizing of his power went forward. He spent two years and a half in this Southern city, and then settled in Charlestown; then followed his colleagueship with Hosea Ballou in the School Street Church of Boston. Soon came the final transfer to New York, where, in 1848, Mr. Chapin was installed over the Fourth Universalist Society. Starr King, then twenty-four years old, preached the sermon. Here began Chapin's more famous work as preacher, lecturer, and public servant. He became one of the noted few whom strangers sought on Sunday, and with Henry Ward Beecher shared the notoriety of sensation and excitement. His preaching contained little sectarian aggressiveness,—so little that his brethren lamented the fact and strove to lead him into doctrinal warfare. He presented the cardinal truths of Universalism in strong, persuasive, unqualified aspects: it was

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the sun's effulgence melting opposition; a true aggressiveness. The auditor felt that no mind could entertain such liberal opinions with Calvinistic beliefs at the same time. Chapin was a patriot and a bold man, after his own fashion; and it was a manner entirely creditable. Not every one is born a Wendell Phillips or a Garrison, nor would the world be prospered in moral growth by having all men thus loaded with belligerency. All honor to such noble pioneers in every reform, but their honor should not be other faithful men's disparagement. In the war times, he did not conceal his loyal feelings. One Sunday, some parishioner grew angry, arose, slammed his pew door, and tramped heavily down the aisle. The preacher stopped his argument, and said, "I shall not go out of my way to seek these topics; but, when they are fairly before me, I shall not turn aside to avoid them, though your pew doors should clap to like platoons of musketry." A critic commenting on this noble utterance has not one word of praise, but severely says, "Reformers always lug in their topics"; as though Chapin had not courage or sincerity, but only spoke on great issues when compelled. The attitude of Chapin is far manlier than that of the critic. At another time, Chapin read from the pulpit a bitter anonymous letter he had received, and then quietly added, "While you have absolute control of your temple, you have no authority over my conscience."

Our subject's talent for poetry was better shown in the happy figures that adorned his prose than in the deliberate manufacture of verses. Some good specimens of hymns are given, but they are chiefly valuable as connected with the insight we get into the workings and elements of his mind. A lover of nature Dr. Chapin proved himself to be. The rocky, picturesque shore of Pigeon Cove was his resting spot for the summer. Dr. Ellis rightly designates Chapin's use of the humorous as wit: it consisted in puns, to large extent, and in a quick, surface recognition of the incongruous. There are no proofs in any place of a deep, broad sense of humor. Devotional he was with a beautiful

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spontaneity so that those prayers, which come reluctant and unwonted in daily engrossments, were natural to him. A great reader of books, his writings, like so many of our leaders, contained little by way of quotation and reference. It is sometimes said, "Beware of excessive quoting in sermons: out of it comes patchwork." He assimilated. It was always easy for Chapin to speak without manuscript; and usually, when following the written page, he stepped aside at times, and spoke, with thrilling effect, the unwritten words. Writing and (so-called) extemporaneous speech went hand in hand throughout his life. As a pastor, he was in a measure successful. Innumerable engagements and a habit of self-absorption in his thoughts conflicted with parochial duties. In person, he grew stout; he was always clumsy; not easily kindled in debate or conversation; of sluggish and indolent habit; strong in his affections; tolerant in judgment,—in all personal traits, he stood forth overshadowed by his reputation as a pulpit orator. That was his tendency; and, being true to its leading, it deepened and broadened from year to year. Dr. Chapin may not be the type of preacher for this young man or that one. It depends. He is the type in style and methods for such as are cast in his mould: he is not a help, but a harm to any young preacher whose qualities and intellect demand a different model. Yet to all, of whatever temperament and cast, he is an example in consecration, catholicity, earnestness, love of human rights, purity of character, and concentration of life efforts.

E. A. HORTON.

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THE MARTYRDOM OF SERVETUS.

[In looking lately over Cushing's index of subjects of the *Christian Examiner*, I was surprised that but one reference is made to the name of Servetus,—occurring in an article by E. B. Hall, on Melancthon, in 1836. Covering, as the *Examiner* does, a period of forty-five years, in which scarcely a name of any interest to Unitarian readers fails of ample notice, it is singular that none of our scholars or historians has assumed the task in its pages of carefully characterizing the man who, whatever his faults, really gave his life in martyrdom to the distinctive principle of Unitarian theology. It has been reserved to an English physician.

And I have been hoping for some time that the pages of this *Review* might contain for its readers, if only for reference, some careful account of Servetus' life-work. In offering this brief sketch, which was originally prepared as part of a course of lectures on Geneva and Calvin, I have in mind chiefly to invite attention to the fact that as yet no monument of Servetus exists at Geneva, and the site of his martyrdom is unmarked. Does local bigotry extend so far? Or is the Place Champel awaiting the liberality of some traveller, who appreciates its significance in religious history, and will find a way to give expression to it?]

We are about to turn over a dark and shameful page in the history of Geneva, to step with reverent feet upon the ground of one of the saddest martyrdoms in history, that of the Unitarian Servetus, who perished at the stake on an October day in the year 1553. The subject is of painful interest, and lays bare the vindictive intolerance of the age which made it possible. It has been variously estimated. Catholic authors hasten to detect only malice and personal hate in it, and offset the solitary burning pile against their own century-gray ash-heaps of persecution, while Gibbon says, "I am more scandalized by the burning of Servetus than I am by all the human hecatombs sacrificed in all the autos-da-fé of Spain and Portugal." And, on the other hand, Melancthon, whose name is a synonyme for mildness, and who poured oil on the stormy waters of theological strife, wrote to Calvin himself to say, "I return thanks to the Son of God who has been the spectator and judge of your conduct, and who will be the rewarder thereof. The Church both now and in time to come will owe you her gratitude. Your magistrates have acted according to law and justice in putting this blasphemer to death."

To the unbiassed historian, that funeral pile is rather an impressive witness of what all history shows; namely, that humanity does not grow by sudden leaps, nor outgrow in a year or generation the habit of centuries. The deed was

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Calvin's; but the thought that made it possible belonged to the age, and was a mother-mark from the past. The process by which the new emerges from the old is never immediate, and its complexity gives the strange spectacle of human minds growing on one side and petrified on another. The same hand that is iconoclastic will the next moment humble itself to prop a superstition; and so it happens not unseldom, through the very consciousness that we have broken with the past on one side of our thought and life, we are made all the more blindly conservative in other respects, and all the more fiercely intolerant of those who would push our own principles over what seems to us a precipice.

If you will think out all this carefully, you will find it true of yourself to-day, as a law of your own mental life. You do not grow mentally all over, but in spots and by breaks; and, while one little bud timidly shoots to the light, you half-unconsciously shut down, for the time being, upon other germinating seeds. So moves through you the Providence that unfolds a nebula and slacks a planet's heat. And, when you understand this law of yourself here and now, you will begin to see how the chances are a hundred to one that, had you been in Palestine, you would have helped stone Stephen; that, had you lived in Rome, your shouts would be joined with the multitudes that doomed the hapless martyrs; that, had you been in Constance, you would have sincerely hated John Huss; and, had you lived in Geneva, you would have held up the hands that built the greenwood fire for a crazy Spanish heretic, and would have watched him perish with the same loathing that treads out a poisonous worm. Stand a moment with Calvin, when, like a sea captain, he clings in the shrouds of his ship to give his orders while that ship is assaulted by howling winds, and beating off the fatal lee shore of antinomianism, his crew held only by the sternest discipline, and his chart disclosing hidden rocks and currents, his eyes ranging over the dark waters and sleeting skies; and would you tolerate a lean sea-gull, like Servetus, screaming and flapping in your face?

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We can be thus just to the Genevan reformer: we must thus measure all his deeds, and chiefly that deed which by common consent stains the record of his life. The act was a blunder, but it was the blunder of Protestant Europe. It was not a crime, judged by its intent; for it was sternly meant for the glory of God, and to vindicate his truth.

But, having said so much,—and I have said it sincerely,—I now turn to the name of the poor victim of this world blunder, and ask myself, Has not history a duty and a debt to pay,—a duty to the truth of his life, and a debt to his memory? No friend stood by him in his dark hour. No faithful followers gave his dying words wings, as did the friends of Huss and Jerome, through the world. No contemporary historian wrote of him, except with contempt and hate; and, where Calvin has a dozen apologists, the lonely Servetus lacked one. Only within three years, an English physician, while engaged upon a Life of Harvey, to whom, you know, is usually credited the first discovery of the circulation of the blood, was led to investigate the obscure claim of Servetus to the same discovery. And, after finding undoubted proof that he did discern in part the nature of the heart's action and the function of the lungs, this Dr. Willis went on with deepening interest in his works and the facts of his life, and now, in an important book, vindicates the memory of Servetus "as a philosopher and scholar; as a practical physician, freed from the fetters of mediæval routine; an eminent geographer and astronomer, and liberal Biblical critic, in days when criticism as we understand the term was unimagined." It is a significant fact that Servetus, the Unitarian martyr of the sixteenth century, and the Unitarian Priestley, who was driven by an English mob from Birmingham in the eighteenth century, were alike discoverers in the realm of natural science, who hinted in their method the spirit of this later day, which calls all truth revelation, sees Providence waiting behind and in all events or phenomena, in order to be made known,—a spirit which is alike to be esteemed worshipful, as it gropes over the deep sea ooze, as it divides a micro-

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scopic cell, as it toils to decipher the records of Egypt and Yucatan, as well as when it seeks the oratory of a Newman, or strives to redeem suffering humanity with Florence Nightingale or Dr. Wines.

To follow the events of the life of Servetus is like following the flights of a wounded bird. He had the gloomy pride, intensity and fervor of temperament, which we are accustomed to associate with the soil of Spain; and he threw this nature into the intellectual arena of his age. Saragossa gave him classical learning; Toulouse, legal training; the court of Charles V., political insight; he saw the Diet at Augsburg, which formally arraigned Protestantism. At the age of twenty, he could write: "For my own part, I neither agree nor disagree in every particular with either Catholics or reformers. It would be easy enough, indeed, to judge dispassionately of everything, were we but suffered without molestation by the Churches freely to speak our minds, and made way for teachers of the day who have anything to reveal. But our doctors now contend for nothing but power. The Lord confound all tyrants of the Church! Amen!" The man that could think and speak in this way would not long go muzzled; and, at the age of twenty-two, he put forth a book that stirred up the theologians of all Europe. He called his work *Seven Books on Mistaken Conceptions of the Trinity*, and directly attacked with argument and ridicule that doctrine, as well as Luther's "justification by faith," and "the predestinarianism of Calvin." It is easy to see that such a work, while it enforced attention and provoked astonishment, would antagonize the masters of the Reformation; for, as Dr. Willis admirably says, "their business, as they apprehended it, was to reform the Church,—the task Servetus had set himself, in the end, was to reform religion." They accordingly resented his requests for interviews and debates, and began to hurl at him the name of heretic, pantheist, and infidel. Suddenly, the impetuous young man left Switzerland and Germany, and was lost sight of by the world. He had dropped his name;

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and, adopting that of his native town, "Villeneuve," he entered the University of Paris. For the next seven years, he alternated between Paris and Lyons; was a proof-reader, lecturer, and physician, and seems to have thrown into everything he did the most intense research and daring innovation; came at last to a deadlock with his fellow-professors in the University, and, like a born fighter, stood up with spurs, and when fair play was refused left the field.

We may pass over the next twelve years of his life, which were spent in the town of Vienna, where an archbishop was his patron, and where he gave full vent to his ardent nature in studies and expositions of the Bible. In the course of his researches upon the Old Testament prophecies, he adopted a principle which forecasts all modern Biblical exegesis; namely, "that the prophecies had primary, literal, and immediate reference to the age in which they were uttered, and to personages, events, and circumstances among which the authors lived." It was while here that he began to write to Calvin, who at first measured swords with him, but ended by applying the bitterest epithets, which Servetus as bitterly retorted. The events which lead up to the crisis of his story now come with dramatic swiftness. Servetus writes the great work of his life, called the *Restoration of Christianity*, which is secretly printed without the town, made up in bundles of a hundred each, and put forth simultaneously in each nation of the continent. One copy is sent to Calvin from the author's own hand. The reformer in his zeal for God stoops to become an informer, and denounces him to the Catholic authorities: he is cast into prison, and information laid that procured him a sentence of death. But he escapes in the night, and vengeance can only be wreaked on his books and effigy. Then, as if led by the fascination that draws the bird into the serpent's fangs, he flies to Switzerland and pauses in Geneva. He found a little tavern on the lakeside, where he remained privately for a month, gathering, as we may imagine, fragments of news, and cautiously feeling his way to the sentiments of the people and parties of the Genevan republic.

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As each evening comes, he ventures to walk upon the banks of the lake, whose azure deeps then, as now, received the image of the distant mountains reflecting the evening sun of the snowy crests of Mont Blanc. One fatal day, the 13th of August, he passes a little chapel when services are being held, listens without to the hymns, strains to catch the preacher's voice, finally enters the door, and seats himself within the shadow of a column. The eyes of the minister and part of the people rest for a moment upon the stranger, then follow again the vehement argument concerning fixed fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute. The nervous fingers of the dark visitor make a few marks in a note-book. The service ends, and he is first without the threshold; soon lost in the friendly darkness, again in the refuge of his inn. And, while he does so, Calvin is being told that his arch-enemy is in his power. In that congregation, one uneasy, vagrant gazer marked the stranger, and in his spare features and deep eye, his high, sallow forehead, and peculiar clenching of the under lip, recognized the Spaniard, Michel Servetus. The next morning's light found him a prisoner in the town jail; and Calvin, after working all day and all the following night, brings thirty-eight articles of accusation against him, and the council of the city is summoned to enact the scenes of a trial which became at different stages a dreary formalism. A strife of political factions, and the very mockery of Justice; for, throwing off every disguise, Calvin now staked his whole influence and authority upon the condemnation of Servetus, threatened the weakest of the judges, roused a fierce lobby of the Swiss churches and ministry, appealed to party hate, and denounced his victim daily from the pulpit. Meanwhile, the Spaniard lingered in prison, where Calvin visited him several times, ostensibly to extort confession of heresy and penitence, but as it seemed to the other only to gloat over a prostrate foe, and feed his own pride. Servetus was no lamb, and these interviews ended in stinging recrimination. The prisoner, little suspecting as a sentence any worse than banishment, had the audacity to denounce Calvin to the

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council as a calumniator, and demanded upon his head the law of retaliation. Can we wonder at his bitterness when we learn that he was denied counsel, and for weeks suffered from cold, vermin, and improper food, and that, to his demand for books and writing materials with which to answer his accusers, he was given books indeed, but the satire of a single sheet of paper on which to answer Calvin's reams?

Now came a lull, in which to his repeated demands he was supplied with clothing and better food, and heard that the first syndic had become his advocate, and risen from a sick-bed to appeal his case to another court. Then, Calvin put forth his last effort, multiplied his denunciations, and called on heaven and earth to witness the iniquity, if such a sorcerer and heresiarch were delayed of punishment or suffered to leave the city alive. The court was wearied or frightened into sentence of death, and, as sometimes happens in such cases, outstripped even the wishes of the accuser. Calvin would have been satisfied with death by the sword: the court decreed the awful drama of fire. It was the impetuous sentence of the overpersuaded, but only half-convinced. It was like the word of poor, weak Charles IX., when besieged by his councillors to decree the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. He resisted: they argued, pleaded, invoked his passions and fears, and, just when they were ready to compromise, he cried, "Well, kill them, kill them all, and kill them to-night, and do not leave a single Huguenot to accuse me." So, at the last, it was death to Servetus, death by slow fire, and death before the setting of to-morrow's sun. It is the haste of men trying to stifle the sense of rising remorse and shame. Never look for pity in such. Whoever has faced the first look of an accusing conscience, and remembers how the miserable impulse of self-gratification puts one to feverish haste, welcomes any subterfuge, and drowns out the accusing witness, will understand this. And the poor Servetus understood it after the first shock with which he heard the sentence had passed.

Awakened at early dawn of the fatal day, his sentence is rehearsed as he shivers in the border-land between dreams

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and reality. At first, struck with astonishment, he falls speechless on his bed, stifling there his groans, and crying, Mercy! But, at last, he recovers self-possession and asks to see Calvin,—whether from a glimmer of hope or from the magnanimity of one death-sentenced, we shall never know; but, in that interview, he craved pardon and forgiveness of the author of his fate, yet without offering to retract a syllable of his books or convictions. Did no relenting whisper rise in Calvin's heart, no vision of the Saviour's pity, no thought of that great day when, stripped of all outward pomp and place, he should stand at one bar of judgment with this wan and stricken heretic, and hear: "I forgave them all that debt because thou desiredst me. Shouldst not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee?" None! No word, no thought, but found an instant answer in the iron logic of the Reformer's soul. It was expedient that one die for the people. And did not Scripture rain texts upon unbelievers, to cut them off for the devil and his angels? And was he not set here to vindicate the faith upon just such miserable, foreordained children of hell?

O friends, blame not this iron man. He was groping in the twilight of faith, though he thought he knew the whole counsel of God. But let the awful spectacle of such a mistake warn this age and every age. Let it stand between us and harsh judgment upon the vagaries of our fellow-man.

In the midst of old Geneva, back of St. Peter's Church and near the barricades stands the Hôtel de Ville, or Court of Justice, before which the condemned were brought, and public sentences read from the balcony. This is the only monument, the only antiquity, that we can now associate with the name of Servetus in Geneva. Here in the street he stood, bound, pale and bare-headed among his jailers and the men-at-arms, surrounded by the throng who gathered in the narrow streets, gazed at from windows and rooftops by eager women and children; while opposite, in that balcony where stood the whole council, the clerk, in querulous piping voice, read out the long and tedious charge and

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conviction: "These and other just causes moving us, desiring to purge the Church of God of such infection, and to cut from it so rotten a member, we, sitting as a judicial tribunal in the seat of our ancestors, with the entire assent of the general Council of the State and our fellow-citizens, calling on the name of God to deliver true judgment, having the holy Scriptures before us, and saying, In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, now pronounce our final sentence, and condemn thee, Michel Servetus, to be bound and taken to Champel, and there chained to a stake to be burned alive, along with thy books, until thy body is reduced to ashes." Such were the closing words, and a staff was broken over the head of the prisoner as token that he was given over to the secular arm. There was a brief silence, which Servetus broke, not to sue for mercy, but for a milder form of death. He feared, he said, "that through excess of pain he might prove faithless to himself, and belie the convictions of his life." Meeting with no response, he prayed forgiveness for his enemies and persecutors. To the minister who accompanied him to the fatal pile, and who exhorted him to give up his error, he had no answer, save in broken accents to reiterate his faith. I pass over the last harrowing scene, his protracted torture, his expiring martyr cry. The deed was done. The first and last burning of a Protestant by Protestants was accomplished. In the light of this martyrdom, Europe began to learn that fagots and heading blocks are not fit things with which to build up the kingdom of God.

I said that the old council-chamber is the only place to be identified with Servetus. I looked in vain in the national portrait-gallery, which includes a Rousseau and a Zisca, for a picture of the great martyr. I looked in vain among the cherished manuscripts for one that bore his name. To my inquiries for the spot where he was executed, I was directed to a suburb, and searched, through a day of alternate showers and oppressive heat, for something or some place that might be identified as the field of martyrdom. At last, it was reached,—an open space, like

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any small public square, surrounded by gardens and residences, bearing the name "Champel." But no monument marks the event or speaks of its significance. The honest rustic whom I addressed knew of nothing famous that had taken place there. He had heard of John Calvin, but Servetus? he smiled, and shook his head. "Perhaps," he said, "you might learn at *that house*"; but that house seemed to think I was inquiring for some living name. I stepped to the middle of the field, and gathered as a memento the flower of a common weed. But that evening, after I had wandered through the motley peasant crowd, who were assembled for their market day, and past the glittering shops, and over the bridge to the lakeside, where Servetus used to walk in his retirement, before his discovery, I found myself day-dreaming of a time when the site of that martyrdom will be searched with zealous care, and a monument set up, so costly, so significant, so prophetic, that not a traveller but shall visit it, and be inspired with its dumb message. I would put there a lofty figure of the Genius of Toleration, quenching the torch of persecution with her foot, and on the pedestal the dying words of the martyr: "To whom should I call, except to God?" I would place that marble statue where it should catch the tints of evening upon its uplifted face, and seem to breathe a prayer for peace and rest in the whole earth, and for the ceasing of "man's inhumanity to man."

T. L. Eliot.

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EDITORS' NOTE-BOOK.

THE LESSON OF DEFEAT.

The discussion now going on in Congress upon civil service reform begins to reveal how blind the dominant party has been to its own interests, merely as a matter of policy. If those in power had given a sincere and earnest encouragement to this movement, which surely holds within it the principles which at this moment are most essential to the purification and perpetuity of this government, there would have been no such expression of public indignation as the late elections have made so unmistakable, and which have caused a trembling throughout the crumbling organization; nor would there have been any ground for the pretence of the opposing and triumphant party, that it must first have the offices before it countenances any reform in the methods of obtaining them. If, when Mr. Hayes came to the chief magistracy, by an electoral vote so evenly divided that a large majority of the country will always believe that he was fraudulently seated, and with his own evident interest in civil service reform, disregarding all party issues, he had made his appointments alternately from the two great political bodies, even from the highest to the lowest offices; and if this policy had been continued through the next administration; and if, with all appointments, emphasis had been placed upon fitness, and a tenure of office according to the satisfactory performance of its duties,— we believe the principle would have been so firmly established that no party in power would have dared to return to the old and corrupt system. As it is, a great opportunity to educate the public mind has been lost. We shall soon find what the sentiment of the country upon this pressing question really is; and, weak or strong, discussion must go on until the reform is triumphant.

THE NERVE OF MISSIONARY EFFORT.

In a recent address to Congregational ministers, Prof. Park emphatically objected to the doctrine of a possible future probation for the heathen, and to fellowship with ministers holding that opinion, on the ground that it "would cut the nerve of missionary effort." This is in accord with the prevailing view in

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the discussion of this topic at the late meeting of the American Board in Portland. Many of the veteran leaders of missionary enterprise are positive that the appeal for funds can succeed, and the cause of missions be maintained, only as the hopeless doom of all who die without saving faith in Christ is believed in and preached. The motive is presented as strongly if not as constantly as ever, that the heathen populations are going down to eternal death, and have no chance of rescue or hope of divine mercy, save that furnished by the agencies of Christian missions.

How far the benefactions of the various orthodox bodies are compelled by this conviction, or administered in this spirit, we do not know. If we may judge from the appeals of missionaries in the field, the tone of the leading newspapers, and the indications to which we have already alluded, we must suppose the hopeless doom of the heathen to be still the prevailing conviction, — the working conviction, so to speak,— though with increasing and influential protest. Perhaps it would not be uncharitable to say that the practical exigency is much stronger than dogmatic conviction in urging the suppression of more generous conceptions of the divine resources and the future possibilities of the race. Orthodoxy may justly fear the loss of dramatic force and overwhelming appeal to move the imaginations and compel the sacrifices of men, when it shall yield tolerance to the doctrine of a future probation — we should rather say, the doctrine of a continuous and consistent divine government for all worlds and all souls — to the minority who have already embraced this doctrine. None the less will it soon be compelled to grant such tolerance, as it fast grows clear that the dogma of the eternal doom of whole peoples and races for rejecting a Christ of whom they could have never by any possibility heard is a hideous anachronism in any thought that calls itself religious to-day, and a main stumbling-block in the way of accepting Christianity to increasing numbers of men.

The immense good accomplished by Christian missions should make us reluctant to criticise harshly the opinions or seem anywise to undervalue the sacrifices of those who have made this century memorable in history by their Christian enterprise, self-denial, and steadfastness in difficult service among heathen peoples; memorable also in the new power and the new conquests of the Christian Church purchased by these labors and sacrifices. But no devotedness, nor gains to religion or to civilization, can sustain

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a view of God's rule of the world, and of the destiny of the great body of mankind, which has grown intolerable to the intelligence and conscience of nearly all unecclesiastical minds, and is becoming unspeakably painful to the reluctingheart of Orthodoxy itself. The sensitiveness which marks the discussion of this subject, or attempts to stifle its discussion, in orthodox circles, proves that other nerves than the "missionary nerve" are in peril of dangerous laceration, and that attempts to maintain that intact, if they involve the dogma of eternal damnation for the heathen, must result in the torture of the best susceptibilities of the whole spiritual frame, if not its fatal collapse and final atrophy.

At least, while leading theologians are praised for basing missionary effort upon the maintenance of that dogma, let not liberal religionists be accused of slander for affirming that it is still an integral doctrine of Orthodoxy.

THE NEW DISCUSSION OF THE BIBLE.

The late address by Rev. George E. Ellis, before the Unitarian Club, has naturally called forth much comment and criticism. Its main thesis, the need of a rational view of the Scriptures as the condition of attaining a rational theology, is one of great importance, and, as Dr. Ellis made clear, has pressing applications to the present state of religious thought. As an appeal to liberal Orthodoxy, struggling to keep itself in fresh and living relations with the progress of human intelligence and conviction in other departments of research and opinion, this address is timely, and even masterly. It presents the leading practical consideration which thoughtful liberal Christians desire to press upon their co-religionists, as opening the way to a better adjustment of theology with the intellectual and moral conceptions that are fast becoming prevalent and established in modern thought. The notion of an infallible national literature, divinely protected from flaw or error, and in every part stamped with the impress of divine authority, is as inconceivable to the modern student of history as it is clear to the student of the Bible that that is not what the Bible claims to be, or evident to the moralist and religious scholar that it has no such infallibility. The doctrine of plenary inspiration is absurd in itself, and is the support of other false religious views that would speedily decline and be forgotten, unbuttressed by it. Dr. Ellis deserves the gratitude of all thoughtful students of the Bible for pointing out so clearly

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and convincingly the disservice and delay this superstitious and outgrown view of it is causing to its rational study and real honor, and to the progress of the true religion it enshrines.

It is unfortunate that one or two paragraphs of this able address have drawn away from its main protest and appeal the attention both of those who are at one with Dr. Ellis as to his leading purpose and conviction, and of opponents who would otherwise feel its cogency and urgent practical force. He cannot indeed be held responsible for such unwarranted inferences from his admissions as seem to have been drawn from them by some of his critics,— such as that he has proposed to abandon the Bible to Orthodoxy, that he has adopted a new theory of the Bible, or that he has essentially changed his convictions as to its value and place in religious instruction. In neither of these particulars do we understand Dr. Ellis to advance any views novel to himself, or unusual among Unitarian scholars. For aught that appears in the address, or in his explanatory articles in the *Christian Register*, he may still hold the Christian revelation and history, and even the Scripture basis of his unchanged Unitarian faith,— when Scripture is rationally considered and interpreted,— in as high regard as ever. What he concedes to Orthodoxy, is that the Bible is an orthodox book when regarded as in all its parts of equal and divine authority, and interpreted as infallible and of universal application in all the declarations and doctrines of all its books and sections,— a method of regarding and interpreting it, he is careful to say, which the Bible does not claim for itself, and which it is the whole object of his address to show to be unwarranted, inconsistent, and absurd.

We shared the evident surprise with which even this so carefully guarded concession was heard, and we have shared the general dissent it has evoked. Dr. Ellis himself is only willing to stand by the statement that *some* of the doctrines of Orthodoxy can be by this vicious method drawn and defended from the Scriptures. So much may, with some qualification, be granted. Some doctrine of Millenarianism certainly, some doctrine of election (though of races rather than individuals), some doctrine of atonement and of final doom (though not lacking rational explanation and limitation in other passages), may find defence on the theory of the full inspiration of the whole Bible. But as to the Trinity and the Deity of Christ, the pivotal points of the Unita-

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rian controversy, and other doctrines of modern Orthodoxy,— as notably those of the Sabbath and of Scripture infallibility itself,— we see not how any view of the Bible could avail to prove them from it without ingenuity and forcing, compared with which the expositions of our Unitarian fathers must be reckoned models of candor, fair-dealing, and conclusiveness. That these fathers were "worsted" in logic or in effective use of Scripture citation was not the judgment of the large body of intelligent laymen in New England who were the jury in that great discussion. It may also be said, that there is an unmistakable tendency whenever a church or an individual is left to the free action of the Scriptures upon them, unhampered by confessions and dogmatic symbols, to fall away from the leading doctrines of Orthodoxy, even while retaining the conviction of the Bible's infallibility. A late instance of this tendency is found in the orthodox distrust of Bible reading in the public schools without exposition,— a leading orthodox divine of England even urging that it necessarily would result in the inadequate and "colorless" views of Unitarianism.

We do not doubt that the Calvinistic interpretations of Scripture — and the Catholic as well — were honestly made. They were legitimate products of the mind of the times in which they appeared, in its attempt to deal with the religious facts of the world and of history. As little can we doubt that the distinctive doctrines of what we call Orthodoxy are largely projections of Greek philosophy, Latin legalism (and even its fading polytheism), and mediæval scholasticism upon the basis of the simpler Hebrew and Christian thought. This reading in of Trinity and Deity of Christ, individual election, and penal atonement, was doubtless made in good faith in accordance with the conceptions of the times; but modern Orthodoxy cannot be sustained by adherence to one outgrown conception alone, the doctrine of an infallible book, but would require a return to the whole order of mental furniture used by past centuries. That return would legitimate transubstantiation and mariolatry as doctrines of the Bible, as well as orthodox trinity, atonement, and reprobation.

On the other hand, it may be freely granted, we think, that the earlier Unitarians used the Scriptures, in equally good faith, with a prevailingly rational expectation and leaning; or, as Rev. J. H. Allen expresses it, "with an ethical prepossession." They did not, indeed — certainly not in America — hold the same

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doctrine of plenary inspiration as their opponents, as Dr. Ellis in one passage seems to say, and as some of his critics have affirmed. Nothing is clearer than that this doctrine was one of the earliest to give way, in that gradual softening and rationalizing of dogma which preceded the Unitarian controversy. Their watchword was Christianity, not the Bible. You may search Dr. Channing's works through, and find but a few scanty references to the Old Testament; and the most definite of these recognized the legation of Moses as a provisional though divine revelation. None the less did they hold Christianity to be an authoritative revelation, and its records to be trustworthy, and available for the essential foundation and defence of their views of religion. Their textual method may have seemed to their opponents inconclusive and even forced; but we must think that history will differ from Dr. Ellis in thinking them to be "worsted" in its use. As compared with their opponents, there was at any rate a freedom from technicalities, a justness of collocation and inference, a disposition to rest on broad considerations and the general spirit of Scripture rather than on isolated texts, which distinctly heralded the freer and, we believe, fairer handling of Scripture which has since prevailed among us. With whatever of drawback or special exception there may be, the main impression upon one who reads that controversy dispassionately must be, we think, that the Unitarian disputants candidly and effectively used the Bible to maintain their faith against Orthodoxy, and that the Bible was so far with them as to make the inherent reasonableness of their faith apparent.

DR. WILLIAM B. CARPENTER.

Among the excellent lectures given at the Lowell Institute this season, none have been more worthy of attention, or have been listened to with more entire satisfaction by a large and intelligent audience, than the two courses recently given by Dr. Carpenter, of London. The first course of six lectures contained an interesting summary of the knowledge gained within a few years, by deep sea-soundings, in regard to the bed of the ocean and the various forms of life which are sustained beneath its deep waters. The great ocean currents were made especially plain, in spite of their complications. The lecturer showed that there is a surface current nearly as wide as the ocean, running from the equator toward the poles, and by its warmth seriously

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modifying the climate of the higher latitudes, particularly where it strikes the western shores of continents. He showed, also, how the ocean equilibrium is kept up by a counter current near the bottom, from the poles toward the equator, tempering with its coolness the otherwise intolerable heat of the tropics.

The lectures, however, which were listened to with the deepest interest, and in which the lecturer's own feelings were most strongly engaged, were on Human Automatism. The subject is one to which the principal enthusiasm and energies of his life have been given. No more important branch of study invites the attention of the scientific inquirer, or offers problems which require more nicety of discrimination or greater subtlety of thought. In that border-land where mind and matter meet and hold possession as by a joint tenure, and where each sometimes assumes to be the sole proprietor and denies even the existence of its rival claimant, it requires a very keen intellectual perception to see things as they are, and a very rare judicial fairness of mind to decide with perfect impartiality in regard to the meaning of facts. Only a person conversant with the difficulties of the case would be able to appreciate the singular merits of Dr. Carpenter's lectures. The subject was laid open so simply and so clearly, the hearer was led on step by step so easily, each new stage of knowledge followed so naturally upon what had gone before, that it seemed as if there had been no difficulties to overcome. The work was done so perfectly that it had seemed to do itself. There were no arguments, but only an exposition of facts. When we were looking for conclusions to be distinctly formulated and pressed upon us, the lecture was ended, and we were left with the facts alone, very clearly and distinctly laid before us; but we must draw our own inferences.

The lectures were entirely extempore in form. The speaker was full of his subject, holding in his mind all the information pertaining to it. But there was nothing of the confusion into which minds not of the highest grade are apt to be thrown by the superabundance of their knowledge. Dr. Carpenter was plainly master of the situation. He knew what facts to choose as most likely to throw light upon the subject at each separate stage of the inquiry, so as to leave the whole field at last distinctly open before us.

In listening to these lectures, we could not but feel that we were in a healthy intellectual and moral atmosphere. Most of what

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Dr. Carpenter said may be found in his great work on *Mental Physiology*, a work which we would most heartily commend to parents and teachers, and to all young persons who wish to know something of their bodily, mental, and moral constitution, and how to make the most of their various faculties. In this complicated and difficult science, no living man stands higher than Dr. Carpenter. Of his genius for such studies, no better proof need be given than the fact that his work — originally prepared, we believe, more than thirty years ago, though enriched from time to time by the fruits of more advanced researches — retains its fundamental ideas, and is just beginning to take its legitimate place among the great educational forces in our best systems of education.

No person among us has written on the same subject with such clearness and force, unless we should except one man among us whose brilliancy as a poet and whose wit and grace as a writer have often blinded his many readers to his scientific knowledge and insight, and to the depth and weightiness of his thought. The ease with which he handles subjects of profound significance, moulding them at will so as to show them as they are, reminds us of the mighty machines which mould and bend or cut great bars of iron so easily that the iron seems to have lost its obstinate tenacity and hardness, and to be changed into some soft metal. The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table, often with a rare felicity of manner, deals with subjects which only a very able scientist or philosopher is competent to handle, and presents to us the results of profound thought in a form so attractive that we are tempted to regard them as innocent and harmless playthings.

Dr. Carpenter possesses in a remarkable degree the temperament, the susceptibilities, the quick and ever-active perceptive faculties, the laborious patience and perfect fairness of mind, which pre-eminently fit him to take his place in the front rank among explorers in the difficult branch of science to which his life has been given. In activity of mind, in the variety and painstaking accuracy of his researches, and in the habit of suspending his judgment till facts enough are mustered to justify a decision, he reminds us of our Jeffries Wyman, that modest pattern and model of a scientific inquirer. To these qualities, we may add what Mr. Huxley lately assigned to Mr. Balfour, the young Oxford professor of extraordinary promise, whose sad

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death among the Alps this last summer has been mourned in England as so heavy a loss to the whole scientific fraternity. As the crowning feature of this young man's nature, Mr. Huxley mentions "a certain vividness of the imagination which would enable him to seize upon the intellectual significance of fact, without stepping beyond the limits of fact." This distinguishing quality raises the naturalist above the necessity of becoming merely a collector of facts, who sees nothing beyond the material before him. Dr. Carpenter has this rare endowment, and is eminently qualified to seize upon the intellectual significance of fact. And this power, "without stepping beyond the limits of fact," is what gives their peculiar and characteristic value to his widely extended researches and the conclusions to which they lead. It prevents his being caught like the aged Milo, when his youthful strength was gone, in the gross material substances on which he is experimenting. As he sees "the intellectual significance of fact," he is carried beyond matter, and recognizes as within "the limits of fact," and lying behind all material activities, a spiritual force. "*I am, I ought, I can, I will,*" through his personal consciousness, break through the physical automatism which would bind him in the chains of a materialistic fatality. Thus, all his writings tend to make man a free and therefore a responsible moral agent.

Dr. Carpenter spent a little more than three months in this country. He was unable to go farther west than Niagara, or farther south than Washington. He was everywhere received with the respect due to his eminent scientific reputation and abilities, and many who were attracted to him in this way became his warm personal friends. He saw many things and many men among us, with a mind wide-awake and intensely alive to all the great questions, moral, political, and social, as well as scientific, that are pressing upon us. He looked into these problems with kindly feelings, but with a keenly discriminating judgment. He recognized, not without some degree of surprise, the boundless extent of our material resources, and the great opportunities, personal and national, which lie before us. But he saw also our difficulties and our shortcomings. He felt, we think, as did the eminent historian, Mr. Freeman, last year, that the points of sympathy and agreement between the new and the old English race were far greater than the points of difference, and that, in the most important respects, we are still one people. And

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nothing can do more to free us from national jealousies and mould us into one great community and brotherhood than such visits as that with which Dr. Carpenter has favored us. He carries with him the best wishes and affections of the many friends whom he has found or made in this great western home of the race to which he belongs.

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CHURCH AND MINISTRY.

The dedication, on the 21st of November, of the new church building at Ann Arbor, marks the completion of an important enterprise, inaugurated by the National Conference which met in 1880. Everything connected with this building is satisfactory. Placed at the junction of two of the principal streets, surrounded by the best population of the town, in the near vicinity of the college, in the language of the psalmist we may truly say, "It is beautiful for situation." Nor is the edifice itself less attractive. The delicate pink hue of the granite, varying slightly with each new stone, is grateful to the eye. A low, square, solid Norman tower, perhaps unique in the church architecture of our day, is so striking and pleasant an object that every passer by stops instinctively to look at it. You enter and find the promise of the exterior fulfilled within. A light, cheerful audience room, capable of seating three or four hundred persons; a good vestry in front of it, separated from the main room by three sets of folding doors, which can be thrown open when it is needful to enlarge the main building; a ladies' parlor; a good organ, the gift of Mr. Brigham's friends at Taunton; a well-selected library of a thousand volumes,— furnish about all that heart can wish in the way of religious instrumentalities. The eight hundred people who crowded both chapel and vestry on the evening of the dedication, and the thousand more who could not obtain entrance, testified to the fresh interest which has been awakened in the town.

The denomination has done no better work than this of adding to the four or five thousand, given by the faithful few at Ann Arbor, its fourteen thousand dollars, thus securing in the first Western college town in which the word of Unitarian Christianity was preached a church out of debt and fully equipped. We have no particulars concerning the situation, size, or architecture of the new church edifice just completed in the important city of Des Moines, the capital of Iowa. But the fact that on the third of December it was dedicated so nearly paid for that no further contributions were sought, would seem to indicate that one of the objects taken in hand by the National Conference of 1882 has been attained.

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The beginning of a new year is a good time to ask concerning the progress of the other missionary enterprises. The collections for the American Unitarian Association cannot be said to be as prompt as could be desired, seeing that eight months of the financial year have passed, and only one-third of the churches have made returns. Still, the difficulty in this respect is not greater, but less than usual; and, as the churches which have already given have contributed on an average fifteen per cent. more than last year, the outlook is decidedly encouraging. Of the fifteen thousand dollars needed to pay the debt of the New Orleans Society, ten or eleven thousand have already been secured. Certainly, our people will not permit the few thousands, now asked to finish the work, long to be lacking.

The efficient Meadville Committee have raised the larger half of what was required to complete the additional endowment of fifty thousand dollars, and now seek from the friends of the institution only eight thousand dollars. Meanwhile, the school has taken on fresh life. The number of pupils attending is larger than has been the case for years; and these, it may be added, are of the best quality. The committee on the Wade School have been so far engaged in preliminary work, and possibly weeks or even months may elapse before they are prepared to make a direct appeal.

The visit of Prof. Kovács to this country has created fresh interest in the cause of Hungarian education. The Anna Richmond fund has been raised to the desired point of ten thousand dollars, chiefly by gifts of members of the family; and some considerable progress has been made in other endowments. As regards the funds for Des Moines and Madison, we have no distinct information, but judge that considerable collections have been made. The little sum necessary to support Mr. Mayo in his noble Southern work has been nearly, if not quite, obtained; and Mr. Mayo has commenced his third year's campaign in the cause of intelligence against ignorance. Five months only remain before the annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association. But, if the same energy which has marked the last three months shall characterize and rule the remainder of the year, we shall be able then to report all the special enterprises, with the probable exception of the Cleveland School, achieved, and the general fund of the Association more nearly approximating to the generous giving of the previous prosperous years.

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During the last twelve months there has been an unusual activity in the settlement of ministers. Parishes seem to have recognized that comets and shooting stars of great brilliancy are rare, and possibly not so useful in the economy of the universe or in the economy of religious societies as steadily shining suns, or even planets of moderate magnitude and sober rays. We are persuaded that not many Januaries have found so few societies without ministers and so few ministers without stated charges. It denotes a healthy tendency to be encouraged by all proper means. Curiosity led us to inquire into the year's story of Middlesex County. We found that, out of forty-one parishes, fifteen had settled either permanently or for a stated period new pastors. In the new Year Book, in the record of that county, only two pulpits will be found vacant instead of the eight of last year.

A notable meeting of the Unitarian Club was held December 13. The subject of discussion was the need of suitable head-quarters for the American Unitarian Association and other Unitarian organizations. For the first time, our laymen looked at this question squarely. They saw that the present building was away from all the currents of life, that it was dark, narrow, and inconvenient, that its passages and stairways were scarcely less than perilous to the unwary, that it had no book-room or Sunday-school head-quarters worthy of the name, that the Secretary and Directors' office was altogether insufficient for any proper transaction of work, that the few committee rooms were high up and disagreeable, and that there was no hall of any kind where any considerable number of ministers or laymen could gather for any business or literary purpose whatsoever. For these reasons, the sentiment of the Club was unanimous that the time had come to act. A committee was appointed to take the matter into consideration, and report at the next meeting of the Club. What Charles Lowe so earnestly desired fifteen years ago, what Mr. Shippen through the whole of his ten years' administration felt to be so needful, is in a fair way to be accomplished.

Death has made fewer vacancies in the ranks of our ministers than in many former years, but the quality of the loss has never been higher. Probably in gift to speak with searching and solemn power to busy and care-burdened men and women, our body has never had a greater preacher than Dr. Dewey. As an or-

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ganizing force, our denomination has confessedly produced no equal of Dr. Bellows. And, certainly, in that true eloquence called forth by the time and the occasion, no denomination and no profession could boast his superior. But it is not simply the men who stand on heights of influence who decide the usefulness of a religious body, but just as much those who fill well the common posts of duty. George Matthias Rice was a good specimen of a quiet, unambitious pastor in a secluded hill town, gentle in spirit, faithful in purpose, abounding in good works. Adams Ayer, in a not very long life, had the fortune to fill both a minister's and a layman's place, and to be tried alike by great prosperity and sharp adversity. He was a man of large human sympathies, and gave of his time, interest, and means largely to all causes which hoped to make human life purer and freer from burdens. Ivory Franklin Waterhouse brought into our body the warmth and earnestness of that Methodist denomination of which he was once a member. His stalwart frame seemed equal to the heat and burden of a long day of toil. But he died at life's noon, never more consecrated in spirit and never better fitted to be a good workman. James Tracy Hewes was tried by the bitterest experience an unselfish mind can know. He was struck down by disease, and taken away from the labors he loved so well just when he had found his place of truest and highest influence, and proved that patient bearing of God's will is not less heroic than the bravest doing of it. Chandler Robbins was a man but little known probably to the younger generation of our ministers; for some divergence of his religious thought from the current theological tendencies removed him a little from them, and increasing infirmities and entire loss of sight completed the separation. But the writer of these words remembers him well, and remembers him gratefully, when in presence he was full of manly vigor and beauty, and full, too, of the refinement of a cultured gentleman. He was a good preacher, a faithful pastor, a comforter in trouble, a sound adviser in need, a friend to young men who were seeking the road to higher usefulness. We gladly render this simple tribute of love and respect. Good men and stainless were all these, faithful to their few or many talents. They have laid down their earthly stewardship. They have heard the salutation, "Well done, good and faithful servants: enter into the joy of thy Lord."

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THINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.*

This revered name is enough to command our attention, without regard to the merits of the book that treats of her. Miss Edgeworth has given so much pleasure to old and young that the world owes her a lasting debt of gratitude. If life were long enough, we should like to go through with all Miss Edgeworth's novels again, and also those of Jane Austen.

The writer of this book tells us in her preface that she is aware that the popular biographies of the present day are brief; but she thinks original letters, etc., are very valuable and has made liberal use of her material. In some cases, we think she would have done the book no harm if she had left out discursive passages in regard to the exploits of the Edgeworth ancestors, and all their relations and friends.

We are some time in arriving at Maria, who passes with wonderful equanimity through the three successive marriages of her father, after her own mother's death. Her friendship with her father, and his encouragement of her talent, are delightful in a day when a literary woman was regarded with a kind of horror. The first book that she published was called *Letters to Literary Ladies*, which had a good success. Then came *The Parent's Assistant*, containing "Rosamond," "The Purple Jar," "Simple Susan," and other stories, which have delighted so many children.

Her father had now moved back to his country-seat in Ireland, at Edgeworthstown. He had married his fourth wife, and had a large family of children. Maria seems to have lived in perfect harmony and affection with all these new mothers in succession, and the family life and training of the children were truly admirable.

A revolution broke out in the country, and we see the same Ireland as at the present day. Mr. Edgeworth showed his liberality by making no difference between Catholics and Protestants in these wild times, and gained the love of his tenants.

He and Maria published together a valuable book on education, which followed her *Castle Rack-rent*, a picturesque and admirable portrait of the men and times in Ireland. Then came *Belinda* and *Irish Bulls*.

* *Study of Maria Edgeworth.* With Notices of her Father and Friends. By Grace A. Oliver. A. Williams & Co.

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In 1802, the family went to England, and from there to the continent. Here, we have interesting narrations of the acquaintances they formed among the most distinguished people of Europe. Perhaps the most striking scene is where Maria and her father pay a visit to Madame de Genlis, and find in an obscure, dimly lighted room this woman, author, wit, and mistress of princes, with her haggard face, cold sarcasm, and bitter discontent, neglected and cast off by the gay world. She flashes up a little at sight of Mr. Edgeworth, who was a handsome man, and expends a dash of coquetry upon him, which makes him think she has "great powers of pleasing"; but Maria sees through her at once.

The contrast between such a visit and the one they paid to Lindley Murray on their arrival in Edinburgh is very marked. He was paralyzed, and could not walk; but "such benevolence of manner," Maria says, she "never saw from any human being. He writes solely with the idea of doing good to his fellow-creatures. He wants nothing in this life, neither fortune nor fame; and he seems to forget that he wants health. His wife loves and admires him; and 'I have so many blessings,' he says." The Dugald Stewarts, Alisons, Playfairs, etc., received them with much hospitality. Walter Scott was just coming into notice, and Jeffrey and the *Edinburgh Review* were beginning to be heard of. The biographer gives us a charming picture of Edinburgh at this time, with its choice literary society.

Miss Edgeworth had a love affair while abroad, which touches our sympathies. She received an offer of marriage from a Swedish gentleman of good position and family in Stockholm. He appears to have been an admirable man. Maria thought herself not in love with him: she thought, too, that she could not live in Sweden; but the real cause of the rejection was her unwillingness to leave her father, and she suffered keen regrets after the departure of her admirer, who had a true appreciation of her. She cherished the feeling long, and he never married. She next wrote her popular tales, *Emilie de Coulanges*, *Ennui*, and *Leonora*. She and her father wrote together a book, called *Professional Education*, with her father's name alone affixed to it. It was somewhat dry, we fancy, and had more of her father in it than herself. Maria was on the most affectionate terms with Mrs. Barbauld, and generous toward all new writers. She was feminine in her habits, loved to knit pretty things for her friends,

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and shows herself wholly unspoiled by all the attention she received.

They were never quite at ease in their home at Edgeworthstown. Poor Ireland was ready to break out into revolution at any moment; and yet, in keeping with her character, her noble houses were the scene of the greatest gayeties. The private theatricals at Kilkenny called out all the nobility and gentry, and Miss Edgeworth was a witness of this carnival. She appears to have liked fashionable society for the moment, without being corrupted by it. Her *Patronage* and *Absentee* appeared about this time, the latter book being a picturesque story, rebuking the Irish lords for their neglect of their estates. Sir James McIntosh speaks most admiringly of her powers. Walter Scott praises and esteems her. Lord Dudley lauds her in the London *Quarterly;* but this same *Quarterly* is very savage upon Mrs. Barbauld, and Maria defends her friend warmly. Mr. and Mrs. Edgeworth and Maria are received in London with profuse attention. Mrs. Edgeworth, the fourth wife, was a person of considerable literary ability. The old gentleman, as usual, considered himself the important person, and kept uppermost in these aristocratic circles; while Maria sat in a corner, and let everybody find her out. When she goes back to Ireland, she says not a word in her journal about the flattering attentions to herself, but is so glad that her father and mother have been so much appreciated in London society. In 1817, Mr. Edgeworth dies. Maria is much unnerved by his death. He was really a remarkable man; and, if it were not for his daughter's original genius, he might command our admiration. Our biographer thinks, and perhaps justly, that he hurt Maria's style by his natural verbosity, and that we see traces of more spontaneity in her books after his death. The first visit which she seems to have enjoyed, after his death, was in the family of Lord Lansdowne, whose beautiful home circle, and noble and refined affection for his lovely wife, make a picture of English or Irish nobility unsurpassed.

Maria's account of a scene with Mrs. Siddons, and hearing her read, shows us her own sensibility, and the subdued and tender emotion which that great woman excited. How simple and warm is Maria's affection for sweet Kitty Packenham, the wife of the great Duke of Wellington! She went to Paris, where the old families were charmed with her culture and

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knowledge of French classics; then, to Geneva, in its golden age of literary renown; to Coppet, where she saw, through Madame de Staël's son, one of Gibbon's stately love letters to his grandmother, Madame Necker. Her father's memoirs were now, after much painstaking work, brought out by her. They received a most offensive attack in the *Quarterly Review*. We are not much surprised, as the garrulity and self-complacency of the old gentleman in high society had probably paved the way for it. The poor man is even sorely handled for having had four wives; called mischievous, superficial, and egotistic,—a brutal attack, with some truth, but more falsehood. It acknowledges that Mr. Edgeworth's life was a useful one, and that he had great good sense, ingenuity, and powers of application. Maria was deeply wounded, but would never read the article; and her friends and other reviewers wiped it out by their cordiality. We get an idea of the wide social advantages she had, when she says, "We know six different and totally independent sets of scientific, literary, political, and artist people in London, and enjoyed the good talk, easy manners, and high-bred culture, of all these people." She probably, we may say, by her unaffected modesty and sincerity worked in with all these different notabilities, in a way that few persons could have done. On her return to Ireland, she works on her *Sequel to Harry and Lucy*. It was the last wish of her dear father, and she cherished it. Constable writes to ask her to furnish an article for his Encyclopædia. How her good father would have liked to lengthen out and elaborate the sentences, if he had been living! Miss Edgeworth's style naturally was remarkably free from the stately periods of the age. She had a charming visit to Abbotsford; and it was a great event to her, when Walter Scott came to her home, and went with her and a company of friends about Ireland. He had always said that he was ambitious to do for Scotland what Miss Edgeworth had done for Ireland. It was on one of these journeys that he said those touching words to Lockhart, which we recall, about the mistake of overestimating culture and literature, the dignity of so-called uneducated people, and the value of an education of the heart. Maria's publishers wished her to write historic prefaces to her books, like Scott; but she modestly declined, saying that his works had a national importance which hers had not. She hinted also that her father had already said enough in his prefaces to her works, which was

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probably true. Many women of that period, both in England and France, seem to have written vigorous and dramatic novels, as we see from her letters. They may not have thought so profoundly as writers of our day; but there was a perfection of literary work, a dramatic power, and objective element, superior to the present age, we believe,— to the modern novelists, with their long preachings and introspection. Her characters march, as the French say. The modern writers tell you how fine their heroes are, but you do not always believe it.

Miss Edgeworth rarely speaks of religion, but it was because her nature was too reticent on that great subject. She was faithful in attendance on the worship of the Church of England, and speaks of "relying on the goodness of her Creator." That Church seems at this time, among its best members at least, to have gone on doing its duty, without talking much about it. The evangelical wave had not yet gone over it.

The biographer, we think, has done her work well. She has made a pretty large book, but we can truly say that there is not a dull page in it. Some of her criticisms are fresh; and her illustrations are apt and graceful, in surveying literary people. The talk of distinguished persons may be mere gossip, as we see in some French court memoirs; but Maria Edgeworth was so genuine and unaffected that whoever came in contact with her showed his best. She died in her eighty-second year, of heart disease, as quietly and gently as she had lived, with little warning to herself or friends, and in the way she would have chosen.

LOSSES.

We have been called to give up the past season another valuable minister in our ranks, the Rev. James T. Hewes, of Fitchburg. The testimony which his friend and co-worker in the Church of Christ, Rev. S. J. Stewart, gives of his work and character in the *Christian Register*, is a beautiful illustration of the way men of different antecedents and denominations can labor side by side, and bring their churches into the fellowship of the spirit and the communion of saints.

We have in our mind to say a word about obituaries. We are of those who love to see these records of the beloved and vanished ones in our religious papers. We know that editors generally do not feel in this way. With the exception of here and there a notice of a valued minister or a prominent person, there

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seems to be nothing that editors dislike so much as an obituary. We do not see why, especially in a religious paper. The modest saints in our own communion deserve something better than the fine print, sometimes grudgingly given, although paid for. What are religious papers for? Not only to enlighten, to instruct, to entertain, but to sanctify with the memories of those who have adorned our Church and passed on. We must consider that out of the large number of our saints who go higher each year, men and women who teach in our Sunday-schools, sit at our communion table, give their money for our work, a very small proportion are ever brought to our notice. They themselves are the last to wish it. Their near friends rarely ever ask a place for them. It is some member of the outside circle who, in contemplation of the beautiful life of the departed, feels impelled to send a tribute. There is therefore in these cases none of the overestimate of obscure lives by admiring relatives, to alarm the editor. The persons who write these obituaries know what they are about. They represent a large constituency who want to see a suitable tribute to a revered man or woman, in a good place and with good type.

We are reminded of our beloved Dr. Bellows, how odorous his paper was, when he edited it, with the memories and "prayers of the saints." Not one did he ever forget, or let others forget, to embalm on its pages; and thus while we were engaged in pursuing the controversies, the progress, the excitements of the hour, our eyes always fell upon these offerings of love, and we were for a time lifted up with the thought of the choir invisible, and a new consciousness of joy in the memories of a Church which could give back such a line of confessors to God, such disciples to his Son.

MEMORIES.

We like at this season to call to mind our former beloved editor, the Rev. E. H. Sears, who departed from us this opening month of the year. His beautiful "Angel Song" has been passing into our homes as a Christmas gift; and it is doubly fitting that he should linger in our memories, seeing that he has brought such cheer to so many hearts. We quote a few lines from his *Foregleams of Immortality:*—

How specious and deceptive are natural appearances! What seems to the outward eye the waning of existence and the loss of the faculties is only locking them up successfully, in order to make them more secure.

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Old age rather than death answers strictly to the analogies of sleep. The reason remains, though its eye is closed, and will some day give a more perfect and pliant form to the affections. The memory remains, though its functions cease for a while; and all its chambers may be exhumed, and their frescos, like those of the buried temple of Meroë, will be found preserved in unfading colors. The whole record of our life is laid up within us, and only the overlayings of the physical man prevent the record from being always visible. . . .

The resurrection is the exact inverse of natural decay, and the former is preparing ere the latter is ended. . . .

To grow in age is to come into everlasting youth: to become old in years is to put on the freshness of perpetual prime. We breathe the ethers of immortality and drop from us the débris of the past, and our cheeks mantle with an eternal bloom. . . .

FRENCH PROTESTANTS.

The great conference of French liberal Protestants took place this autumn at Nîmes, the head-quarters of liberal thought.

M. Pressensé does not appear quite to satisfy either party in the Church. He is a man of too fine a spirit, too broad in his religious culture, to sanction the unscrupulous conduct and the bigotry of the narrow orthodox; and yet he in a measure belongs with them, and his last book, though full of rich and really progressive thought, shows an adherence to old methods of Scripture interpretation and to the ancient confession of faith in a way that destroys the logic of his best and most advanced thought. But the ardent religious thinkers of the old school are rarely ever logical. It is a great pity to keep pushing them to the wall, as our co-religionists often do. They are serving the cause of Christianity; and, unless they show some glaring inconsistency of profession, it is better not to destroy the effect before the religious world of their inspiring thought, because it does not square with their dogmas. M. Bersièr, the eloquent preacher, does not appear to mingle much with these discussions. He is satisfied with the enrichment which he has given to his church worship by the introduction of a more comprehensive liturgy, although he has done it at the cost of a good deal of criticism from the old Huguenots.

We observe that those who love forms in religion do not have much to say about doctrines. We are inclined to think that the High Church people in England and this country talk little about the Thirty-nine Articles, provided a new convert enters zealously into their methods of worship. The mind cannot contain

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everything. Those who love dogmas will have them: those who love forms will have them. Neither are religion, at least the Christian religion; but, along with both, we find existing a profound religious feeling, that suffers often, if its phraseology or genuflections are disturbed. We must revere all these branches of the Church of Christ, and try to teach Christians to respect and love each other by the example of our own catholicity.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We hope the coming year to have more correspondence from our workers in university towns or at missionary outposts, and we take pleasure in giving our readers some extracts from a letter from President Livermore, of Meadville College: —

We have just had a charming visit from Prof. Kovács, of Hungary. As a student, educated in the Manchester New College in England, and as the principal of the Theological School in Koloszvár in Transylvania, as well as because of his general interest in education, he took especial interest in visiting Meadville, and becoming acquainted with our professors, friends, and students. His interest in Rev. Mr. Morison, our former and lamented pastor, also drew him nearer to our hearts. His stay was short, on account of his numerous engagements in the country; but he gave two lectures, one in the church and one in the school, which deeply interested all who heard them. . . .

Prof. Kovács goes now to Washington and other older cities, to learn something of the great range and variety of our American life, and the different issues worked out by Puritan and Cavalier. We part with him, feeling that we have met a truly accomplished and Christian man of the highest type; and, as we have reason to believe that such are the fruits of the Hungarian tree, long may it flourish and bear its rich products!

The Meadville Theological School has had a successful and profitable term, twenty-one in all having been in attendance, and the spirit and movement of the school having been commendable in every way. Two young women from the West have won our esteem and ardent hopes. Students from far-off Norway and Scotland have diversified our little society. The German element is strong, and of the best quality. So we learn in our humble way the solidarity of mankind and unity of faith.

The lay mind in our country is not particularly impressed with the value or results of theological schools, as fitting men for the ministry. There is a considerable distrust, even in intelligent quarters, of critical, philosophical, scholastic pursuits, as enabling men to preach the gospel. Was not Jesus a carpenter, his apostles fishermen and publicans and

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tent-makers? Was not David a shepherd, and Amos a herdsman? Are spiritual gifts dependent on the dictionary and grammar? Are not the great preachers often uneducated men? This retirement from the world for three years to study theology, is it not too monkish and abstruse a method to fit men to deal with the living world of men and women as they are? Some such misgivings on the part of wealthy men and women as to the real benefits of theological training must be the reason why they are more ready to endow hospitals, secular colleges and universities, public libraries, art schools, music halls, etc., rather than schools of theology. And yet the religion of a nation strikes a profounder key of reformation and amelioration than any institution for general education or philanthropic relief. It is the axe laid at the root of most of the evils for which asylums and hospitals provide a temporary and superficial cure. . . . And the experience of history is that men do best what they are best educated for, either by self-help or by the means of institutions. Mere extemporaneous talent or sporadic genius may in single instances do wonders; but it is the discipline of schools, whether in the arts of war or peace, that, in the great majority of cases, best prepares men for the struggle of life. Almost any great reformer or preacher or prophet, from Isaiah to Paul or from Luther to Channing, has been trained in some school of the prophets, or monastery of discipline, or university of learning. Of the seven greatest orators of the world that Harvard has set in honored place in her Saunders Theatre, — Demosthenes, Cicero, Chrysostom, Bossuet, Pitt, Burke, and Webster, — all were men of culture and the schools. They added to the flame of native genius the well-beaten oil of disciplined and educated thought. Let us heed the lesson.

MARTHA P. LOWE.

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REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

Metaphysics. A Study in First Principles. By Borden P. Bowne. pp. xiii, 534. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1882.

Prof. Bowne is the teacher of philosophy in Boston University. Judging from his works, we should rank him very much above the grade of his associates, who have not yet produced any such evidence of solid ability as the above volume. His first book, on the Philosophy of Herbert Spencer, issued some ten years since, was a keen criticism, based largely on Martineau, and deserving the attention of all readers of Spencer. The tone was often too rampant for entire justice; but the book showed a decided genius for philosophy, and its main arguments are still unshaken. *Studies in Theism* is a later work, about midway in value between the one just named and the *Metaphysics.* The present volume is a proof of ripened powers and increased fairness; yet it has a liveliness of style rare in metaphysical writing, which greatly relieves the steady strain of thought needed to follow the argument. When Prof. Bowne speaks, for instance, of the empiricists "rummaging in the minds of babies and idiots and savages," and of the proposition to make babies the popes of philosophy, the empiricist himself must acknowledge the keenness of the thrust; but occasionally, as when he condemns certain views as leading to "hopeless and ghastly nonsense," his vivacity certainly gets the better of his judgment.

This *Study of First Principles* is true to its title: it is "an exposition and criticism of our fundamental philosophical concepts" "a working over of the notions," in Herbart's words, which lie at the basis of all belief. The introduction defines metaphysics, outlines its method, and especially insists upon the distinction between the causes and the grounds of belief. This distinction, strongly urged by Mr. Balfour in his *Defence of Philosophic Doubt*, noticed in this *Review* some time since, is, in other words, one between psychology and proper metaphysics, and is often neglected by intuitionists as by evolutionists. Ontology, cosmology, and psychology are Prof. Bowne's divisions of his subject, the latter evidently crossing the line just laid down. Considerable justification for this is, however, found in the fact that his psychology is not at all evolutionary. Just

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here seems to me the weakest point of the whole book. If man has risen from lower forms of life, then there must have been an evolution of mind. Pretending to explain all the mystery of present mind by a series of ingenious hypotheses concerning the various stages of mental evolution is one of the many errors of Mr. Spencer and those who, like him, confound the causes and the grounds of belief. Yet such a psychology, put forward only for what it is really worth, not as a substitute for an exact science of the present mind, is an integral part of every scheme of evolution. Mr. Bowne allows no possibility of the gradual development of existing intuitional powers, and must here part company with consistent evolutionists of the moderate type who are obliged to confess such a development, even if acknowledging at the same time the weakness of all attempts yet made to trace it.

"The conclusions reached are essentially those of Lotze," says the preface,—a remark applicable chiefly to the first two-thirds of the book. It would be sufficient ground for recommending this valuable work to the attention of all students of philosophy that Lotze's *Metaphysik* is thus first made accessible to English readers. It is not the final word of course; but, as reproduced by Prof. Bowne, it is a refreshing contrast to the superficiality and confusion of the First Principles of the so-called Synthetic Philosophy. When Lotze's *Mikrokosmus* is translated,—may the day be near!—we may hope for a subsidence of the now fashionable philosophy into a place better corresponding to its real merits than the one it holds. On numerous points, the work before us, well pondered, should lead many to perceive that a spiritual philosophy is yet the strongest. It is no milk for babes, but an addition, on the whole, of very high value to the literature of its perennial subject. N. P. G.

The Beginnings of History, according to the Bible and the Traditions of Oriental Peoples, from the Creation of Man to the Deluge. By François Lenormant, Professor of Archæology at the National Library of France, etc. Translated from the second French edition, with an introduction by Francis Brown, Associate Professor of Biblical Philology, Union Theological Seminary. pp. xxx, 588. $2.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1882.

This eminent scholar has written no more elaborate work, in which are lavished all the stores of his profound and varied Oriental learning, than the one whose title is given above. He

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stands among the leading Assyriologists, and is master of all the results of the exhumations in both the upper and lower valley of the Euphrates and Tigris. In this volume, he has collected under separate heads all the traditions of the Orient of the earliest ages which relate to the subjects or traditions contained in the first eleven chapters of Genesis. He says they were prevalent among the earliest peoples of whom we have any knowledge, derived from the fragmentary inscriptions on cylinders and clay tablets exhumed from the ruins of the great cities of Mesopotamia, where they have been buried for three and four thousand years. In the native land of Abraham and the Phœnicians, the accounts which are recorded in these chapters were as familiar as household words, and were, past all reasonable question, brought by the family of Abraham and the Phœnician colony into the west two thousand years before Christ. He says but "a little handful of adherents" to the theory that these traditions were gathered up by Ezekiel and brought out of Babylon by Ezra "remains, and they are behind the times." He can hardly speak respectfully of this theory of the origin of Gen. i.–xi., which is so popular in some quarters even at this late day.

The Elohistic and Jehovistic documentary theory of these chapters he sustains, and follows in his criticisms. His method is to take up one of the accounts or traditions in Genesis, and then quote from the fragments of history and tradition recently discovered similar statements. In this manner, he first takes up "the Biblical account of the creation"; and, having analyzed what it says, he turns to a "comparative study of the Biblical account and of parallel traditions," Phœnician, Syrian, Chaldean, Egyptian, and finds some remarkable similarities. One is so peculiar as to be worthy of notice. Genesis says woman was made from a side or rib of man. "One of the Phœnician cosmogonies" (it will be remembered that the Phœnicians were emigrants from Chaldea, Abraham's native country) "appears to describe the first living beings as androgynous,—that is, as man and woman both in one,"— which were afterward separated into two bodies; a shadow of the account in Genesis. He then examines the tradition of "the first sin." In the tablets and on the cylinders are groups of the man, the tree, the woman, the serpent, corresponding with the narrative in Genesis. Then, Prof. Lenormant examines the account of "the Kerubim and the [flaming] revolving sword," as he chooses to call it. These, he thinks,

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were the same as the winged creatures standing on either side of the entrances to the palaces of Eastern kings (?); and the revolving sword was the disk with a sharp edge, as described in an old Accadian song, translated into Assyrian, of the struggle of Marduk with the monster Tiarvat, of whose terrible execution in war the poet speaks in most glowing imagery:—

"In my right hand, I hold my disk of fire. . . .
The high weapon of my divinity, I hold it; . . .
The weapon which devours entirely, . . .
That which breaks the mountains,
That which bends the mountains,
Which devastates and destroys the rebellious land, I hold it;
The whirlpool of battle, I hold it;
The weapon which fills the land with the terror of its vast strength,
The projectile of gold and onyx, I hold it."

Prof. Lenormant affirms, as the conclusion of his inquiry, "the revolving sword" of the third chapter of Genesis, as well as the Kerubim, is found in cuneiform documents: the thing was less than the word. In Chaldea, we come upon it in an inscription dating back to the remotest past of the country. These facts "carry us back with much greater show of probability to the age of the migration of the Terahites than to the time" of Ezekiel and Ezra, as is sometimes confidently affirmed.

The same method is followed and the same result obtained when the Professor examines "the Fratricide and the Foundation of the First City," and "the Shethites and the Cainites," and the "Ten Antediluvian Patriarchs," and the "children of God and the daughters of men." In these latter chapters, the author reveals the vigor of his imagination as well as the stores of his learning, and it may well be asked whether the imagination is not the author of some of the conclusions reached rather than the facts adduced. Whether there is satisfactory evidence that angels and mortals cohabited, and that the giants were their progeny, may well be doubted, but that other nations so believed there is no doubt; and Prof. Lenormant believes that the story in Genesis is derived from this most ancient Oriental opinion. He does not attempt to solve the riddle of the amazing age of the ten antediluvian patriarchs, but is disposed to accept the theory of pre-Adamites. The reader is equally puzzled with the mass of authorities introduced, and the mazy path through which he is led by them.

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The last chapter is devoted to the "Deluge." The author is now on firmer ground. The early recorded traditions are clearer and fuller. The recently discovered tablets giving an account of the flood, and translated by the late George Smith, prove incontestably the prevalence in the East of a tradition of a flood, as well as later documents among more recent nations. The Professor decides that "the tradition of the deluge among the various nations of Mexico is genuine and thoroughly indigenous," and "not an invention of the missionaries." His conclusion is "that the account of the deluge is a universal tradition in all branches of the human family, with the exception of the black race." A strange exception, indeed. How shall it be accounted for? He infers, therefore, "that this cataclysm took place near the primitive cradle of mankind, and previous to the separation of the families from whom the principal races were to descend." There are three great races who did not borrow it from one another, but among whom the tradition is incontestably primitive; and these three races are precisely those, and those alone, connected by the Bible with the descent from Noah, whose ethnic filiation is given in the tenth chapter of Genesis. The author promises another volume, in which he will examine the remaining topics in these eleven chapters.

This volume closes with nine appendices containing translations from the exhumed clay tablets of Nineveh and other ancient cities, full of elaborate criticisms on the previous pages, opening marvellous mines of erudition. It is to be hoped there will be full indexes to the work in the second volume.

R. P. S.

History of the Christian Church. By Philip Schaff. *Christianus sum: Christiani nihil a me alienum puto.* New Edition, thoroughly revised and enlarged. Vol. I. Apostolic Christianity, A.D. 1–100. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1882. pp. xiii, 871. $4.00.

Dr. Schaff is a prolific writer and editor of the writings of others. Thirty years ago, he published the first edition of the work which he now issues almost rewritten to keep abreast of the times. He says he has "seldom looked into the older book." It is not clear that enlarging it so as to make two volumes now where he had but one before is an improvement. But few professional men have time more than to glance at the pages of the new books which flow in torrents from the press; and, when the common people take up a large book, they soon lay it down in

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despair. Besides, in enlarging his book, it is to be feared that subjects are introduced, and sometimes treated at length, which belong to apologetics and not to church history, as the discussion of the authorship of John's Gospel, the synoptic problem, etc. "On two points," says the author, "I have changed my opinion,—the second Roman captivity of Paul" (which he now accepts as true) "and the date of the apocalypse, which I now assign, with the majority of modern critics, to the year 68 or 69 instead of 95, as before." Dr. Schaff thinks "we must still confess with Origen that God only knows the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews." "The Epistle of James is probably the oldest of the New Testament books, meagre in doctrine, but rich in comfort and lessons of holy living, based on faith in Jesus Christ, and free from all subtle theological questions." "The second Epistle of Peter may have been enlarged by the editor after Peter's death." "The Epistle of Jude has signs of post-apostolic origin, yet may have been written by Jude, who was not one of the twelve, though closely connected with apostolic circles." The work is written in a clear and flowing style, which can be read with ease and pleasure. A fuller index is very desirable, since this first volume will find more readers than the remainder of the history, and will be more frequently referred to by students. The type and paper are all that can be desired.

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AND

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX. FEBRUARY, 1883. No. 2.

THE DOCTRINE OF PRAYER.

Two facts impress us, when we begin to think about prayer. On the one hand, there was never so much confusion of thought as to what prayer means; there were never so many doubts and difficulties to prevent people from praying; the justification of prayer to the reason was never so urgently demanded. On the other hand, the love of prayer, in those who continue to pray, seems to be, if possible, more profound than ever, and especially in those who are the most fearless and even radical seekers of truth.

This is the more noticeable, because, since prayer belongs to the sphere of the sentiments, one might easily pardon the pious feeling that would save it from the approach of criticism. It is like love, one might say, which does not want to stop in its course and to reason. Better go on loving than ask why you love; and so better simply go on praying than stop and ask why you pray. For sentiments are like flowers, it is said, and will die beneath the breath of criticism. It is fine to see that this is not the case; for real love is deeper when reason shows its basis in facts, and religious feeling runs freer when reason has straightened its course, and shown the law of its being.

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We are not free, however, to choose whether or not we will ask questions about prayer. The history of the development of religion presents so many significant changes that no one can be excused from sometimes wondering in what manner men are going to continue to pray. Certain of the highest conceptions which we have learned, as they bring a new valuation of the terms of religion, demand that our doctrine of prayer shall reconcile itself with them.

One of these conceptions is the unity of the world. As long as the world did not seem to be a unity, and hostile tribes had their rival gods, Bel, Baal, or Jehovah, the stronger of whom would show himself by giving his votaries victory, it was permissible to pray for all sorts of conflicting interests,—to pray for sunshine when your neighbor prayed for rain; to pray for the ruin of the very men who might be praying for your own ruin. Monotheism did not at first carry the idea of complete unity. You might still beat your enemies by praying harder than they: your prayer might change the will of the Almighty, and make him repent.

But we have arrived at a conception of the unity of God which seems to cut off such prayer altogether. Whatever is not just, is not beneficent, is not well for the whole universe as truly as for us, no prayer of ours, we think, will ever bring. Whereas, if with one single purpose all things are ruled by God in beneficence, why shall we not trust him to give us whatever we need; and why should we ask for anything which, if it is best, will indeed surely come to us, and, if not best, cannot be?

Another kindred conception which demands that the doctrine of prayer shall be harmonized with it is law. As long as things were thought to come by caprice or by chance, it seemed permissible to pray for all sorts of unlikely and impossible things. You could pray and not work and hope to surpass those who worked. The element of the supernatural might be looked for anywhere to enter in and set natural means at defiance. Had it not been permitted to prayer to roll back the flow of a river and the tides

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of the sea, to stop the sun in its course, to bring rain and restore the dead? Meanwhile, for thousands of years, men were learning the facts that those who prayed did not reap, but those who planted; that those who won the victories fought more than they prayed; that everywhere an inevitable chain of causes led up to every event, no one of which could be left out and the event remain the same. There is thus no short cut by which one can avoid the law of a thing. The veracity of God would seem impeached, if one could get by intervention what has been made to depend upon a regular sequence of means.

This is so true that those who feel obliged to believe in historical miracles and in the general efficacy of prayer are found to limit its particular and present application within a very narrow range of actual possibilities. Few thoughtful people probably join any longer in prayer for rain who really think that their prayers will make any difference, or expect anything of God for the accomplishment of which they do not take the regular means.

Where, then, shall we draw the line between legitimate and illegitimate objects of prayer? Shall we not leave out of our prayers the petition for material blessings, and simply limit our asking to moral and spiritual things? Even this latter region is searched by inquiry, as it is seen to be also equally traversed by laws. Is it possible, people doubtfully ask, to influence an absent friend through our prayers, to shield him from temptation or convert him? Thus, through all the history of religion, a constant change has gone on in the elements which are supposed to bring success: there is always less of the supernatural and more of the natural, always more work and less prayer. Where shall be the vanishing point in this process of change?

The great Christian idea of unselfishness has also, strangely enough, brought its limitations upon old methods and ideas of prayer. You have no right, it says, to pray for anything merely private and personal; you have no right to want anything that shall not be for the good of your fellow-men. And the very sublimity of the ideal of such

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prayer somewhat narrows the range of things to be prayed for, and condemns and discourages the prayers of those who have not attained unselfishness.

And then, besides, as the thought of God has slowly but vastly altered, the doctrine of prayer has had to adapt itself to this enlarged thought. Once there was a being, now here, now there, on the top of Olympus, or in the Holy of Holies, or sitting in state on an actual throne, surrounded by angels in heaven, before whom prayers ascended. If the highest minds conceived of God as filling the heavens and present everywhere, at most the heaven of the Hebrews, and the universe which Augustine knew, were small, compared with the regions of space with its infinite distances, with which modern astronomy has made us familiar. The God seemed more accessible who lived in the sky, and might any time appear out of the clouds, than the God who is present in all the myriads of distant suns as truly as here in this world. And the new infinite is infinitely vaster than the old infinite. No wonder that men have craved the presence of the saints, or the holy mother, or a Christ, somewhat limited and nearer than God to whom they might pray.

I hardly need to touch upon the difficulties of a further scepticism, which not only thinkers, but common people, and even children discover, and which few perhaps in our day are quite free from? Is there a God? they whisper. How can we be assured, since no one ever can see him? And if he is, being so infinite, how can we think that he hears what we say?

I have tried to present as clearly as possible the difficulties which beset the idea of prayer. Let us see what admissions they seem to require. In the first place, the idea of prayer, considered as a supernatural means of getting specific benefits, must be pronounced not only irrational, but irreligious. It is inconceivable that a just and beneficent God, worthy to be called our Father, should make blessings or success depend upon the arbitrary fact that a

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formal petition had been filed. We can conceive indeed that, if one of two mothers thought more of her son, loved him better, had higher ideals for him, was more devout in her spirit, and trained him more carefully, this son would prove to be a truer man than the son of the mother who cared less for all these higher things; but we cannot conceive — the two mothers being, in respect of training, high ideals, love and devoutness, equal — that God should make any distinction in his blessings, because one asked him to bless her child and the other simply took his blessing for granted. Much less can we conceive of two farmers, each of whom faithfully planted and tended his farm, that God should make any distinction in the harvest between them, because one prayed, and the other, who worked equally hard, simply trusted to God's laws of the harvest.

We must pronounce as equally irrational and irreligious the idea that prayer, as an act of worship or a form of words, brings about some difference in God's feelings toward the worshipper, or makes God favorable, as though one were safer for praying. Let me not be misunderstood. An essential difference has taken place, when a man who has been vain or frivolous becomes serious and reverent,— a difference in the man himself, a difference in his relations to the world about him, and, you may say, to God; but no essential difference can be conceived to take place by the mere fact that he has repeated a prayer.

The fact is the greatest misunderstanding about the nature of prayer has come from men's thought that the words and the form of the prayer affected God and were for God's sake, as though God would not know unless you told him, or as though he were susceptible of being changed or influenced by our words. It would hardly seem to need to be said, on the contrary, that the words are not for the sake of God, but for the sake of man. Jesus expressed this clearly enough, when he said, "Your heavenly Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him." The analogy of the domestic and all other friendly human relations shows the same thing. The wiser, kinder, and

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fairer the parent, the less he needs that his children should tell him their wishes. Their attitude toward him he cares for; but for their words, only as they express the sympathy which, the more sensitive he is, the less he requires to have put into words. And the nearer his children come into sympathy with him, the fewer things they find it necessary to petition him to do or even to explain. How, then, can any one suppose that God, who presumably knows men's thoughts, feelings, and necessities with an accuracy which no language can express, and who, whatever man's wishes, is only going to do what is best for the whole world of men, needs our words or is affected by them?

But the words and form of prayer are only for the sake of men, because without words men cannot think, because words make a clearer channel in which their feelings may run, and, if true, express feelings, because words give definiteness to their wishes, aspirations, and intentions, and because the form of their worship may help or else hinder the worshipful spirit.

We have thus ruled out as irreligious the idea of prayer as a shorter way to get what God has made to depend upon work, thought, and natural means, or as a method of supplementing inferior character or narrower intelligence. We have ruled out as irreligious the idea of prayer, as constituting a difference in God's favor between men otherwise equally just, true, energetic, and worthy. We have ruled out the idea as irreligious, that the words and forms of prayer affect and influence God. Let us see now what purely rational elements in prayer we have left.

I begin with the most common and widely recognized element in prayer. It is some sort of a want: various wants are the stuff out of which all the highest forms of prayer eventually come. It is to express the want, and to make it more definite, that we use the words, but the want makes the prayer. It is a call for help. To a beneficent God, it would be a prayer, whether expressed or not. Neither would it make a particle of difference to whom it

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was addressed, whether to an idol or a patron saint, or to Jesus, or to Buddha, provided only it was a real want. It might be a very low or material want or dread. It might be unworthy, foolish, or impossible. Of all the prayers which you heard, you might make a division between those which expressed men's honest desires and those which expressed no real desire whatever; and these last would not be prayers. You might look into the homes of a great city; and, seeing the misery, poverty, and pain, you would hear a thousand mute but most eloquent prayers from people who did not know that they prayed, but only wanted, they hardly knew what.

All actual prayers fall into two classes: one, of desires for those things which are unnecessary and hurtful; and the other, of rightful and healthy desires. Now, it is the law of the world, it is at least a great well-known tendency of things,—and a marvellous tendency it is,—that the bad, false, morbid desires come to nought: even when they seem to be met, they eventually defeat themselves. Whereas the real, healthy wants and desires, in exact proportion to their definiteness and intensity, always are met. It is not merely a word quoted from Scripture, "Ask, and ye shall receive." Jesus quoted it out of the more ancient book of nature. Like all other rules, it has its limitations; but it is precisely the law upon which every kind of success and all our hopes of future progress for our race are built. Within certain lines, we believe (and no one knows how far they go, or what unknown possibilities they admit), whatever man wants that can add to his comfort, power, or happiness, he shall achieve. The man who wants most,—that is, who prays most,—other things being equal, shall have most. The nation or generation which desires most—that is, which prays hardest—shall work out greatest progress.

It is in this sense in the nature of things that prayers have their answer. For, whatever is good, there is a way of getting it, or laws that condition it. If you believe in God, it is he who inspires the want, and it is his laws by which the wants are met. You throw the force of your

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want for a thing, therefore, into the ordained way or into obeying its laws, and you shall have it. You want a harvest, and you turn your want into the channel of the law of the harvest. You want to shield a child from temptation, and you obey the laws of the building of character and of moral influence. You who turn the force of the most intense want most precisely into its constituted way of approach shall have more, and I may say shall please God better, than you whose want is meagre. You who want, and take no pains to set your want to work in the direction of its accomplishment, shall wait forever, till your want learns to express itself according to the law of the thing wanted. In short, an effectual prayer is, in its essence, a want or need which goes out into intelligent obedience of its eternal conditions.

We have purposely begun our analysis of prayer low down, and we have admitted at first into our conception a whole range of desires which seem unworthy. For a true doctrine of prayer must be comprehensive. It draws no impracticable, arbitrary lines between things holy and secular. It is not going to say to men, You shall only pray for spiritual blessings, but must not say anything about your daily bread. It is not going to forbid little children from asking the simplest things which they desire. It is not going to stop common men from beginning to pray till they have exactly learned what things are possible to get. But it takes in all sorts of desires. It recognizes the saving element of good in our desires for the things which are not best for us. It says, You either cannot pray at all, or you can pray for everything which you really want. In short, it begins just as everything most noble in this world begins, at the lowest stage, and waits for the development of higher and fuller conceptions.

Now, let us suppose, without any thought yet of speaking our needs to God, but purely for our own benefit, for clearness of apprehension and definiteness of intention and plan, that we formed a habit of expressing our desires and wishes in words,—that mentally or orally, if you please, we consid-

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ered for a few moments each morning what we most needed and what we purposed to do. Suppose a family were to put into definite words the things desirable for their happiness. Suppose the people of a community, being gathered together once a week, heard the definite statement of their common needs for the fulfilling of which they purposed to labor. Such expression of men's needs and desires would not only be rational, but would actually help men to turn their energies into the channel of the proper conditions of successful work, or rather *such expression would itself be one of the conditions of success.* The definite agreement that the people of a community wanted just government or the amelioration of poverty would be a legitimate condition of turning their attention to the means by which these things could be had.

Leaving this element of prayer now, which consists of wants and expresses wants, we can go higher. A second element of prayer is reverence. Whatever the Salvation Army may do or say to the contrary, a certain reverent feeling is essential to our thought of prayer. The facts of the universe beget reverence. It grows with our knowledge of the wonder, the power, the beauty, the unity, in the midst of which we are living. It grows with our sense of smallness and helplessness, with our dreads and terrors. It is born and grows out of the sense of mystery which our utmost knowledge only serves to set off as more incomprehensible. It comes as we brood over the facts of human life and history, the solemn march toward death of all the nations, and the slow, unceasing conflict which has yielded us everything for which life is worth living. It is helped and encouraged by all grand and genuine words which express it. These, and other such things, make us wholesomely serious, forbid flippancy, and bring us as it were to our knees before — what shall I say to which every earnest mind will assent? — before the Infinite Nature around us.

Another rational element of prayer is aspiration. In prayer, one sees ideals of moral character after which he struggles, and which put his present self to shame. There

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is a nobler life which he longs for, and which, it seems to him, he would give everything else to possess. We should be sorry for the man who had never felt these holier throbs of aspiration, nor ever cared to utter them. We should rather have our children die than never be stirred by these divine visions of noble living.

Unselfishness, as we have already noticed, is another element of prayer. To pray means that all one's sympathies are quickened; that one sees the good of others; that one pities men's toil and sorrow; that one, choosing between the good of the world and his own private good, would prefer to put his private interests under. So far as this disinterested element comes into prayer, and prayer is the earnest longing after the highest welfare of others, it is rational. Whatever form of words helps toward expressing this disinterested feeling, reason accepts.

Moreover, prayer involves a certain adjustment of ourselves to the ruling relations of life. This is probably its highest function. The ancient Christian form of words, "Thy will be done," expresses it. The Stoic thought of resignation covers it also. Man is uneasy and restless, unless he feels some bond which takes his life into unity with everything else. He cannot be happy or content as a mere detached individual or spectator. There is some instinct in him which seeks peace and harmony. In prayer, therefore, he puts passion aside; he ceases to fight and rebel against the inevitable, to push and to struggle to get where he does not belong. He faces the facts and trusts the laws of his being. It is as though he were a single instrument in a great orchestra, and prayer is the getting into tune. Words as before, if sincere, rationally express and direct this profound longing of our natures after unity.

We have risen now to an ideal of prayer which is sufficiently worthy, and also indisputably rational. In prayer, you enter into the wholesome mood of reverence, a mood true to the facts of your life; you aspire after the best examples of noble living; you take the whole brotherhood of man into your enlarged sympathies; you adjust your will

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into the nicest harmony with the facts, the requirements, and the laws of life; and in this ideal mood, combined of peace, unselfishness, aspiration, and reverent feeling, you lay out before you and consider all the desires of your heart. You distinguish between real wants and false: the real wants grow stronger, and you see with new clearness what to do. It is not Nirvana into which you have entered, in which consciousness is quenched and desires cease: but you have thrown yourself into complete connection with the heart-throb of the universe; you are stirred with its life; you are desiring with its great desires; you are working out its work, and move with its rhythmical movement.

I am not saying a word yet of God. I am only supposing, so far, a kind of prayer which would be as truthful and helpful and resting to Herbert Spencer as to Cardinal Manning. I am supposing a kind of prayer which Mr. Adler might, for aught I see, honestly admit in his school for ethical culture. I can conceive that such a minister or speaker, earnest, eager for goodness, intent on reform, free of self-interest and conceit, might, in a few sentences of what would be essentially prayer, express and deepen the earnestness, the humility, and the aspirations of his people, and join them as one in their common desires. I can conceive, without his once naming God, or saying *Thou* and *Thine*, that the words of his prayer should drive narrowness and selfishness out of their hearts, stir all their sympathies, and bring to the focus of wise action all their intentions. Not only this, but the occasional utterance of the purest feelings and most profound needs should set the tune, as it were, for the entire life of the congregation. It has been the pious thought of all times that prayer is not an occasional offering up of a series of petitions to the Almighty, but rather that devout, earnest, and disinterested attitude or mood, in which one should constantly live, and for the attainment of which all formal and oral prayers have their special worth.

I want you to see that the idea of prayer which we have reached is something more than the reflex action of the

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mind on itself, as though a man were lifting himself in a basket. But there is something real, outside of one's self, in which the thoughts of prayer find their natural reaction. It is at every point the sense of a grandeur and power outside one's self, of ideals above one's self, of sympathies touching the whole world, of work to be accomplished, and far-reaching purposes, through which we are moved to pray. It is the motion of our spirits to go out into actual relations beyond and above themselves. A faith, very simple indeed, but real, underlies our prayer, that there is something with which, if we can bring ourselves into connection, our life will be fuller and more harmonious. So much of faith is implied in science, which supposes a ground of some sort of intelligible reality in its studies. So much of faith is implied in all schemes of philanthropy, in which the individual thinker and worker believes himself to be working out universal laws of progress, who would despair, if he did not think that the spirit of the universe worked toward progress, and that he was on the winning side. So, in all the highest movements of feeling, man goes out of himself in sublime quest of something grander to which his life belongs.

We are prepared now to go further, and say that prayer accomplishes something. The attitude which it involves is the attitude of the greatest success. It is the attitude in which all friction of obstacle outside or anxiety within is reduced to its minimum, and all things work together to help you. It is the attitude of seriousness, earnestness, and sensitiveness, in which one's best promptings and clearest thoughts come. The fact is, you are using in prayer a series of powerful natural means. The intent and eager fixing of the mind upon a thing, as we have already seen, is one of the sequences which are made to lead to the realization of that particular thing. It is undoubtedly the common element in all the curious stories of faith cures. We have never found out how far, by some species of subtle telegraphy, by some pull which mind has on mind, this intentness of will, required by prayer, may reach.

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Though we have said nothing of God, we have come very close to it. We must have seemed to be leaving certain ragged edges of argument behind us: we have really been talking of God all along. What did we mean, for instance, by reverence? Could we intelligently reverence or feel awe before mere forces or distances, however gigantic, or accumulations of matter? Could we feel reverence, if we were doomed to a purely atheistic or material conception of the universe, and were ourselves therefore greater than the unintelligent phenomena which we observed? Is it not before at least the possibility of infinite intelligence, thought, and will, pervading matter and space, and directing force, that we can feel proper reverence? Is not our sense of awe at the unknown possibilities of life which the mysteries of the universe suggest? We remarked earlier, that the idea of God, in its development from sensual forms, had at last seemed almost dissipated by the very immensity of the universe which he was supposed to fill. But, whatever we first seemed to lose in distance through this thought of immensity, we have more than regained in nearness by that same marvellous, modern conception of unity, which at first seemed to be bringing us difficulties in our thought of prayer. The same matter goes into combination in Sirius as here. The same laws govern it: knowing life here, we can at least guess what it is to the limits of space. Moreover, we belong each to this unity. It makes a difference, you may say, to the whole, what we do or what becomes of us. In a sense more exact than even Jesus knew, no sparrow falleth to the ground unrecognized. Thus, instead of the old thought, that God was sometimes here and sometimes not, that certain things were religious and all other things secular, that certain events were providential and other things not providential at all, we are learning at last to see the presence of God in all things and all history as the movement of his providence. It is this idea which rules our modern thought of prayer. In our needs, we are moved by the spirit of God. The work which we put forth is only the using of the divine

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forces, set ready to our hands. And our words are simply the expression of the fact that our lives are bound up in the life of God.

All this becomes emphasized, when we begin to entertain moral aspirations, see ideals of justice and righteousness, and own to the common pressure of conscience. The fact is, there are moral relations and laws, as we call them. There is a moral order, not only within us but outside of us, one and the same, we conceive in all worlds. The development of civilization has been a process, not of making this moral order and dictating these laws, but of discovering them and following their lead. A certain definite course of conduct, from which we cannot deviate with impunity, makes us one with this order. It makes no difference with the essential fact what our theories are, whether we are evolutionists or intuitionists. The fact of the moral order is the same, however we come to recognize it. The just, the pure, the unselfish, as we have already seen, have an actual harmony with the universe, which the unjust, the impure, and the covetous lack. It is not man who has created this fact of harmony, any more than man has created the ruling conditions of health. It is not a self-complacency worked up within our minds. It is more than a sense of sympathy with our fellows; for it would hold equally, if all men abused and hated us. By some law of things, under which man lives, which has been urging him from the dawn of civilization, he is driven to find his highest harmony in conformity with an inexorable moral order.

I said that it would be prayer if we did not say God, if we simply let out our highest feelings, thoughts, and endeavors; if we only said, "We want health and life and goodness," and did not say, "Give Thou these things," and if we simply came into harmony with the moral order of the universe. I said that this would be rational and useful. But these impressive moral facts which we have stated do not leave us content to stop and say, Nature, but draw us on to say, Thought; do not leave us content to say, The

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universe, but draw us on to say, Spirit; do not leave us content with the abstraction of a Moral Order, but draw us on to conceive of a Life into fellowship with which we come. For what is an eternal moral order, except as it presupposes an eternal life? or what is an infinite universe, except as a revelation of infinite thought? Use words we must. The word "God," besides being dear by use, sums up our thought that the ultimate fact or power into whose unity everything is bound up is alive, is intelligible, is righteous, and loves. True, all these words are makeshifts. How could they be anything else? But Reason not only does not forbid them, but calls them out of our whole vocabulary, and assures us that we have come short at the best of comprehending Him "who is all."

Suppose now, under the former idea of prayer, as the utterance of our desires and aspirations, and the loftiest mood of reverence, sympathy, and peace, we frankly recognize what that idea seems always to have contained and suggested,— this thought of the presence of the infinite life of God, that, as we look out on the mystery of being, we see it throbbing with his life; as we enter into the moral order that we are conscious of the divine fellowship; admit that our desires are his inspiration; as we express and work out every honest and healthy desire, let us think of ourselves both as drawing upon his resources and as co-workers with him; suppose that our best intentions are recognized as the attuning of our wills into harmony with the infinite will. Suppose thus that prayer is conceived as the thinking, willing, feeling, working, being in unison with the Life of which we partake.

We said what prayer was not, and ruled out certain ideas of it as irreligious. We have said now what prayer is, and have ruled in, I think, those things for which it has been really precious to men. We have said that it is an actual relation of peace, harmony, friendliness, whatever you may please to call it. We have said that, considered as a man's highest mood, or as the expression of that mood in words,

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it effects something and makes a difference; that a man is more when he prays than when he does not pray, is therefore necessarily brought closer to the things which he needs, and therefore has more. And we have expressed our conviction that all the facts which we recognize or have hinted to us in prayer are best summed up in the idea of God, or the closer words "our heavenly Father," with whom prayer is communion.

This idea of prayer, moreover, is large and free. It does not restrict the subjects which prayer may take up. It bids men utter any real wants, from the hunger for daily bread and the fear of impending trouble to the loftiest spiritual aspiration. It admits the artless words of childhood. It holds that nothing which interests man is trivial to the thought of the Spirit in whom the tiniest insect has life.

All this seems beautiful. It is worthy both of God and of man. It promises to be helpful, comforting, and inspiring. It would seem to meet and fulfil, better than anything else, all man's most profound longings. It specially meets that strange element of his nature which never is touched except by thoughts of the Infinite.

And yet, if this were all which one had to say of prayer, if one could merely make out ever so strong a case for its legitimacy, if one could show no reasons against it and many in favor, I am not prepared to say that we should be moved to pray. It is not as though prayer were a new thing in the world, pleading at the door for admittance, and reason were judging whether it might properly enter; but it has been in the world beyond man's remembrance, and belongs with sentiments as ancient as reason itself. It moves me that men's earliest voices, by some significant instinct, went out in prayer. It moves me that under all changes, forms, and creeds, prayer, like religion itself, has endured. It moves me to see the worship of men, crying out of their distresses after God. It stirs us yet to read their ancient litanies.

The habit of prayer comes to us as a great fertilizing stream of holy traditions. We believe in it as in everything else on authority, because men to whom we look up

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as the purest tell us that they needed to pray in order to live. The Hebrew prophets are authorities on prayer, because prayer steadied them in wicked times. Jesus is an authority upon prayer, because without it we cannot see how such a life as his could have been possible. The great line of saints, from Paul to Channing and Rowland Williams and Theodore Parker, are authorities with one voice to recommend prayer and make men respect it. Admiring and imitating such men, living in their company, taking them as our ideals, we can hardly help praying. We say over and over, God give us such lives. We come to church to say it. It does us good, whenever we say it. Said thus as they said it themselves, our souls going out after God to express it, no other sentiment, no lower form of words, means so much.

This brings me to say that we pray on the authority of our own experiences. Reason puts down the barriers. Reason says, Pray, if you feel inclined; and, then, feeling comes surging up to utter itself. All sorts of life experiences are only half complete, unless they go out into prayer. Our troubles and disappointments, the great sacraments, as they have been called, of marriage, birth, and death, our delight in nature and music, the impulses of popular and patriotic feeling sweeping over us, the stories of heroism, the sudden dangers which bring us up with a start,—all such experiences move us to prayer, and are never so rich as when they most completely merge themselves in the purifying spirit of prayer. Then, our burdens seem shared, man's toil and pain seem interpreted, and indefinite access of vigor, courage, and thought seems to flow in, as though indeed God were speaking to his children, and actual connection were made between our finite spirits and the universal life. Prayer thus seems, at least in those moments when we most truly pray, like the sweetest symphony to soothe and to inspire.

This is not all. However much prayer did for us, if, when we had prayed, it left our reason obscured or made us less loyal to truth, however precious it was, we should hold our-

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selves bound to give it up. On the contrary, in the attitude of prayer, we see truths, facts, and relations with clearer than usual sight, and we never love truth so much or are nearer being ready to die for it; while as for all virtuous, courageous and efficient action, as we have already seen, the mood of prayer is that in which we should like always to live.

Finally, I do not see how anything which can be said about prayer should be overwhelmingly convincing, except as one's prepossessions are directed, at least, toward the moral interpretation of life. Let me not be misunderstood to be advocating an attitude of partiality in investigating truth. I mean merely to remind you that the condition of soundness and health is always scientifically essential to prevent bias and partiality. You must have sound eyes and steady nerves to see straight and measure exactly. You must have a sound mind, trained to love knowledge and truth, to be an accurate student. And, precisely in the same way, a man must have moral health and a righteous life, before he can appreciate the kind of evidence and value rightly the impressions which make the strength of religion.

This is what I mean by demanding certain moral prepossessions of men. For the whole argument of religion has been lifted above the old level of outward and miraculous evidences, and rests upon what we think the impregnable basis of the moral facts, the moral history, and the moral nature of man. But it is idle to talk to men about a moral order in the universe, who acknowledge no such moral order within. It is idle to prove a power which makes for righteousness to him who does not love righteousness. It is idle to lay down a doctrine of prayer, whose very essence is the rest and peace of a moral harmony, to him whose only wants are sensual and personal. And it is idle to prove the reality of prayer, itself a spiritual fact, to him who can only appreciate outward signs and wonders. Let us then, who love to pray and want our children to pray, while teaching them the simple forms of words, underneath which the habit and

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spirit of actual prayer are developed, be even more patient to train them in stanch and truthful habits of character. For, if they once love honest character above everything else, their own life experiences may be trusted to lead them up from the prattling of childhood, with its "Now I lay me down to sleep," to the most exalted form of devotion and Jesus' sublime thought, "Thy will be done."

C. F. DOLE.

THE MORAL ELEMENT IN MRS. KEMBLE'S "RECORDS."

Among the many features of the recently published volume of Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble's letters and reminiscences, with its fresh and interesting anecdotes of notable people, its charming descriptions of natural scenery, and its criticisms of American society and life, none is perhaps more impressive to the thoughtful reader than its morality. This is not only of a high order, ennobled and uplifted by the religious sentiment, but it is of a kind so enduring, and resting on such firm foundations, that it bears the test of application to every political and individual interest of a life fraught with difficulties, and what to a less strong nature would have been temptations,— a morality all the more impressive because tinged throughout with Mrs. Kemble's own impulsive and intense personality. It is not in the least what is popularly known as saintliness — Mrs. Kemble had too hearty and healthy a nature not to enjoy the things of this world, and as many of them as she could get; but it was a morality which stood the wear and tear of time, and the friction of worldly society and aims, in a manner to which the "fugitive and cloistered virtue" of some of the saints would scarcely have been equal.

We are none of us ready enough to make allowances in our intercourse with strong natures for their superficial peculiarities. Unless we penetrate below the surface, we are to apt to allow ourselves to be repelled by certain singularities of behavior, which are evinced in some direction or

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other by every powerful individuality. They usually exaggerate some things that appear to us trifling, and they do not always possess the grace of good manners. But, while we need not be over-lenient to rudeness even from a genius, we make a great mistake when we allow our conventional and personal prejudices to control our estimate of strong and earnest natures. We may differ with them upon many subjects; but we can usually tell them so without offence, for they are not like those weak spirits who are afraid of their own opinions, or take it as a personal grievance if you do not think as they do.

Mrs. Kemble possesses one of these large, strong natures; and in these *Records*, where she never seeks to extenuate herself, or sets down aught in malice of her friends, it is evident that no one saw the faults and dangers of her own character more clearly than she did herself. She does not waste the time in sentimental whining over her sins, and futile wishes to be better; but, all through the letters, we find stray sentences, sometimes written jestingly, sometimes in earnest, which show how accurately she had sounded the dangers and weaknesses peculiar to her nature.

"I have never seen my good angel," she writes; "but, if I have one, I should think he or she must be a sort of heavenly steam-engine, a three hundred angel-power, in order effectually to take care of me."

"I am afraid it is true," she says again, "that I often appear wanting in charity toward the vices and follies of my fellow-creatures; and yet I really have a great deal more than my outbreaks of vehement denunciation would seem to indicate; and of one thing I am sure,—that, with regard to any wrong or injury committed against myself, a very short time enables me not only to forgive it, but to perceive all the rational excuses and attenuations that it admits of. . . . *Suddenness* is the curse of my nature. . . . But my self-love always springs up against the shadow of blame, and so you need pay no heed to what I say in self-justification. If I am censured justly, I shall accept the reproof inwardly, whatever outward show I may make of

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defending myself against it; for the grace of humility is even more deficient in me than that of charity, and to submit graciously to what seems to me unjust blame is hitherto a virtue I do not possess at all."

These words, it must be remembered, were those of a woman before whom, as Catharine Sedgwick said, it was impossible to tell a lie with any comfort, and were not written in foolish self-depreciation, but with an honest and sincere "conviction of sin."

On the other hand, in one of her letters to her friend, who seemed to have a gift for asking impossible questions, she writes: "The self-assured and self-relying strength of my constitution (I mean by that my character, as well as the temperament from which it results) knows nothing of the trials that beset yours — doubt, distrust, despondency. I have health, mental and physical activity, and a 'mounting spirit' of indomitable enjoyment that buoyantly protects me from sufferings under which others wince and writhe. Nevertheless, I have the sufferings proper to my individuality; and I needs must suffer, if it were only that I may be said to *live*, in the fit and proper sense of the term."

These sentences will show as nearly as possible, in Mrs. Kemble's own words, what a different thing her healthy, honest estimate of her own character and temperament is from the morbid, introspective self-consciousness which is the bane and curse of many thoughtful people. Now, to stand in even a tolerably fair attitude toward one's self implies the possession of more than a healthy, active nature. It means a considerable admixture of philosophy, religion, morality, and common sense. Mrs. Kemble several times declares that she never thinks.

"I have no mental processes," she says. . . . "Whenever I do [think], it seems to me as if there was no proposition (a few arithmetical and scientific ones excepted perhaps, like two and two are four) which does not admit of its own reverse; . . . nor did I ever utter or assume a position of which I felt most assured while uttering it, without perceiv-

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ing almost immediately that it was assailable on many sides. . . . If I appear to you to have strong convictions, it is because I have strong mental and moral impulses, instincts, intuitions, and never allow myself to weaken them by that most debilitating process, long continued questioning, leading to no result."

With Mrs. Kemble, thought was intuitive and spontaneous, closely associated with action; and the constant illustration of this fact in the *Records* offers a most valuable lesson to the many who are satisfied with a self-absorbing contemplation as the end of their existence.

Her judgments of others were on the same broad, healthy scale as her estimate of herself. She has her strong affections and antipathies; but these do not prevent her from being tolerably fair even to the people she dislikes, while her warm feeling for her friends does not blind her to their possible faults and weaknesses. She has not that stupid and trivial affection which is incapable of perceiving anything less than perfection in the beloved object, and is nearly always paralyzed when brought face to face with manifest shortcomings. Not that Mrs. Kemble finds pleasure in exercising her critical acumen upon the qualities of her friends and acquaintances — her likings are so hearty that she is rather inclined to an over than under estimate of their natures and abilities; but after reading that chapter in Harriet Martineau's autobiography in which she makes intellectual mince-meat of nearly every one of her associates,— how was it possible to refrain from feeling a wicked thrill of joy, when she herself suffered a like fate at the hands of the remorseless Carlyle? — it is a positive relief to turn to Mrs. Kemble's ardent words of commendation of all that she found to like in her friends, saved as they are from the charge of fulsomeness by her equally hearty dislike of all that is base and mean.

Take as an illustration of this a passage from one of her letters, alluding to the demands made upon her by certain persons who wished her to use her influence in their behalf. "The strangest part of all this," she says, "is that these

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men write to me, desiring me to commend that which I think bad, and that which moreover they know that I think bad; but they seem to imagine that some effort of sincere friendship and kindness on my part is all that is necessary to induce me, in spite of this, to recommend and heartily to praise what I hold to be worthless. Friendship with eyes and ears and a conscience is, I believe, indeed for the most part, and for the purposes of most people, tantamount to no friendship at all, or perhaps rather to a mild form of enmity."

The same broad spirit of intellectual honesty is seen in all that she says of her religious life, which was always a warm and vital thing to her. Her catholic spirit was well shown by the varied sources from which she made up a religious service, which she conducted for the slaves on a part of her husband's Southern property. Selections were read from the English Book of Common Prayer, a Presbyterian collection of Prayers, the *Imitation of Jesus Christ*, and the Bible. She repeatedly speaks of her admiration and friendship for Dr. Channing and Dr. Follen; and we see how she draws inspiration from the good in everything, and trusts her own soul to condemn the evil, even when it is countenanced by tradition or logic. Her religion was according to her own nature, warm, practical, and earnest. "Doctrinal points do not seem to me to avail much here," she writes: "how much they may signify hereafter who can tell? But the daily and hourly discharge of our duties, the purity, humanity, and activity of our lives, do avail much here; all that we can add to our own worth and each other's happiness is of evident, palpable, present avail, and I believe will prove of eternal avail to our souls."

She is greatly shocked at the idea that our misfortunes and trials are sent to us by inscrutable dispensations of Providence, wholly unconnected with great moral and physical laws and our own wrong-doing. "Forgiveness of sin is not remission of punishment," she says; "and the highest justice might rest satisfied with the conviction that God, who forgives every sinner, punishes every sin, nor can even

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his mercy remit the righteous consequence ordained by it. God's punishments are *consequences*, the results of his all-righteous laws, never to be escaped from, but leaving forever possible the blessed hope of his forgiveness; but no one ever yet outran his sin, or escaped from its inevitable result." In another place, she writes: "The profound sense of the justice of our Maker renders all things endurable, but the idea of the arbitrary infliction of misery puts one's whole soul in revolt. Wretchedness poured upon us, we cannot conceive why or whence, may well be intolerable: suffering resulting from our own faults may be borne courageously and with a certain comfort,—forgive the apparent paradox, the comfort is general, the discomfort individual; and, if one is not too selfish, one may rejoice in a righteous law, even though one suffers by it. Moreover, if evil has its inevitable results, has not good its inseparable consequences? If the bad deeds of one involve many in their retribution, the well-doing of one spreads incalculable good in all directions. . . . We are warned a thousand ways to avoid evil and seek good for the whole world's sake, as well as our own."

Her morality, if one can use that expression as distinct from religion, where with her one was simply the natural result of the other, is of the same order: only, as her forte was action, the impulsive warmth of her temperament, and her passionate hatred of wrong, and pity for the sorrow and ignorant sin in the world, are continually manifested all through the *Records*. At one time, she picks up a ragged, starving boy in the street, and conveys him in a cab to a place where he can be cared for; at another, while waiting for the call-boy, she leaves the curtains of her dressing-room at the theatre undrawn, because some *gamins* outside are revelling in the sight of her finery; while perhaps the most Quixotic act of philanthropy she records is that of wiping the nose of a little street ragamuffin with her embroidered pocket-handkerchief. She cannot consent to receive any pay from the boys at Eton, to whom she reads Shakspere, because it is such a pleasure to her to do it.

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These things, however, are unimportant, when compared with the guiding principles by which she endeavors to regulate her actions; and we find here and there reflections upon the true basis of right conduct so broad and comprehensive as to rise above mere didactic morality into the sphere of philosophy. Her reply to a charge of inconsistency is well worth examination by those who demand from themselves or others strict conformity in word and deed to any set of rules or precepts to which they are supposed to owe allegiance. "I do not plead guilty to general inconsistency," she writes, "but only to particular inconsistency in a particular instance. . . . Not indeed that I make any pretensions to that order of coherency of action and opinion which is generally called consistency. My principles are few, simple, and comprehensive; and I rather desire so to embrace them with my heart, mind, and soul, that my conduct may habitually conform to them, than am careful in every instance of action to see whether I am observing them. . . . One reason why I appear, and perhaps am, inconsistent, is because I seldom have any rules for *expediency*,—what I should call secondary rules of conduct; and I have not much objection to contradicting my course of action in the present hour by that of the next, provided at each time I am endeavoring to do what seems best to me. I desire a certain *frame of mind*, that my conduct may flow habitually from it, without constant reference to outward coherency. . . . I think people are generally too afraid of appearing inconsistent, too desirous to seem reasonable; in short, more anxious, upon the whole, about what they *do* than what they *are*."

Does not this have the same ring with that philosophy which says that "with consistency great minds have simply nothing to do?"

To many of us, it will seem also as if Mrs. Kemble had touched the truest and most vital point of Christianity, when she says: "The abiding spirit of a man's life, more than his special actions and peculiar theories, is that by which other men are moved and admonished. I have

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extreme faith in the potency of this species of influence, and comparatively less in the effect of example in special cases and particular details of conduct. Christ's teaching was always aimed at the spirit which should govern us, not at its mere application to isolated instances; and, to those who sought advice from him for application to some special circumstance, he invariably answered with a deep and broad rule of conduct, leaving the conscience of the individual to apply it to the individual case."

There are also many instances in which she records her earnest desire to use what powers she possesses in the highest and best way, as a duty both toward herself and her fellow-beings; and, though her own talents are exceptional, she does not on that account feel that she is exempt from performing the duties of every-day existence. Indeed, she wisely finds a refuge in the work which lies immediately before her from many of the uncertainties and trials which beset all lives, and with which hers was at times made unusually difficult.

"The daily and hourly duties of life," she writes, "are so indifferently fulfilled by me that I feel almost rebuked if my mind wanders either to the far past or future, while the present, wherein lies my salvation, is comparatively unthought of. . . . It is enough that every hour brings work; and more than enough,—all,—if that work be but well done."

Her hatred of slavery is too well known to need comment, though in this book we find some fresh and suggestive thoughts on the harmfulness of the relation between master and slave. Her wise and judicious regard of the laws of hygiene for herself and others is also wholesome reading for our doughnut-and-pie-fed, overworked, and worried population. It is not our climate, she maintains, that causes our curse of nervous prostration, but our manner of life; and her theories on this subject, though not consecutively stated, are well worth consideration.

Another sentence found in one of the letters illustrates a species of morality to which very few of us are especially

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given, and on which it may be worth while to have the opinion of a woman who must have had much experience in that direction. Of course there are limits, perhaps moral limits, to our endurance of the affliction indicated; but it would be better for us not to set them until we had pondered a little on such words as these: "I know very well that nobody likes to be bored; but I think it would be better to be bored to extinction than to mortify and pain people by rejecting their society because they are not intensely amusing or distinguished, or even because they are intensely tiresome and commonplace."

Lastly, we must note what seems a singular and almost incongruous fact; that, though the collection of letters is very voluminous, and many of them do not contain matter of special significance, and though they are offered for our perusal by the writer herself, there is no impression left on the mind of conceit or overestimate of her own importance. Perhaps she is not wholly free from egotism—scarcely any clever person is; and the world encourages the trait in such people, and usually profits by it. But these records are rather curiously free from the spirit of self-importance which taints nearly all autobiographical writing. It almost seems as if Mrs. Kemble had rather an under than an over estimate of the interest of her book, and so did not take pains to prune and polish, and make a little more careful arrangement of reminiscences and events, which would have added greatly to the artistic value of her work. Sydney Smith's expression, "important human beings," calls forth the following words as an illustration of her feeling upon this subject: "I cannot tell why, but with all my self-esteem, and high opinion of human nature and its capabilities in general, the epithet 'important' applied to human beings made me smile, and keeps recurring to me as comical."

In these records, one can imagine her as saying to the public: "Here they all are; you need not read them, unless you wish to. They have accomplished all I expected of them!" Her strong sense of humor prevents her from fall-

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ing into some of the absurd excesses of many natures, who lack that important balance wheel in their composition. Her writings, like her life, are brightened by her keen enjoyment of fun, and her readiness to be thoroughly and heartily amused; and when to this is added her sensitive appreciation of all beauty, natural and artistic, it will be seen that these records will well repay a somewhat careful reading.

There have been abundant notices of Mrs. Kemble's bright and interesting sketches of the notable people of her acquaintance, and of the more important circumstances of her life; but it has seemed to me a work neither uninteresting nor unprofitable to point out the broad, wholesome, and practical morality contained in this volume of the thoughts and experiences of one of the most remarkable women of our day. ISABEL FRANCIS BELLOWS.

PAPAL REACTION IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

There is some truth, no doubt, in the saying that what Rome has lost of temporal dominion, in consequence of the great Protestant schism, she has gained, or widened, as a purely spiritual power in the region of conscience, emotion, and doctrinal belief. The two dogmas added to the Catholic creed in these last few years — the Immaculate Conception (1854) and Papal Infallibility (1870) — are cited by fervent Romanists as a proof of this. And it is very likely true that Rome never had a more absolute hold upon the devotion of a larger multitude of subjects than to-day, or anything like so large. If it is so, it is one result of the remarkable reaction in the sixteenth century, which I propose briefly to consider.

For the era of the Reformation was in one sense a new birth for Rome, as well as for the forces on the other side. It is not merely a Protestant charge that the Church of Rome at this period was flagrantly, perhaps fatally, corrupt.

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Catholic authorities also declare that its degradation was very deep,* and that to all appearance its very existence was staked on a radical reformation. Both parties are agreed that the reform was needed. Each asserts that it was genuine and wholesome on its own side. Each charges that it was deceptive and unreal on the other.

But, in fact, two very genuine reformations were going on together, impelled by the same general motive, though radically different in their method. That which we call Protestant was staked on individual conviction and justification by faith. Even the reactionary moods in Luther's own life, even the surprising compromises accepted by Melanchthon, do not alter the main fact. Reform within the Church, on the contrary,—as demanded by Erasmus and Sir Thomas More,— was staked on the reinforcing of discipline, the expanding and fixing of dogma, and the perfecting of the ecclesiastical system considered as a piece of religious machinery.

Looking at the tremendous passions and obstinate convictions arrayed upon the field, and the life-and-death struggle in which they felt themselves engaged, nothing seems at first sight more pitiably irrelevant and weak than the plan of campaign laid down by the Catholic authorities, and developed into the weary technicalities of the Acts and Canons of the Council of Trent.

But to judge the situation so would be a hasty judgment. We must keep in view that image of the forces of the Church as of an army trained in fixed rules of discipline, and acting under a single recognized command. Whatever makes that discipline more perfect adds so much to the power of attack and defence. Whatever makes more clear the plan of the campaign that is to be fought does so much to make the officers intelligent, resolute, and united. Whatever exalts the authority of the supreme command goes so far to make the force a unit, and irresistible. Only — and here will be the real criticism from the modern point of view — the best disciplined army may be sent out into the wil-

* See the excellent History of Alzog, for example.

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derness or in the wrong direction; and so may be doing only mischief, or may waste its strength in fighting "so as one beateth the air."

This, perhaps, is only to say that the modern mind is likely to fail in recognizing the *objective point* which the Catholic strategy aims at, moving as it does on a different level and towards other things. But, at least, the modern mind cannot fail to see the splendid perfection of that equipment, or to admire the complete discipline and devotion of that army. It may also grant — if it is wise as well as logical — that, whatever the atrocities of the method, the modern world could not spare this great factor in its life; that society, in its common moralities and in its political order, still owes a vast debt to the modern Church of Rome.

The new world of thought is not the only thing. Institutions and moralities, which are the slow work of civilization, float after all at the mercy of the great sea they are embarked on, which is human nature itself; and this is but a chaos of passions and desires, when not under the check of one form or another of spiritual force. Just now, the Roman Church has still in reserve the greatest supply of that force which is available for very large spaces and populations. Among the two hundred millions of its nominal subjects, it is likely that that discipline is none too strong, and none too skilfully organized and handled, for the security of modern life from still worse catastrophes than have already overtaken it.

At any rate, that motive was urgent enough in the moral disorders of the sixteenth century. Whatever else the Reformation had done, it had found no remedy for those disorders. In some directions, it had definitely added to them, as, with a sort of dismay, Luther often declared. To say nothing of Antinomian extravagances, or the fury of the Peasants' War, there was an unsettlement of morals as well as beliefs, for which the Reformation was clearly responsible. It could not fail to shock men's sense of the sanctity of oaths, that Luther's own marriage was the violation of his monastic vow. He could peril the whole cause of the

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Reformation by his break with Zwingli and the Swiss reformers on a question of ritual, but did not see his way clear — setting Scripture as he did above the Church — to forbid the bigamy of so important a partisan as Philip of Hesse.* As a remedy for some of the worst evils of society, whatever it may have been for the cheer and strength of single lives, Protestantism had completely failed; or, if not completely, at any rate so far that Italy or France could not well be challenged to adopt the course of Germany, or the Church bidden to relax her rules of discipline as guide of the common conscience. Add to all this, that men's piety and reverence, which touch them nearer than their moral sense, were appalled by the free handling of sacred things, or things deemed sacred, in the incredible coarseness — beastliness is not too strong a term to use now and then — of the Lutheran polemics.

So much for the negative side. And, for the positive, the Catholic reaction had in it the genuine elements of a religious and moral revival. As is the way with every vital religious movement, it began with personal conviction of a definite moral evil and of its remedy; with a fervor of personal piety and devotion, also, which kindled to the flame of a genuine passion, and so created the force that presently brought into play a new, complete, and very powerful system of machinery.

We must call to mind here what we have occasion to see so often in the life of the Mediæval Church, its immense advantage in having close at hand, ready at every crisis, an organized type or ideal of the religious life, according to its own conception of it, in the Religious Orders. The forces of any new awakening of conscience, or reform of morals, play easily in channels whose shape and direction were constructed for them with infinite pains and skill while the Church still had the vigor of its growth. The old form is taken possession of by the new spirit, and is embarked on a new career under another name. Thus is saved the expen-

*It was urged upon George IV. as an argument in favor of Lutheranism, that it recognises the rightfulness of a "morganatic" marriage.

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diture of force needed to frame itself a new body, when spirit takes on flesh. An institutional religion has the advantage over free religion always, in this prodigious economy of its strength.

We do not often reckon the enormous drain on vital force needed to create a new organization, even of the simplest. Two-thirds of the food we eat, say the physiologists, go merely to keep the vital machinery in order. Consider what it costs a growing child to put forth a single tooth, for example, or a grown man to repair a broken bone. It is not hard, perhaps, to fabricate the shape; but to get the life into it is very hard. And it can be done only by vital connection, at some point, with an organization which is already alive.

But the spirit must still go before the form. And nothing is more interesting, at the period we are considering, than to see how the personality of a few remarkable men comes in just here to bridge over the space and make the revolution possible. What was wanted was that religion should be as real a thing within the lines of the corrupt and decrepit Church of Rome, as in the lives of those who had caught the new inspiration of Reform, and were brought close to the very Source of all life by their doctrine of a personal and immediate salvation.

The story of the organizing of a new religious Order is always essentially the same: intensity of feeling on the part of its leader or founder; the contagion of that feeling among kindred minds; a special practical aim that makes a little divergence, not too great, from the beaten track of existing institutions; a shaping out of rule after the familiar model, but with provision for the new object in view; some fresh device of austerer discipline answering to the fervor of the motive freshly felt.

All these we find in the case of the two new Orders which were the most characteristic growth of this period, the Theatines and the Jesuits. The date of the former (1524) shows it as emerging from the very heat and dust of the first conflict with the Lutheran protest. The date of the

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latter (1540) is a little after the armed league of Protestant nobles, and the counter-league of Catholic, a little before the outbreak of those armed forces in the Smalcaldic war.

In fact, a doctrine very much like Luther's had spread widely, and was zealously professed in Italy. A style of enlightened religious thought — best known to us through the name of Vittoria Colonna, the friend of Michel Angelo, and through his own religious sonnets — devout, intelligent, refined, and somewhat austere, was in superior minds fast taking the place of the set forms of churchly piety; so perilously fast, indeed, that the very phrase "faith in Christ," or any special fervor or originality of spiritual exercises, became matter of suspicion and alarm. Partly to enlist this force, partly to check its escape into forbidden channels, there emerges a sudden energy of ecclesiastical reform.

The leader in this direction was a man of the most austere and vigorous type of Catholic piety, Caraffa, afterwards Cardinal, and (1555–1559) Pope Paul IV. As priest and as bishop, he had labored with great zeal to reform the morals and remove the abuses of his charge; and he gained leave to lay down his rank and office, and give himself to the one work of founding and directing a new religious Order, the Theatines, so called from the name of the diocese which he had left.

Besides the customary vow of poverty, like that of other Mendicant Orders, it was enjoined that these new brethren might not even beg. Besides the set office of preaching, like the Dominicans, they became street missionaries, from bench, platform, or wayside stone, or in the market-place, arresting the ear of the populace of Italian cities. Besides the office of consolation of the sick and dying, there was the special duty laid on them of attending on condemned criminals, and carrying into the dungeon the warning or comforting message of the Church. The new Order was never large in numbers. It is almost unknown now except in a few localities. Its recruits were mostly from men of education and rank. It was never, like the Franciscan,

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broadly popular, or, like the Jesuit, the agent of vast enterprises for the Church. It interests us rather as the first strong effort in that direction, and as bringing into the field one or two marked men, who did much to shape the policy and guide the action of the new Romanism.

With the story of Loyola's early life and his amazing self-inflictions, we have nothing here to do. One incident in his career, that which shows him as the link between the two religious Orders already named, is thus told by Macaulay: * —

> In the convent of the Theatines at Venice, under the eye of Caraffa, a Spanish gentleman took up his abode, tended the poor in hospitals, went about in rags, starved himself almost to death, and often sallied into the streets, mounted on stones, and, waving his hat to invite the passers-by, began to preach in a strange jargon of mingled Castilian and Tuscan. The Theatines were among the most zealous and rigid of men; but, to this enthusiastic neophyte, their discipline seemed lax, and their movements sluggish; for his own mind, naturally passionate and imaginative, had passed through a training which had given to all its peculiarities a morbid intensity and energy. . . .
>
> His activity and zeal bore down all opposition; and under his rule the Order of Jesuits began to exist, and grew rapidly to the full measure of his gigantic powers. With what vehemence, with what policy, with what exact discipline, with what dauntless courage, with what self-denial, with what forgetfulness of the dearest private ties, with what intense and stubborn devotion to a single end, with what unscrupulous laxity and versatility in the choice of means, the Jesuits fought the battle of their Church, is written in every page of the annals of Europe during several generations. In the Order of Jesus was concentrated the quintessence of the Catholic spirit; and the history of the Order of Jesus is the history of the great Catholic reaction.

Ignatius Loyola, a young and brilliant Spanish cavalier, had been grievously wounded by a cannon-ball in the siege of Pampeluna, early in the year of 1521. Of all the pious or romantic legends by which he fed his fancy during the year of extreme suffering, while in the agony of the crude and cruel surgery he endured,† none can be more extraordinary or more romantic than the story of his own life.

* *Miscellanies*, "Ranke's *History of the Popes*."

† In the course of which his shattered leg had to be rebroken and reset more than once, in the vain hope to straighten it.

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Its incidents are familiar, and need not be retold. Its results are all that concern us now.

Modern Romanism is something in many points quite different from the mediæval institution which bequeathed to it its forms. It is commonly said to have in the Jesuit Order not its Champion only, but its Master. If this is true, at least that master appeared first in the guise of the humblest of servants. Besides the ordinary vow of obedience common to all monastic bodies, this Order must always be at the immediate service of the Papacy, in any direction, or for any mission, to which its members might be sent. Besides the ordinary offices of piety, a most elaborate system of education was developed,—on Catholic principles, as opposed to the free intellectual training of the modern world; so that the Jesuits have become perhaps the most accomplished guild of teachers ever known. The two vast missionary enterprises to the East and West—in India, China, and Japan, on the one hand; from Canada to Paraguay, on the other—which are the wonder and the boast of Modern Romanism, are the exclusive glory of the Jesuits. And there is nothing in the old stories of Pagan persecution, or in the martyrdoms and torments inflicted by religious bigotry ever since, which has not been voluntarily encountered—or would not be, to-day—by the extraordinary body of men trained and disciplined under the rule and fortified by the "spiritual exercises" of St. Ignatius.*

It is the more remarkable that a foundation so fervent and so loyal should have barely escaped in the beginning that sleepless and intolerant persecution, of which it has been the most active agent ever since. The unwonted fervor, and doubtless some novelty of phrase in Loyola's manual of devotion, caused him to be arrested, and incarcerated at Salamanca. The merciless Inquisition of Spain was in full vigor there, and its all-suspecting vigilance detected signs of heresy in the book. His orthodoxy was hardly established, and he had but just escaped from those

* Of the illustrations of this which might be given, none are more interesting or more heroic than those in Parkman's *Jesuits in North America.*

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menacing fangs, when he found himself again under surveillance in Paris, and was three months in making good his claim to be a true Catholic, or tolerated as a defender of the faith.

It is very characteristic of the age, the cause, and the man that, once arrived in Rome, a little later, he urged upon the Pope the need of a "Supreme and Universal Tribunal of Inquisition," subject to no less authority than the Head of the Church himself, to have in its charge the suppression of heresy throughout the world. Such a tribunal was founded in Rome, in the year 1542, by Pius III., a few weeks after his summons of the great Reform Council which met three years later in Trent. Only the Spanish Inquisition, which for something more than sixty years had proved itself too faithful and efficient to be distrusted, was exempt by special privilege from its jurisdiction.

And so we meet face to face, at this moment of crisis, the most startling phenomenon of the Papal reaction. Reformation, in its view, means a revival of mediæval piety, nourished and organized under monastic discipline, used to strengthen the ecclesiastical power, and having for its method the well-understood processes of the Inquisition. We must keep this latter fact in sight. An illustration or two will enable us to do this more distinctly.

The series of Popes for forty years, down to the massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572, from the "reforming" Paul III. to the "savage" Pius V., were all known for some special zeal or service in the cause of religious persecution,—not in the mild way we sometimes understand that phrase, but by the horrible and sometimes literally unspeakable methods of misery invented by the Inquisition.

Cardinal Caraffa, the great leader of "reform within the Church," was equally great as an inquisitor. At his death, a Roman mob, with ferocious joy, rushed to tear down the prisons of the Holy Office, with loud curses on his name.

Another great and famous inquisitor, Bartholomew Carranza, Archbishop of Toledo and Primate of Spain, high in honor in the Council of Trent,—the same who undertook

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the reforming of the English Church, under Philip and Mary, and with his own lips condemned the English Primate, Archbishop Cranmer, to the flames,—himself a few years later fell under the sleepless and remorseless jealousy of that terrible Office; was treacherously arrested; suffered the horrors of imprisonment for eighteen years; and died at his release, having with difficulty established his soundness in the faith.

We hear, in 1547, of a "terrific episode" in Naples, where the populace rose to resist the introduction of the hated tribunal there, and fought so furiously that before night the last man of a body of three thousand soldiers sent in to quell the riot lay slaughtered in the street.

To understand the fury of the English at the very name of Spaniard, in this time of terror, we may read the story of one Burton, an English shipmaster at Cadiz,—for the Inquisition respects no foreign flag, but treats heresy as a local crime,—who was seized on some pretence of heretical expression, thrown into a dungeon, submitted to torments and threats, and finally burned alive at Seville (Dec. 22, 1560). The story was told at length by one Frampton, sent out to be his advocate, who was seized in the same way, was put to the rack after witnessing his client's martyrdom, and was hardly released on condition of living in Spain under that eye of tyranny, but afterwards escaped. The real crime was the shipmaster's rich cargo: the Inquisition profited by its seizure to the amount of fifty thousand pounds sterling.

Scenes and wrongs like these prompted the great raids of Hawkins and Drake upon the Spanish power, as the common enemy of mankind; and stirred the English conscience to a passion that even craved and courted martyrdom. For, in 1581, we hear again of a Puritan mechanic from the south of England, one Richard Atkins, who went to make his protest first to the Jesuit college in Rome, where he was speedily delivered to the tribunal; then, being set free, perhaps as being deemed insane, went to repeat his protest by assailing the idolatrous service in St.

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Peter's, well knowing the fate it would lead him to. For when he was paraded half-naked through the streets, and lighted torches were thrust against his bare flesh, he would grasp the torches in his hand and hold them to his side, despising the pain, still exhorting the crowd in his broken Italian to faith in Jesus, and so went smiling to his martyrdom.

Charles Borromeo is the saintliest name of this era, perhaps of the whole modern Church of Rome. He is justly held in universal reverence for the sweetness of his piety, the simplicity of his self-devotion, the fidelity of his service as ecclesiastic and archbishop of Milan, the untiring charity and beneficence, courageous and heroic as well as tender, which for his devoted service in a season of plague has made his memory forever dear and venerable. Created Cardinal at the age of twenty-two, he found himself, four years later, appointed judge of one Fra Tommaso di Mileto, a Franciscan monk, charged with such heresies as these: the lawfulness of eating meat on Friday; doubts about image-worship and indulgences; questioning of the Pope's authority; hints of predestination; and denial of the Lord's "true body" in the host. And, besides minor penalties, here is the sentence rendered by this tender-hearted saint: "That you be walled up in a place surrounded by four walls, where, with anguish of heart and abundance of tears, you shall bewail your sins and offences committed against the majesty of God, the holy mother Church, and the religion of the Founder St. Francis."*

The man thus cruelly immured succeeded in making his escape. But not so all. For, in the ruins of dismantled Inquisition prisons, skeletons have been found in like "places surrounded by four walls," narrow cells, where the prisoner is supposed to have been confined upright, till he perished out of mere rottenness and misery.

Into other details of the horror of these dungeons, such as were laid bare in Spain, and afterwards in Rome, we need not enter. Our business is only with the institution,

* Sentence rendered Dec. 16, 1564. See Rule's *History of the Inquisition.*

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and with the measures it demanded for its defence. The reform that goes under the name of the "Papal Reaction" was a campaign undertaken against the spirit of the age; that is, against the clearest religious conviction and the most intrepid conscience of the time. And the measures it demanded were such as we have seen. The purest, the most pious and gentle, the most self-sacrificing saints of the Reaction, were compelled to do that thing here described. There is no need to deny their piety or their tenderness of heart. But their piety did not stick at the gigantic murder of St. Bartholomew. Their tender mercies did not shrink to wall live men, "with anguish of heart and abundance of tears," in the misery of that hideous sepulchre.

But I have said that the Church was conducting a campaign, and that it had in view a well-defined objective point. It is essential to our purpose to see, if we can, what was the nature of that objective point of the campaign. We have seen something of its arsenal and its weapons. We know something, through later history, of the extraordinary success of its warfare in securing certain things which it really had at heart. We wish to know more exactly what those things were.

The completed structure of Modern Romanism as distinct from Mediæval Catholicism is understood to be the work of the Council which sat at Trent, in the Tyrol, at intervals from 1545 to 1563, including also, as corollary or supplement, the dogmas of the Immaculate Conception and of Papal Infallibility.*

The first thing that strikes us, as we look at this result in a general way, is the policy it shows of a concentration instead of an expansion of the forces in the field. It is intensive, not extensive. Each definite step taken has

*This Council sat at intervals determined by political considerations, extending from 1545 to 1563, and held in all twenty-five sessions. The topics were in general these: In 1546, the Creed, the Scripture Canon (which is determined to be that of the Latin Vulgate), and the doctrine of Original Sin and Baptism; in 1547, the doctrine of Justification and of the Sacraments; in 1551, the Eucharist, Penance, and Extreme Unction; in 1562-63, the Celebration of Mass, Holy Orders, Matrimony, Purgatory, and the worship of Saints.

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served to narrow the ground, to throw off a part of the apparent force for the sake of a more vigorous grasp upon that which is left. Each point of doctrine established has been at the cost of a vehement interior struggle. It has been a triumph over opposition, with the risk and with the result of creating a great disaffected party. As long as the Immaculate Conception could be debated within the lines by Thomist and Scotist, the freedom of opinion was a ground of peace: since 1854, to follow the logic of their opinion, the great learning and strength of the Dominican Order should be lost to Rome. Infallibility might be ever so much the legitimate goal to which the Church was tending, yet its triumph in 1870 cost it the formidable revolt signified in such names of learning as Döllinger, and such names of authority as Dupanloup.

And yet the Church, bound "for better, for worse" to an idea, has not hesitated. It began by inviting Protestant attendance and co-operation in its Council; and the danger of compromises likely to follow was the chief hindrance to the council's meeting, and the chief cause of its delays. Doubtless it hoped, like a political caucus, to hold those bound by its decisions who should join in its debates. And there was something in the strangely compromising attitude of the Reformers — after Luther's death, especially, and under the irresolute lead of Melanchthon — which might justify that hope. But the concession was soon found to be all on one side, unless in such externals as in the very rare, doubtful, and reluctant allowance of the Cup to the laity. And the rigid fixing of its boundaries then walled out all Protestant Europe as sharply, and with as little prospect of its recovery, as the previous walling off of the Eastern Church by the unyielding and intolerable claims of Rome.

But this narrowing of its ground was really in another way a policy of strength. Like the "Old School Abolitionists" in the anti-slavery crusade, the Roman Church has persistently denounced the least remonstrance or dissent within its lines; has unhesitatingly thrown over the faithfullest of friends, the moment his zeal seemed lukewarm or his loyalty

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in danger of waxing cold. The great debate of Reason must be carried on within wide boundaries, and with open doors. The great battle of Faith must be fought with closed ranks, where a whisper of mutiny is death. A thousand blind partisans, so standing alone, are far stronger than the same number increased by ten thousand more, who may dare question a word or act of the commander.

Besides, the selfishness of power must feel a certain relief at being discharged of responsibility for such turbulent and intractable subjects as those in the populations of the North. Italy, Spain, and, at heavy cost, France were kept within the circle of command. But the war in the Netherlands must have taught the lesson which power is so slow to learn; and the truce of 1609 must have been as welcome to the assailants as to the assailed. The Scottish people under such a lead as that of Knox and Melville;* the Puritans of England, represented not merely by their fierce sea-faring champions, but by such poor martyrs as Richard Atkins, multiplied by hundreds in every district,—such evidences would give pause to the most towering ecclesiastical ambition. Such men would be far more dangerous as rebellious subjects than as alien enemies. And there is reason to believe that the modern Church of Rome has been well content with such success as it has had, which it would not wisely risk for a wider sway.

It is to the same effect, when we look at the particular measures of reform aimed at. Still we find the sharper drawing of boundaries, the throwing off of the neutral or disloyal, the tightening of the reins of authority. The objects to be effected we find enumerated thus: to reinforce ecclesiastical Discipline among the clergy; to estab-

* The name of Andrew Melville is less familiar to most readers than that of John Knox; but that he bore worthily the mantle of the great Reformer we may see in these two anecdotes. To the Regent Morton, he said: "Tush, man, threaten your courtiers so. It is the same to me whether I rot in the air or in the ground; and I have lived out of your country as well as in it. Let God be praised, you can neither hang nor exile his truth." To King James, he said: "Sirrah, ye are God's silly vassal. There are two kings and two kingdoms in Scotland. There is King James, the head of the Commonwealth, and there is King Jesus Christ, King of the Church, whose subject James VI. is, and of whose kingdom he is not a king nor a lord nor a head, but a member."

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lish Seminaries for the instruction of youth, *with austere training*,—in sharp contrast to the mediæval University; to insure the incessant administration of the Sacraments in every parish, with special emphasis laid on preaching and auricular confession; to insist on the personal supervision of the clergy by the Bishop, to the restoring and enhancing of episcopal authority; and to make more precise and ample the profession of faith by authoritative exposition of the Creed, especially on the points then most debated, as justification, predestination, and sacraments.

Except in the last of these, which it was the special business of a council to determine, there is absolutely nothing here which we can regard as an attempt to meet the case as it lay broadly before the secular intelligence of the time; nothing that indicates any attempt to win back the lost ground, unless it might be by dint of armed conquest when the forces of the faith should be sufficiently drilled. All looks to holding more securely and ruling more severely the ground that is within the visible boundaries of obedience. All looks to repelling more sharply those who chose to stay beyond those boundaries, and refusing more imperiously all suggestions of unity or peace.

Now, this harsh and uncompromising attitude may be taken by a power, a party, or a person perfectly convinced that a given position is absolutely right, and that to yield it would be a crime. That, in fact, is what the language of the Church necessarily means; it is the very point in dispute between the Church and its opponents. It may also be held by a power aware that its position is weak in point of fact and of reason, and can only be made strong in logic; that is, whoever can be got to accept its premises may be held to abide by its conclusions. Either ground is sufficient to explain the attitude taken by the Roman Church during the Papal reaction, and held by it since.

Virtually, this is to abandon the claim of Universality, since not the wildest dreamer supposes that the premises in question are going to be accepted by everybody. But, on the other hand, it is very greatly to brace and confirm the

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claim of Authority. By the theory of the Church, it regards all men, if not as the objects of its instruction, at least as the subjects of its rule. It demands not assent of the reason, but obedience of the will: at any rate, not assent first, and therefore obedience; but obedience first, and then assent. But obedience is a moral act, and is rendered to the object of one's moral homage or choice. How to win that moral homage or choice has not, so far, entered much into the Romanist conception of reform.

And yet there is a certain moral homage paid to the ministers of that Church, often in quarters where we should least expect. The discipline of the Catholic reaction has had unquestionably a powerful effect on the lives of the humbler clergy, whose duties it has rigidly defined, and whose virtues it has energetically prescribed. They, at least, are not responsible for the craft of prelates, or for the atrocities which monastic rule has invented and put in force. Probably, we shall never find a comparison between the morals of Catholic and Protestant countries intelligent and fair enough to satisfy both sides. The type or standard is the real object of comparison; and into this the consideration of race, or the "personal equation," enters too deeply to give much standing-ground in common.

But there are easily recognized and very winning qualities which have always distinguished the body of the lower Catholic clergy, and which have often been glorified in the more illustrious names of the Roman Church. We must remember, it is true, that these virtues — charity, patience, humility, beneficence unstinted — are not inconsistent with policies and acts which we recoil from with horror. The saintly Borromeo was a merciless arbiter in the Court of Faith. Port-Royalists were advocates of persecution, as well as sufferers by it. Fénelon, that pure type of sentimental piety, did not hold aloof from the policy of Louis XIV. in expulsion or in torment of the Huguenots.*

But, in common, lowly, quiet life, those qualities are inestimable and infinitely dear. Once fallen below earthly am-

* See Douen, *L'Intolérance de Fénelon.* Paris, 1875.

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bition and hope, there is probably nowhere such wide-spread and abounding consolation as may be or has been found with the parish priest or the saintly bishop. I do not know that a famous French romancer is the best of authority on points of moral judgment; but I have been more struck by the incidental and unintended testimony of Balzac to the reality of a certain "power that makes for righteousness" in the Catholic village clergy than I should be with any amount of set argument to prove or disprove the same.

This power, whatever of it really exists, it is fair enough to call one result of the Catholic Reaction which I have attempted to describe. We must make generous allowance for that on one hand; while we remember, because we cannot help it, the horrors and enormities of that Reaction on the other hand. We are not called upon to pass a verdict of "guilty or not guilty" on the Church of that day, or on the remarkable effort by which it recovered so much of its lost ground, and restored so much of its diminished strength. The single acts, the policies, the men, are fit objects of our judgment. The historical phenomenon at large is beyond that judgment. Our only business is to understand it, if we can, in the circumstances it grew out of and the results it led to.

It did not defeat the Reformation. That had its message to deliver, and its prodigious moral power to transmit to the life of the modern world. But it did save to modern life something of the rich and deep life of a remoter time, which was in danger of being lost. And this it did, first, by drawing from sources of genuine religious life within the old sanctuary limits; then, by kindling with a new fervor a group or a series of men whose mental resource was equal to their zeal; and, finally, by fixing in institutions and defining by formula and confirming by discipline certain moral forces derived from the fading life of the Middle Age, which thus make an element in the life of the world to-day.

There are a few ecclesiastical virtues,— precious, nay, indispensable to mankind; the hardest of all to human nature, and so they are often by religious writers called "super-

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natural"; and these it was the service of the Catholic Reaction to hold in trust for a larger religion, which we have not yet lived to see.

J. H. ALLEN.

CHRISTIAN ZOO-PSYCHOLOGY.

If the truth of a tenet may be determined by the majority of suffrages in its favor, if the validity of a theory bear any proportion to the number of persons who have accepted it and found comfort and consolation in it, if the famous test *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, which the Romish Church has made the criterion of Christian dogma and the charter of its own claim to catholicity, have any force or fitness as furnishing a ground of belief, it would be difficult to discover among the multiform creeds of mankind any doctrine resting upon a broader and firmer foundation than that of metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls. Indeed, if this indorsement be any proof of genuineness, it may be said, without exaggeration, to bear the seal of almost universal consent, and to have been inherent in or engrafted upon nearly every known system of religion. It has been held, in some one of its varied forms, by men in all ages, in all lands, in all conditions of life, and in all stages of barbarism and civilization. It numbers its adherents by millions, including all grades of intelligence from the African savage to the Oriental sage, and all degrees and developments of spiritual aspiration from the rudest rubbish-worship of the Loango fetichist to the most refined mysticism of the European philosopher. It appears with the earliest dawn of Indian speculation, and pervades the whole vast, subtile, and complicated web of Brahmanical metaphysics. It is the central and sustaining root of that wide-spreading banyan of Buddhistic ethics, which extends its ample and hospitable shade over the entire realm of animated nature, and gives impartial shelter and protection to every form of animal life. It constituted an integral part of the priestly wisdom of Egypt, fragments of which have been preserved

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and transmitted to us in the Book of the Dead. Even the Jews, notwithstanding its inconsistency with the spirit of their sacred books, borrowed it, together with the doctrine of a future life, from the Magi during the Babylonian captivity; and a tenderer feeling toward the lower animals is clearly perceptible among them in consequence of their long contact with Persian ideas and habits of thought. "All souls," the Kabbala declares, "are subject to the trials of transmigration." The Talmud reiterates the same notion. Many of the most notable Rabbis taught that the souls of men are sometimes condemned to inhabit the bodies of women as a punishment for sinful and unmanly deeds, thus producing amazons and viragos. They also ascribed barrenness in woman to the possession of a male soul, in which case she was enjoined to entreat the Lord to grant her conception by endowing her with scintillations of a female soul.

The influence of the doctrine of metempsychosis is also perceptible in ancient, and especially in Oriental art. The monstrosities of Indian, Assyrian, Egyptian, and early Greek sculpture, sphinxes, centaurs, minotaurs, human-headed bulls, lion-headed kings, horse-headed goddesses, and sparrow-headed gods, are all embodiments of this notion. Among the Greeks, it was adopted and advocated by such men as Pythagoras and Plato, and continued to color the chief currents of philosophic opinion long after it had ceased to find expression in art. It flourished in the schools of Alexandria, and formed a favorite theme of speculation with the Neo-Platonists. Thence, it passed into patristic literature and Gnostic psychology. Not only was it strenuously defended by some of the most eminent Fathers of the Church, but it still remains the serious, esoteric conviction of thousands of the most distinguished scholars and divines of the present day. Indeed, no one who believes in personal immortality can deny either the possibility or reality of pre-existence. The myriads of human beings who have entered upon a future life must have had a previous existence in this world, whether they are now conscious of it or

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not; and the same may be true of the present, with reference to a past state of being, and so on *ad infinitum.*

Jesus and his disciples seem to have assumed, at least on one occasion, that a person might suffer afflictions in this body as a punishment for sins committed by him before his birth; *i.e.*, in a former state of conscious and responsible existence. Thus, we are told that, as they passed by and saw a man that was blind from his birth, "his disciples asked him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" (John ix., 2.) In his reply, Jesus does not deny that both these hypotheses are legitimate and adequate to account for the given phenomenon, but only their applicability to this particular case.

St. Augustine believed that men might be changed into beasts by sorcery, and even suggested — not sarcastically, but seriously — that the Golden Ass of Apuleius may be autobiographical, the author describing his adventures in that state whereinto, by the evil arts of an enchantress, he had been "translated," like Bottom in the play. "In certain districts of Italy," he adds, "such occurrences are quite frequent. The women, who tend the herds, prepare, with magic rites, a kind of cheese, which they give to travellers, and thus change them into beasts of burden, in which shape they are made to bear heavy loads and perform onerous tasks." The tragic annals of witchcraft are full of stories of similar transformations, in which the most learned and devout men of modern times have had implicit faith. In the Institutes of Manu and Yâjnavalkya, fate is said to be the natural sequence of past actions or of "deeds done in a former body." According to this theory, the element of fore-ordination, so far as it enters into and controls a man's character and conduct, does not result from the arbitrary decree of a higher power, but springs directly from the operations of his own will, which is the source of all the forces that predetermine his career and shape his destiny. Plato also maintains, or at least suggests, that the puzzling problem of the origin of *a priori* notions, innate ideas, intuitions, axioms, necessary postulates, and universal affirmations of

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the reason, may be most easily and satisfactorily solved by regarding them as survivals of knowledge acquired in a previous state of existence, the winnowed and garnered fruits of pre-natal experience. These inherent truths and intuitional perceptions thus constitute the sum of man's real intellectual acquisitions prior to the present period of his incarnation, and represent, so to speak, the consolidated spiritual capital which survives the dissolution of the body and with which he begins another and higher stage of physical life. "The mind," says Spinoza, "cannot be absolutely destroyed with the body, but somewhat of it remains which is eternal. . . . There are rare minds, of which the principal part is eternal: so that they have scarce anything to fear from death." Lessing held that the possession of five senses is only peculiar to our present temporary embodiment, and that in the past we may have had less, and in the future may be endowed with more, than five senses. Even now there are persons who go in and out among us, eating, drinking, merry-making, and marrying like ordinary mortals, yet who claim to have won for themselves the faculty of conceiving and perceiving four dimensions. Is this a prophecy of what we all shall be, the foreshadowing of a future four-dimensioned existence?

Again, from an ethical point of view, the inequalities of human conditions, the seemingly capricious distribution of good and evil, the pleasures enjoyed and the pains endured by men independently of any obvious relation to their respective characters or acknowledged deserts, can be best explained on this hypothesis, which, unlike the current orthodox theodicy, is at least competent to

> "Assert Eternal Providence,
> And justify the ways of God to men,"

without diabolizing the Divine Being and utterly subverting our common conceptions of justice. It is surely more moral, as well as more intelligible, to suppose that the ills we suffer in this world are due to our own individual antecedent sins than that they are attributable to the transgres-

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sions of one far-off, reputed progenitor and federal head, for whose conduct no subtlety of casuistry can make us feel in the slightest degree responsible. The proofs of personal immortality derived from the emotions or from the principle of compensation and retribution may be urged with equal cogency in support of transmigration. For this theory puts it in the power of every human being, and indeed of every living creature, to determine what form and feature the future life shall assume. Man is the maker of his own destiny in more than the proverbial sense of the phrase, elevating or degrading himself in the scale of sentient existence by his own acts. Each new incarnation that awaits him, like the maiden of heavenly beauty or hideous aspect who meets the soul of the Parsi at the Chinvad bridge, is the personification of his own thoughts, words, and deeds. He grows into the complete embodiment of the propensities which he fosters, fondly cherished tendencies take root in him as instincts, until gradually his

> "Nature is subdued
> To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

The recent progress of the physical sciences has also lent additional interest and importance, not to say probability, to the ancient doctrine. Metempsychosis would seem to be the spiritual counterpart of metamorphosis: the transmigration of souls is logically and analogically suggested as a corollary to the transmutation of species. The one does not necessarily involve the other, but both lie in the same line of thought. There is also no reason why the theory of the conservation and persistence of force should not be applicable to mental or psychical as well as to mechanical or physical forces. No impulse ever ceases, no motion is ever lost, no atom can be disturbed without disturbing every atom in the universe. If a sparrow fall to the ground, the momentum of its falling body is imparted to and affects every particle of the globe. But what becomes of the vital force which animated the bird and impelled it through the air? It is, furthermore, an axiom of science that force is an essential attribute of matter. "Both," we are told, "are mutable,

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both indestructible, and both, so far as we know, quite incapable of existing alone." Force independent of matter and matter devoid of force are alike inconceivable. The materialist, then, should not, and in fact does not, deny the existence, but emphatically asserts the eternity of spiritual force: he denies only the possibility of its existence, except as inhering in some material form, some solid, liquid, gaseous, visible or invisible, palpable or impalpable, ponderable or imponderable body. There would seem, therefore, to be little or no difference between the mere declaration of the immortality of the soul and the affirmation of the indestructibility of psychic force. The only question in dispute is as to the conditions under which this thinking and conscious energy survives and continues to operate. Does spirit remain forever a distinct personal entity, or is it, too, convertible into other forces, manifesting itself in manifold and interchangeable forms, like light, heat, magnetism, electricity, motion, and gravity? But whatever may be the nature and essence of the *scintilla animae divinae*, and whatever transformations it may undergo, we have never known it and cannot conceive of it except in connection with some more or less highly organized collocation of material atoms. This is true of both "celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial." The apostle cannot describe them nor the imagination picture them otherwise than as substance, differing only in degrees of refinement and subtility, as the sun differs from the moon or "star differs from star in glory." We cannot, even in thought, disassociate force from something forcible, nor imagine wisdom or virtue as existing apart from the wise or the virtuous. Not only in actuality, but also in ideation, the abstract presents itself to us always and everywhere as the concrete. From a purely speculative stand-point, therefore, the assumption that soul-force is essentially distinct from all other forces, never being converted into any of them, but always preserving its individuality as a thinking entity, and the scientific axiom that all force is indestructible and inseparable from matter, would, when taken together and logically formu-

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lated, lead inevitably to the doctrine of metempsychosis. It is, however, in relation to the lower animals and their treatment by man that the theory of the transmigration of souls has been most beneficent in its influence, and most fruitful of happy results. Schopenhauer regards the absence of this tenet and of all adequate substitutes for it as a fundamental defect of both Judaism and Christianity, and the cause of untold misery to millions of sentient and highly sensitive creatures. "These religions," he says, "have unnaturally severed man from the animal world to which he essentially belongs, and placed him on a pinnacle apart, treating all lower creatures as mere things, whereas Brahmanism and Buddhism insist not only upon his kinship with all forms of animal life, but also upon his vital connection with all animated nature, binding him up into intimate relationship with them by metempsychosis." In the Hebrew cosmogony there is no continuity in the process of creation whereby the genesis of man is in any wise connected with the genesis of the lower animals. After the Lord God by his fiat had produced beasts, birds, fishes, and creeping things, he ignored all this mass of protoplastic and organic material, and took an entirely new departure in the production of man, whom he formed out of the dust of the ground. Upon the being thus created, absolute dominion is conferred over every beast of the earth and every fowl of the air, which are to be to him "for meat." They are given over to his supreme and irresponsible control, without the slightest injunction of kindness or the faintest suggestion of any duties or obligations toward them.

Neither the synagogue nor the church, neither sanhedrim nor ecclesiastical council, has ever deemed it a necessary part of its functions to inculcate by instruction or enforce by decree a proper consideration for the rights of the lower animals. Societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals are of comparatively recent origin; and even these benign and strictly secular institutions furnish, by the sad necessity of their existence, a confession and confirmation of a radical deficiency in Christian teaching, which they endeavor to

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supply. Such associations would be superfluous in Brahmanical or Buddhistic lands, where all life is held inviolably sacred, and kind and sympathetic treatment of the lower animals forms an essential element of religion and religious education. Hospitals for diseased and decrepit beasts and birds have been established in India from time immemorial, and still constitute a universally recognized object of public charity and private munificence. It is true that, in some of the larger European cities, we also find occasional asylums for stray and famished dogs, and homes for houseless cats; but these foundations are usually regarded and often ridiculed as the amiable idiosyncrasies of eccentric individuals or as the manifestations of a mild and harmless monomania peculiar to old maids, who, having no worthier outlet for their loving natures, pour the flood of their pent-up affections into this channel. It is also a curious circumstance, and quite significant of the character of our civilization, that endowments of this kind are not with us, as in the East, the normal and legitimate expression of a humane and beneficent spirit, but rather the waste-pipe of suppressed and soured emotions, having their real source in a generous and sensitive nature perverted by pessimistic and misanthropic views of life. Thence, it comes that, with us Occidentals, the love of animals, instead of being the proper expansion of philanthropic sentiment, too often springs directly from intense and morbid hatred of mankind. It was this feeling that made Schopenhauer shun the society of his fellow-men during life, and in dying bequeath his property to his poodles. "Men," he declared, "are the devils of the earth, and animals are the tormented souls. This state of things is the consequence of that installation scene in the Garden of Eden." Solomon, too, in one of his splenetic and cynical moods, when he "hated life," and, surfeited with its pleasures, denounced them all as "vanity and vexation of spirit," affirmed that "a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast"; but, in making this remark, his purpose was not to elevate the beast, but to degrade the man.

In many portions of the East, it is customary for Brah-

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mans and Buddhists to express their joy and gratitude on recovering from sickness or on receiving any good fortune, not by chanting a *Te Deum*, but by going to the market-place, where wild birds are exposed for sale by Jewish, Mohammedan, and Christian fowlers, purchasing a number of them, carrying them to the city gates, opening their cages and restoring to the captives their former liberty. Under similar circumstances, a European would most probably return thanks by inviting his friends to eat birds with him,—just as the typical Englishman thinks the best use he can make of a fine day is to go out and kill something. There can be no doubt that this attitude of mind is, in a great degree, the result of our current religious ideas and traditions and the early training that grows out of them. We are ourselves hardly conscious how deeply ingrained are our prejudices on this point.

Not long since, a German Protestant parson, when asked to preach a sermon in support of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, replied that, although heartily sympathizing with the cause, he could not accede to the request, since the Bible did not furnish him with any text appropriate to such a discourse. As a humane man, he would be willing to make a speech in favor of it outside of the pulpit; but, as a clergyman and divinely commissioned expounder of the Sacred Scriptures, he was forced to pass it over in silence. Some years ago, the *Thierschutzverein* of Munich issued an appeal to the public, stating the aims and objects of the association, and seeking to rouse the lethargic Bavarians to a more earnest appreciation of its usefulness and to greater liberality in its behalf. In addition to purely secular considerations and motives of mere morality, the appeal was also urged on religious grounds, and sustained by the following quotations from the Bible: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." Prov. xii., 10. "He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry." Ps. cxlvii., 9. "He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man, that he may bring forth

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food out of the earth." Ps. civ., 14. "Who provideth for the raven his food? when his young ones cry unto God, they wander for lack of meat." Job xxxviii., 41. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father." Matt. x., 29. There could be no better illustration of the poverty of our Holy Scriptures on this subject, and the little thought given to it by their authors, than the citation of these texts, not one of which (except, perhaps, the first) has the slightest relevancy or was meant to teach kindness to animals, and to inculcate the principles advocated in the Munich circular. Even the passage from the Proverbs is a mere statement of fact, designed to illustrate the character of the righteous man, who regardeth even the life of his beast, and is contrasted with the wicked whose bowels (as it ought to be translated) are cruel. There is no recognition of the rights of the beast, and no injunction to respect them.* In the other verses, cattle, ravens, and sparrows are mentioned simply to show the watchful care and providence of God toward man. Here and there, we meet with an isolated intimation of compensatory justice or tender feeling, as in the paragraph of the Mosaic law prohibiting the muzzling of the ox when it treadeth out the corn, and the sentimental or sanitary scruple about seething a kid in its mother's milk.

Throughout the Old and New Testaments, animals are always regarded from an anthropocentric point of view, or in some satellitic relation to man. They are pronounced clean or unclean, not on account of their own habits and propensities, but according to an arbitrary standard of ceremonial purity, intended to secure his ritual or constructive cleanliness. He classifies them, like fungi, into edible and inedible, or "the beast that may be eaten and the beast that may not be eaten." They are made the scapegoats of his

*[We need hardly say that we differ widely with Prof. Evans both as to the implications of several of the passages named and as to the general estimate of the Hebrew legislation in regard to animals. Considering the state of civilization implied by the whole legislation, the marks of tender and humane feeling for them in it are striking and remarkable.—Ed. *Unitarian Review.*]

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iniquities; and minute descriptions are given of their sacrificial qualities and uses, whereby their innocent and untainted blood is shed in expiation of human trespasses and sins. In the poetic and prophetic books and the gospel records, animals are mentioned chiefly for rhetorical, metaphorical, or illustrative purposes; and the allusion usually involves contempt and depreciation of them. The same spirit prevails in patristic literature. The Fathers of the Church seemed to think that animals were created principally as illustrations of theological dogmas or types of Christian virtues. The passage in Job, "Ask the beast and it will teach thee, and the birds of heaven and they will tell thee," and the precedent furnished by the apocalyptic monsters of St. John the Divine, were deemed sufficient to warrant any vagaries and extravagances of zoölogical exegesis. The accounts of the mysterious attributes and marvellous actions of real and fabulous creatures, recorded in the natural histories of that time, were accepted as facts, and "improved" for moral and religious edification. The keenest intellects of the Church, Origen, Chrysostom, Clement, and their compeers, were devoted to this kind of hermeneutics, of which the old Greco-Egyptian Physiologus, the prototype of all mediæval Bestiaries and *specula naturalia*, formed the basis. As an example of it, take the following: "The panther, as the Physiologus observes, has a gentle disposition, and lives in amity with all animals except its arch-enemy, the dragon. Its skin is of many colors, like Joseph's coat. Very fair to look upon is this beast, and tame and peaceful. When it has eaten but a little, it is satisfied, and goes to sleep in its cave. On the third day, it awakes, rises up, and roars with a loud voice, so that it can be heard far and near. Out of its mouth proceeds a sweet odor; and all the animals draw nigh and follow after it, on account of the sweetness of its breath. Only the dragon creeps away into a dark pit, and lies there as if dead. So our Lord Jesus Christ arose from sleep, and by his perfume drew all unto him, near and far. As the apostle has said, 'For we are unto God a

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sweet savor in Christ.' And the psalmist has said, 'The King's daughter is all glorious within: her clothing is of wrought gold.' And the adorning of Christ our Saviour is many-colored through chastity and virtue and purity, through meekness and mercy and excellence, through peace and moderation. Furthermore, he, the heavenly one, is the slayer of the serpent. Nor is there anything about beasts and birds in the Scriptures that is untrue or void of significance." A new principle of zoölogical classification was introduced, and all animals were considered as representatives either of divine or of diabolical qualities, symbols of Christ or of Satan. It was a matter of no importance, as one Father honestly confesses, whether or not the beasts actually possessed the characteristics ascribed to them: the main thing was to know and to profit by the spiritual truths which they were designed to teach and to exemplify. It is also a singular and significant fact that the Mosaic law should admit and insist upon the responsibility of animals for their conduct, only when their actions are such as to be accounted criminal. They are placed on an equality with man for purposes of punishment, just as a woman, although having no voice in the administration of political affairs, is nevertheless man enough judicially to be fined, imprisoned, and hanged, if need be. In establishing his covenant with Noah immediately after the deluge, God declared that human blood should be required not only "at the hand of man," but also "at the hand of every beast"; and this principle was subsequently embodied in the Israelitic code. Thus, it was enacted that "if an ox gore a man or a woman that they die, then the ox shall be surely stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten"; since to eat a creature, which had been adjudged sufficiently rational to be legally condemned and executed would savor of anthropophagy, and be morally equivalent to cannibalism. By the commission of homicide, the ox had become the peer of man in blood-guiltiness; and its carcass was to be treated with the respect due to the corpse of *homo sapiens*. The penalty thus inflicted was not a merely

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precautionary or preventive measure, putting a vicious and dangerous brute out of the way, in order that there might be no recurrence of the accident, but a strictly judicial and retributory sentence. According to the Kur'ân, every beast and every fowl shall rise at the last day, and be brought to judgment and punished for the injuries done to each other.

In mediæval and even comparatively modern times, the same attitude has been assumed by both civil and ecclesiastical courts, and beasts have been formally arrested, tried, convicted, and punished as moral agents fully accountable for their deeds. Thus, on the 4th of June, 1094, a pig was hanged on a gibbet near Laon in France, for the crime of devouring the babe of one Jéhan Lenfant, a cowherd. Again, on the 10th of January, 1457, a sow was convicted of murder, committed on the person of an infant named Jéhan Martin of Savigny, and sentenced to be hanged by the hind feet from the branch of a tree. Her six sucklings were also included in the indictment as accomplices, but "in default of any positive proof that they had assisted in mangling the deceased, although covered with blood, they were restored to their owner on condition that he should give bail for their appearance, should further evidence be forthcoming to prove their complicity in their mother's crime." As the owner declined to be answerable for the past misdemeanors or future good conduct of such homicidal *cochons de lait*, they were declared forfeited, not to the parents of the murdered child, but to the noble damsel, Katerine de Bernault, Lady of Savigny. On the 2d of March, 1552, the Chapter of Chartres "sentenced a pig, that had killed a girl, to be hanged from a gallows erected on the very spot polluted by the blood deed." In the year 1612, another pig was found guilty of having worried to death and partially devoured a child fifteen months old, the son of a mason residing at Molinchart, within the jurisdiction of Laon. The culprit, after due trial, received the following sentence: "Pourquoy, et en horreur et détestation dudict cas, avons ordonné que ledict porcq sera mené et

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conduit par l'exécuteur de la haute justice au lieu des fourches patibulaires dudict Molinchart, pour illec être assommé, bruslé et reduit en cendres, par nostre sentence, jugement, et par droit." It is a remarkable indication of the great change that has come over the spirit of legislation, and more especially of criminal jurisprudence, that whereas, less than two centuries ago, law-givers and courts of justice treated beasts as men responsible for their misdeeds, and punished them capitally as malefactors, the tendency nowadays is to regard men as irresponsible beasts, automatic brutes acting under an irresistible impulse to evil (*una forza irresistibile*, as the jurist Mancini calls it), and to plead this proclivity as an extenuating circumstance and even as a ground of acquittal. Animals, also, bore their full part of persecution during the witchcraft delusion, although the extent of their tribulations from this source has never been recorded by historians and statisticians. Pigs seem to have suffered most in this respect, being supposed to be peculiarly attractive to devils, and, therefore, particularly liable to diabolical possession, as is evident from the legion that went out of the tomb-haunting man and entered into the Gadarene herd of swine. Cows, too, were accused of sorcery, and cocks burned at the stake for the heinous and unnatural crime of laying eggs, from which the most active and effective ingredient of witch-ointment was obtained. Our great-grandfathers firmly and devoutly believed in the possibility and reality of such occurrences, and instances of them are reported as late as the middle of the eighteenth century. Even the Church has not disdained to put beasts under her ban, and to direct her spiritual weapons and hurl her paper thunderbolts against bugs and beetles, rats and mice, and other pestiferous vermin. In 1120, the Bishop of Laon solemnly interdicted and anathematized a swarm of caterpillars; and, in 1516, the caterpillars were again admonished by the ecclesiastical authorities of Troyes to quit the district of Villenoxe within six days, on pain of being declared "accursed and excommunicated." (Cf. *The Athenæum* for September 12, 1864.) Survivals of the belief in

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the potency of such measures are seen in royal, gubernatorial, and other official proclamations appointing days of fasting and prayer to check the devastations of grasshoppers and potato-bugs, or to stay the ravages of murrain. But it is only over noxious animals, for the purpose of cursing them, that the Church appears to claim jurisdiction or care to assert it. In behalf of the countless beasts which toil out their blameless lives in the service and at the mercy of man, she never utters a word of authority, nor lifts her crooked fingers in the form of benediction. True, she assigns a place in the calendar to St. Anthony, the patron and nominal protector of animals; and, from the 17th to the 23d of January, Romans of all classes — princes, peasants, cardinals, cabmen, and campagnuoli — used to bring their horses and asses to be blessed and sprinkled with holy water before the old church of S. Antonio Abbate in the Piazza di S. Maria Maggiore. But in most cases, where some merciful intervention was actually needed in favor of overworked and much-abused hacks and cart-horses, this *festa* proved to be a holiday for the beast far less than for its owner, who rode through the streets arrayed in his best apparel, and adorned with feathers and ribbons of brilliant hues, and spent the day in careering from one wine-shop to another, and carousing with his friends. The ceremony, which always seemed to be performed perfunctorily, as though it were deemed an indulgent concession to the *sancta simplicitas* of the good man who preached the gospel to the fishes, was accepted as a joke, and never exerted any appreciable influence in restraining violence or inspiring kindness toward the lower animals. Indeed, the tutelar saint is seldom invoked during the rest of the year, except in maledictions. "May St. Anthony smite you!" is still the *popolano's* favorite imprecation on his horse or donkey; and fearing lest the request should not be granted, or willing to show his faith by his works, he plies the lash or wields the cruel *pungolo* in the saint's stead. The mystic and visionary *pater seraphicus*, Francis of Assisi, sang his *Cantico delle Creature*, in which he thanked the Lord for

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brother sun, and sister moon, and mother earth prolific of fruits and flowers. He even greeted the wind and the fire as brothers, and the water and bodily death as sisters, but passed over in significant silence all sentient creatures and recognized no kinship with beast or bird or creeping thing. "Fromm waren die Münchener zu jeder Zeit," says one of their most quaint and genial chroniclers; and there are few cities in Europe where the priests are more zealous or exert a greater influence over the populace, or where the authority of the Church is more respected than in Munich. Yet no voice of warning or reproof has ever been heard from chancel or confessional against the cruelty to animals which disgraces the Bavarian capital. Veal is the favorite food of the inhabitants, and is consumed in enormous quantities; and it is no exaggeration to affirm that every calf carried to the slaughter-house is made to suffer *in transitu* the tortures of a man crucified with his head downward. An archiepiscopal *Hirtenbrief* would have sufficed to check this brutality toward beasts; but no such writ of mercy has ever issued from the palace in *Promenadenstrasse.* The late pope, ninth of Piuses and first of infallible pontiffs, decided *ex cathedra* that animals have no souls, and that, therefore, we are not bound to them by any of those moral duties and sacred obligations which we owe, in general, to all our fellow-men, and, in particular, to them that are of the household of faith and are united to us by the ties of religion. This opinion is fully indorsed and practically exemplified by the Italian donkey-driver, who, to every remonstrance against the wanton beating and bruising of his patient beast of burden, retorts, *Non è cristiano*, at the same time dealing a succession of vigorous thwacks with a heavy cudgel by way of adding emphasis to his dogmatic assertion. Thus, the bipedal brute continues to maul and maim the quadrupedal beast in the spirit of the Vaticanic dictum, and in accordance with a religious principle so clear and simple as to be comprehensible even to the dullest *asinaio:* the poor creature is not a Christian, and therefore has no rights which a good Catholic is bound to respect.

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The idea of blood relationship which formed the basis of primitive society, and of which the doctrine of humanity is but a wider development, has received still further extension through recent scientific researches tending to establish a genealogical connection between man and the lower animals. There can be little doubt that the general acceptance of the theory of evolution would exert upon the Western mind a wholesome influence in favor of greater consideration for all forms and embodiments of life, corresponding to the benign effect which the belief in metempsychosis has produced upon the less positive and more mystical and metaphysical mind of the East.

> "Wer sich selbst und Andre kennt
> Wird auch hier erkennen,
> Orient und Occident
> Sind nicht mehr zu trennen."

Not only is the present drift of science strongly set in this direction, but all the cultivated thinking of the day shares in the same movement. Comparative psychology is overthrowing one after another the barriers of mental faculties and moral qualities, which have been erected between man and beast. Many of these distinctions, which seem substantial enough when viewed superficially or from afar, are found on closer examination to be built up out of arbitrary and inexact definitions on a groundwork of incorrect and inadequate observations. The breadths and depths of this subject have not yet been fully measured and fathomed. The more extensive and accurate our study of animal intelligence is, the more striking does its resemblance to human intelligence appear. The attempt to discriminate between them by referring all operations of the former to instinct, and all operations of the latter to reason, has been long since abandoned. We know that automatic mental action characterizes men far more, and animals far less, than was formerly supposed.

However, it does not lie within the scope and compass of this paper to discuss the truth or falsity of the Darwinian hypothesis, but only to indicate its moral bearings as

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affecting our relations to the lower animals. That our ethical and religious instruction has been hitherto lamentably lacking in this direction is undeniable. Evidently, we must look to modern science to supplement it; and, with the introduction of more rational views of cosmogony and anthropology, and broader and more generous principles of psychology into elementary text-books, the union in short of a sounder physics with a larger metaphysics, our children's children may finally learn that there are inalienable animal as well as human rights; and that, in respect to the ties of moral obligation and the claims to kind and just treatment which they imply, not only "all nations of men," as Paul affirmed on Mars Hill, but, as the Indian sage declared, "all living creatures are of one blood." To the decalogue and the beatitudes must be added the first of Buddha's ten commandments: —

> "Kill not for Pity's sake, nor dare to slay
> The meanest creature on its upward way."

E. P. EVANS.

THE BOOK OF LIFE.

"Another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works."— REV. XX., 12.

There are few words of Scripture which have received more striking and forcible confirmation from the facts of science than these. All the sciences which relate to man assure us that the deeds done in the body are inscribed indelibly upon his nature. Each man is his own unconscious but enduring record,— his book of life. He writes upon the lineaments of his face, his movements, his gestures, the tones of his voice, upon every member of his body, every fleeting expression of lips and eyes, the story of his life. If he seeks to pass for what he is not, to conceal his genuine purpose and likeness, such concealment is revealed: it is not a face, but a mask, which we see. Man does not indeed make his own bodily frame and appearance; but the indwelling

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soul mars or moulds it after its own life, sometimes debasing noble features with low and ignoble expressions, sometimes shining through homely lineaments with a heavenly light of love, contentment, and patience. Everything is characteristic to one who studies and understands character. The human mind, as every artist well knows, is incarnated not only in the face, but the form. Leonardo da Vinci, a consummate master of the science of painting, in his treatise points out the significance of pose and outline and attitude, the forward or backward inclination of the body, the hands clinging, eager, or relaxed, as indicating character. He regards nothing as too slight to be carefully studied,—the wrinkles of anxious age, the dimples of rounded youth, the haunting shadows of the eyes, the proud and dilating nostrils, the swelling muscles of the throat or arm, all express a certain type of character. Goethe, the great German thinker, who saw so clearly into other sciences and arts than his own, has said that the traces of our earthly days cannot perish throughout the ages. We imagine ourselves unknown, when every hour, every instant, we are writing our most secret moods, our most hidden desires in the vivid and enduring colors of life, so that all around us may look and read. The most reticent indeed often reveal more than the talkers; for they cause their companions, in default of words, to watch more closely the play of feature and unconscious revelation of gesture.

But if our bodies, made for us, and influenced by a thousand physical and outside forces, are so moulded and formed by character,— which is the great sum of actions, thoughts, and desires,—what of our souls? They are indeed being made by us every day and hour. There is no hope so transient, no act so small, no thought so fleeting as not to leave its impress there. Our affections chiefly, especially that vital love, whether it be of virtue or self, of our country or of wealth and ambition, of God or of the world which sweeps our whole life on as by a secret but resistless tide,—our affections make us what we are; and, whatever be the changes death shall make,— and we know death is a process

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of separation and purification, and shall render our weak faculties and powers more spiritual and intense,—it can in no wise unmake us. What we loved when we died, we shall love when we arise again into eternal life. We shall awaken with the same traits, tendencies, characteristics; for individual identity, as it belongs to our immortality, survives the sleep of death, even as it survives the sleep of the night. Our Lord's parable of the talents clearly teaches that in the future life there are degrees of happiness or goodness, and in heaven these are identical, so that those who are faithful over many things shall be enabled to enter more fully into "the joy of our Lord." George MacDonald gives us a very bold and striking view of the continuation in the world to come of personal identity of character in the words of a dying father to his son:—

"Death canna weel be muckle like onything we think about it, but there maun be mony peoples, dreary and fashionless, in the warld to which we gang; and the mair I think, the mair likely it seems we will ha' a heap to do wi' them,—a sair wark trying to let them ken whaur they cam' frae, and how they maun go to reach hame,—for death can na mair be your hame than a sair fa' upon the road your bed. There may be mony a ane we ca'ed auld here, that will ha' to be ta'en like a bairn on the knees, and brought up to knowledge. I see na ither way. The Lord may ken a better, but I think He has shown me this. For them that are His maun ha' wark like His, and what for no the personal ministrations of redemption to them that are deid, that they may come to life by knowing Him?" These simple and homely phrases, which I quote from memory, teach strongly that doctrine of identity of character so solemnly uttered among the last words of Revelation, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still."

In our book of life are written the characteristics of the age in which we lived, our associations, our influences, and especially our own individual action and choice. Memory,

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as all mental philosophies unite in telling us, loses nothing,— not one scent from the sweetbrier, though it has scattered a thousand odors from its rosy cups of fragrance, not one sound of distant bells, or one breath of the morning wind. All these things of sense and time have an eternity in us. No picture of our childhood's days is effaced. The old garden where the white lilies stood like tall altar candles before the sun, the swift birds that thrilled us with a sense of mystery and delight by their flight,— we knew not whence or whither across the skies,— and their nests deep hidden in leafy hedgerows, the quiet stream where we fished or launched miniature boats,— all these start out from the dark at a touch, as if written in sympathetic ink and drawn into life by the warmth of association and love. Every day may be revived from the sleeping past with all its accompaniments of human passion or pain, all its inanimate bordering of light and odor and bloom, or of darkness and death, as the drowning man knows, who sees all the records of long vanished years pass before him in the few moments of his going down into the dark waters. "There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed, neither hid that shall not be known. Therefore, whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light; and that which ye have spoken in the ear in the inner chambers shall be proclaimed upon the house-tops."

A striking instance of such continuity on a physical plane is given by Mr. Babbage in a passage of the ninth Bridgewater Treatise, which treats of the perpetuity of sound. We usually conceive of a sound as fleeting and unstable in nature, dying away without leaving a trace of its existence; and it strikes us with solemn wonder, when we recall that the pulsations of the air, once set in motion by the human voice, cease not to exist with the sounds to which they give rise,— that these aerial waves surround the earth, and vibrate on and on forever. Whether worthless and base, or noble and pure, all thought uttered in language — even every "idle word"— has given an undying impulse to the air which received it, so that the atmos-

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phere we breathe may be called "the ever-living witness" of our life. Nor is what is said of language less true of thought, of which it is the offspring. A great thought never dies: it may lie dormant in a cold and unreceptive soil for centuries; but, let the sunshine and the rain come, and straightway it springs up and grows, and a great harvest fills the land. Often, we ourselves receive impressions, we hear a gentle word spoken, we read a phrase in a book opened as if by chance, and we forget these things, and deem them effaced, until the time of need comes. Then, the neglected thought awakes and grows, and our whole life thereafter bears its impress for good or ill. There is nothing, if we could see clearly, trivial or unimportant in our life; and we know not what or how many germinant forces lie sleeping and apparently quiescent in the most meagre existence. "We know not what we shall be," though we may know the image, divine or otherwise, toward which we are growing.

In the permanence of action, the uneffaceable character of life, lies the dread secret of retribution to the wicked. We cannot forget our evil deeds, we cannot escape their consequence and penalty: they are written upon and within us,—nay, by the inevitable law of life, they become a part of us. The murderer kills, the adulterer defiles, the thief defrauds, not his victim alone, but his own soul. He who deceives his neighbor makes himself so much the more incapable of perceiving the truth; for, as a profound German thinker has said, "every lie is twin-born,"—it blinds him who utters it as well as him who believes it. Each soul has its own *spectrum*, as fully recognizable by the laws of spiritual analysis as "the measured bars, cast on the chord of the seven colors" by a drop of blood, are to human sight. And these are so plain that "no drop of that red rain can now be shed so small that the stain of it cannot be known, and the voice of it heard out of the ground." There is nothing that is without this sign, this *rainbow of testimony*, to mark its own peculiar individuality and being in the world of material substances and elements. The spectrum of iron is

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different from that of gold, and that of the violet is unlike that of the rose: so, among unnumbered multitudes, no human soul is wholly like another. There is an individual and unchanged likeness which always looks out of the eyes and smiles upon the lips of our friend, whatever may be the change of mood or age or circumstance, and gives to our yearning hearts a surer hope that, as no sound dies without its vibration, which is never stilled, and no element is without its immutable sign of identity, so no beloved face is lost to us, or is changed beyond the recognition of tender souls in the world to come. That law which to the evil is horror and fear is to the heart of love a hope and desire; to the pursuing foe a cloud of darkness, but to the faithful a guiding light.

In the highest sense of which we can conceive, the loving heart of God, our Father, is our true Book of Life. From the beginning of our earthly days to their end, his wisdom and love watch over us to shield us from evil and lead us into good. Our regeneration is a spiritual creation,—a new birth; and exquisitely appropriate to the unseen process of growth in the renewed spirit are the solemn words of awe and love which the Psalmist utters over the thoughts of God toward him: "I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well." How many of us feel in the depths of temptations and anguish, when the dim sense of invisible but present love alone supports us, that recognition which breathes through this psalm of being made in secret and in the lowest parts of the earth, yet ever within his sight and protection: "Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect; and *in thy book all my members were written*, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them"!

ELLA F. MOSBY.

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EDITORS' NOTE-BOOK.

THE UNITARIANS OF HUNGARY.

The mission of Prof. John Kovács to this country, and his presence and voice at our conferences and in many of our churches, has awakened among us a new interest in the churches of the Unitarian name and faith in Transylvania, and greatly strengthened our sense of fellowship with this most distant and most ancient branch of the Unitarian confession. It is interesting to know that there are in Eastern Europe more than a hundred churches, the remnant after repeated persecutions and proscriptions of a much larger number, at one time four hundred, that date their origin and reckon their golden age to have been in the century of the Protestant Reformation, and which have kept through three hundred years the simple faith in God's Fatherhood and sole supremacy, uncompelled by Papal or Lutheran or Calvinistic prevalence and persecution to abjure or hide their convictions, and ready in the decay of dogmatic and ecclesiastical Christianity in Europe to offer in organized with a rational and progressive faith, in full sympathy through all past traditions and tendencies with the freer spirit and the advancing knowledge of the age.

The history of the Unitarian churches in Hungary, as Prof. Kovács has helped us to know it through his addresses in many assemblies of our people East and West, has many heroic and romantic passages, as well as some of pathetic and even tragic interest; but it is of peculiar interest to us to observe that, though so distant and for a long period so disconnected with the Unitarian churches in England and America, these far off brethren are akin to us, not in belief alone, but in their characteristic quality and spirit. We find reproduced in them the same temper and tendencies that have given value and efficiency to our own Unitarian movement, the same emphasis on morals and practical righteousness as more important than dogmatic completeness, the same preference for rational exposition, the same sympathy with scientific, social, and political progress.

Especially, we are glad to find that the Unitarians in Transylvania share the zeal for education which is also a characteristic of English and American Unitarianism, and that they have adopted intelligent methods of instruction for their whole people, for which

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they have made large sacrifices, and have proudly maintained at heavy cost. Indeed, the Hungarians of the Middle Ages established universities which were the prey successively of the Tartar and the Turk; and the twelve Unitarian colleges of the sixteenth century, suppressed in times of persecution and now reduced to four, bear ample evidence of the high place that education holds in the interest and sacrifices of the Unitarian churches of Hungary.

It is in connection with the needs of the central college at Kolozsvár, that Prof. Kovács has sought to arouse the sympathy and co-operation of American Unitarians; and we are glad to know that there is good hope that the needed endowment for the Channing professorship is likely to be provided for in the near future. It will form an additional bond of fraternal interest and affection to add this new service to that so gratefully appreciated and acknowledged lately, the permanent foundation of the Anna Richmond professorship, and to that earlier benefaction which met such enthusiastic and wide-spread response in Hungary, and which has accomplished such far-reaching results,— the translation (or means for the translation) of the works of Dr. Channing into the Magyar tongue.

The many excellent addresses of Prof. Kovács, and his genial, social qualities enjoyed in many of our households, have helped to enlarge our knowledge of our Hungarian brethren, and to cement and endear the fraternal ties which will henceforth be stronger and more conscious in our hearts than ever before; and we trust that, in his return to his home and his work, the sense of fellowship with their American fellow-religionists may be quickened among the Transylvanian Unitarians, as his coming has quickened it among us; and that at more frequent intervals henceforth we may be permitted to welcome one and another of them among us.

We are glad to publish an account of the late eminent and gifted Bishop Kriza, the father-in-law of our visitor, and some notice of a recent festival held at his birthplace in his honor. It is written by a Hungarian now residing in this country.

JOHN KRIZA THE POET OF THE MAGYARS, AND BISHOP OF THE TRANSYLVANIAN UNITARIANS.

Who knows not the names of Arvid A. Afzelius, Johann Gottfried von Herder, and Thomas Percy? All were genuine sons

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of song, whose merits as poets are acknowledged and appreciated by the countrymen of each. And yet, although they sang tuneful melodies, it is not as poets that they are held in the highest esteem by the singing and reading people among the Swedes, the Germans, and the English. It is as collectors of the people's songs — this most characteristic branch of a nation's poetical literature — for which they are famous and truly great. Each of them was a bishop of the Church to which he belonged, a truly remarkable coincidence. Still more remarkable is the coincidence, when we add the history of the great man whose name is placed at the head of this article. John Kriza, the bishop of the Transylvanian Unitarians, the immortal poet of the Hungarians, secured also by his unequalled collection of folk-songs the everlasting remembrance of a grateful people.

Who was John Kriza? He was born on the 28th of June, A.D. 1811. His birthplace is Nagy-Ajta, one of the loveliest spots in Transylvania. His parents were unpretentious, plain people; his father, a priest of the Unitarian Church. His early years of study and struggle we pass over, for we can easily obtain a picture of them by looking at his achievements in mature years. And a picture of these achievements can best be secured by reading an account of a festival held on the 30th of last July, at the village of Nagy-Ajta, his birthplace, on which occasion a memorial tablet was dedicated to his unperishing fame. The originators of the idea to erect this memorial tablet over the house where Kriza was born were the Unitarian youth. But the scientific and literary bodies of the nation, and the nation itself, permitted them not to remain alone in their praiseworthy undertaking; and, extending a helping hand, a most brilliant festival was held in place of the unpretentious one projected. The memorial tablet is a black marble, plate, and it bears the following inscription as translated: —

John Kriza, Unitarian Bishop, Royal Councillor, Corresponding Member of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, Fellow of the Kisfaludy Society; Poet and the immortal Collector of the Szekler popular Songs; author of the *Vadrózsák*. Born June 28, 1811; died March 26, 1875.

Here saw he first the light of day, and here
  Sprang forth the spark of mind which Kriza's name
Makes brightly shine. His voice, tuneful and clear,
  Sang here sweet songs; and blessed remains his fame,
Long as the people hold their own songs dear.

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The festival began with divine service, at which Joseph Ferencz, the present Unitarian bishop, and Rev. Denes Péterffy, the eminent divine from Kolozsvár, delivered eloquent sermons. Then followed a soul-inspiring song by the members of the numerous singing societies present, after which Prof. John Kovács, the son-in-law of Kriza, delivered the first of the festive orations. American Unitarians who had the good fortune to hear Prof. Kovács at the late National Conference held at Saratoga will know how eloquent he can be, what wealth of thoughts, what treasure of beautiful language he has at his command, how interesting his discourses are. Considering now that on that occasion he spoke in his mother tongue, in the tuneful language in which Petöfi, Arany, and Kriza sang their unequalled lyrics; that he spoke to an audience composed chiefly of his own students; and finally that the man he spoke of was the grandfather of his own loving and beloved children,— we can readily believe the statements of the Magyar newspapers, that his oration was supremely eloquent. "If it is true," thus spoke Prof. Kovács, "that the most useful members of society, ay, the true benefactors of mankind, are those who lend the sum of their intellectual abilities to the cause of elevating mankind by advancing their intellectual and moral welfare, by working for the public weal and advancing the cause of culture, then we are surely justified in celebrating the memory of Kriza, in holding in high honor his name and fame; for he devoted all his life to these causes. All the hopes of his youth, all his aspirations and creations as a poet, all the labors of his manhood, and all the devotion and care of his old age, belonged to that foremost thought of his to see the Magyars becoming a nation truly great, and therefore intelligent, strong, powerful. Nigh on forty years did he labor as a priest, a teacher, and a bishop. And the same length of time was he with eloquent speech, with pen and deeds the zealous apostle of true Christian brotherly love, the conscientious servant of free humanity. The Hungarian Academy of Sciences and the Kisfaludy Society honored his memory in their midst by having eulogies delivered over him, and an American co-religionist spoke thus of him: 'Philosophy and love, energy and tenderness, science and deep religious feeling, independent thought, devotion and piety, made up his character.'"

To the better characterization of Kriza, and to show the esteem in which he was held by his nation, I will give extracts

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from letters read at the festival, at the conclusion of Prof. Kovács' speech. The Hungarian Academy of Sciences wrote thus: —

Kriza was one of the most eminent members of the Academy. He was elected upon the recommendations of Toldi and Vörösmarty, when in the year 1846 his appearance as a poet created such genuine sensation. When, later on, he published his *Vadrózsák* (Wild Roses) and then his Szekler Dictionary and his essay on Szekler Idioms, the Academy embraced gladly the opportunity to honor him by awarding to him the Samuel prize.

The Kisfaludy Society speaks of him as follows: —

Our Society keeps in pious remembrance the memory of its eminent member, who as a poet touched a new string in Hungarian poetry,— the string of the joys and the sorrows of the Szekler people.

The Transylvanian Museum Society, of which Count Koloman Esterházy is president, sent also a most flattering letter to the committee in charge of the festival.

Then followed a highly interesting oration by Alexius Jakab, member of the Academy, who spoke of Kriza as a poet, teacher, priest, and the truly great and noble man, whose memory will be kept green by the Magyar Unitarians, and the Magyars generally, as long as the human heart shall throb for all that is noble, pure, and beautiful.

On this occasion, also, the professors of the Kolozsvár and Székely-Keresztur colleges established a "Kriza-Scholarship" in memory of the poet-bishop. They intend to increase this fund, and the income of it will be distributed among the ablest students in these two colleges.

In closing this unpretentious review of this festival in my native country, I recall the beautiful lines of an eminent poet, lines which on one occasion Kriza quoted, and translated into the Magyar: —

The tide of time flows darkling,
The tide of time flows sparkling;
And grief and joy will blended be
Till time becomes eternity.

WILLIAM N. LOEW.

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NOTES FROM ENGLAND.

REMINISCENCES.

These notes ought to have been recommenced at least a month ago, and with a few words of reminiscence and gratitude. Your correspondent, gratifying a long cherished desire to see something of the United States and "our comrades" there, spent six weeks last summer in a hurried run through that part of the country which includes New York, Boston, Champlain, Buffalo, Chicago, and Washington. His only regret was that distances were so long and time so short. Pleasant memories of friends and scenes at Boston, Roxbury, Somerville, Cambridge, Concord, Trenton, Buffalo, Worcester, Chicago, Germantown, New York, Saratoga, and other places, will long remain with him; and some faces and voices will never be forgotten. Strange that, on such a little world, millions of us who ought to know and help one another are almost as hopelessly separated as though, not an ocean, but eternity lay between us!

As for these two peoples, how really one they are! and manifestly becoming more and more one in all abiding things. The heavy, insular, obstinate old Englishman is giving place to an Englishman that will be just as eager, as lithe, as curious, as receptive as any American; and the American, as all the world knows, is only too ready to adopt things English, and to be as little unlike us as possible. This is very charming. We are brothers, and we know it, and we shall know it more and more. Republican America will find its best friends and admirers in aristocratic and royalist England; and old England, led by men ever tending to be more democratic (in our sense of the word), will command the sympathetic good will and veneration of young America. This sounds like a prophecy, but it is in reality a reminiscence; for it is the result of what your correspondent saw and heard and was made to feel in America.

OUR NEW ARCHBISHOP.

You who know nothing of the blessings and the reverse of a State Church can hardly form an idea of the flutter of excitement we are all in, whenever a new ecclesiastical head of the "National" Church has to be appointed. In consequence of the death of Dr. Tait, we have just gone through that experience. I

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say "we," though in reality those of us who are at once non-conformists and rationalists rather look on at the show than take any part in it. "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung." We have joined no party, we belong to no school, we have no favorite. So, when it was announced that Dr. Benson, Bishop of Truro, was to be elevated to the highest office, the Archbishop of Canterbury, we took it calmly, and began to think about it philosophically as only having a sort of distant reversionary interest in the concern.

Still, the event is historically interesting, especially as we seem to be rapidly making history in relation to our State Church; and it is no longer immaterial who takes the helm. Hitherto, the head ecclesiastics have been appointed, for the most part, rather as safe than as strong men,— as men who could be relied upon to cry, "Peace, peace," and pour oil on the troubled waters.

Dr. Tait, the late archbishop, was pre-eminently such a man. He was no theologian, he was not a violent churchman, he was not a violent anything. He was gracious, scholarly, affectionate, rather inclined to be broad; and he certainly believed in the daily prayer of the Church, "Give peace, in our time, O Lord!" But his prayer was not answered. It has been war, war all along, though war often suppressed and occasionally adjusted. The State Church is between more than the proverbial two fires. It seems to be pretty equally in the hands of the three great parties called High Church, Low Church, and Broad Church,— the Attitudinarians, Platitudinarians, and Latitudinarians, as irreverent wits have said. These do not love one another. Acts of Parliament keep them on the one hand, from turning one another into the streets, and enable them, on the other hand, to haul one another into the church courts. Then, outside, the Liberation Society ceaselessly bombards both the State Church itself and the three great parties in it. And, beyond these, again hover the agnostics and Sadducees, or the men who, like Gallio, "care for none of these things," but who will be heard of one day when the question of Disestablishment comes up for judgment. "Wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together." The new archbishop has the reputation of being a keen administrator, a lover of work, a decided churchman, and an energetic organizer of forces. It is beginning to be whispered, moreover, that there will not be much love to lose between him and the "political dissenters," inasmuch as his lordship

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fired, not very long ago, a red-hot shot into their camp, and even went so far as to say that their "would-be liberators" rolled out "miles of printed falsehood," and used arguments or cited facts that were "crafty forgeries." The "masses" look on unconcernedly, or hardly care enough to look at all; and, for a long time, the combat will go on between the "Church militant" on the one hand and the "Liberalists" on the other. The side that wins the "masses" will win the fight. A few over-zealous bishops or pugnacious priests do more for the assailants of the State Church than all the "political dissenters" put together. They irritate "the general public," and get the hearty and wholesome contempt of workingmen, who otherwise would be well content to ignore them. This makes it historically interesting to take note of the new archbishop, and to observe what manner of spirit he is of.

TWO NOTABLE SERMONS ON "HELL."

Simultaneously, two sermons have been issued in popular form on the crucial question of "Hell,"—the one by Charles Voysey, the other by Stopford A. Brooke. The first is a reprint of a sermon delivered by Mr. Voysey just twenty years ago, when he was a young curate in the Established Church. It is a most excellent landmark, and is published as such; affording, as it does, an admirable example of the humane and religious teaching which for about a quarter of a century has been struggling for a place in the Church. The sermon is introduced by a statement of considerable interest, giving, as it does, a vivid glimpse of what may be called the inner life of the Establishment. It was preached in St. Mark's Church, Whitechapel, London, during Advent in 1862, in the presence of Mr. Voysey's incumbent, who, after the service, came to him, "much excited," and told him that, though he agreed with him, he would not himself have preached the sermon. A few days after, he gave Mr. Voysey three months' notice to quit, one of the "wealthy parishioners" having declared in the mean time that, if the incumbent did not get rid of Mr. Voysey, he would withdraw his support from the church and from the parochial institutions; and he had to go. This is interesting. We have been told, time out of mind, that the State Church is the great safeguard against the tyranny of individuals, and that it is the unhappy dissenting minister who is at the mercy of his "supporters." It appears, however, from Mr. Voysey's experience, that the State-appointed

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clergy are just as liable to be controlled and coerced by the "wealthy parishioner."

The offensive sermon was an ardent and devout appeal to the merciful and just God against the pitiless thoughts of man. The spirit of it will perhaps be best illustrated by the following story told by the preacher: —

A gentleman formed a strong friendship with me, which led him to tell me his history. It was a very sad one. He had been religiously brought up in the Calvinistic school, and had been a pious believer in all their doctrines; and, above all, he realized more than many can do a belief in eternal torments. But this was not enough to restrain him. Unhappily, he left the path of virtue and lived a most abandoned, profligate life for some years, for which he told me, weeping, that he had no earthly excuse. Some two or three years before I knew him, he became sincerely reformed, and had never relapsed into his old sins. We talked much together about God and his work in the world, and I set before him my views on the nature of divine punishments; namely, that they were always, both here and hereafter, the punishments of a holy and righteous Father, sent entirely to do us good, and correct our faults,— that they therefore could not be hopeless, because God's purpose could not be thwarted. His work never fails, never can fail, so that eternal torments are impossible,— not only inconsistent with his love, but dishonoring to his wisdom and power. This view to which he had been gradually coming he heartily embraced, and then said to me what I shall never forget, and what I now repeat, "Would to God I had known this earlier in my life, as I think and feel that I should never have gone so far astray, had I known what his love and purposes were! Go you and preach that in the very streets of London, and you will see that it will do more to win men back into virtue and morality, and to keep the young and thoughtless from vice, than all the generations of teaching which has been intended to frighten men from sin by the threats of eternal fire."

It is worth recording that, for a sermon in the spirit of this incident, Mr. Voysey was dismissed from his work. It is hardly to be wondered at that the "iron entered into his soul," and that, seeing the strength of the "orthodox" position in the Church, he came at last to the fatal conclusion that Christianity and Calvinism are identical, and that both had to be forsworn.

The other sermon was preached in London, by Mr. Brooke, last November. It is a keen but profoundly thoughtful attack upon the old doctrine, and a luminous presentation of the better thought that will surely prevail in time. Mr. Brooke

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says bluntly of the doctrine of eternal punishment, that we ought not only to "deny its truth," but to "fight against its lies" as something that is doing serious harm, by leading multitudes of less educated persons to regard God as "an unreasoning and capricious tyrant"; while, for educated men, "it throws an air of fiction over the whole of Christian teaching." He says: —

> They know, being accustomed to reasoning, that the idea of everlasting punishment is inconceivable. But they are told that it is bound up with the whole of Christian doctrine; that, if they do not believe it, they cannot believe the rest. They do not like to leave openly their Church or sect, and to profess themselves unbelievers: they are thus driven to a more conventional assent, till, by degrees, Christianity (infected in their minds by this false doctrine) drops altogether out of their heart as a life-impelling power. They see what they believe to be a fiction walking about unchallenged and unreproved among doctrines which, unaccompanied by this traitor, they could receive as honest and true, but which, bound up with it, they must reject. And, sooner or later, they do reject the whole. The one black sheep has infected all the flock, and all the flock are slain.

Is not this excellent teaching? And is it not good to know that it finds prominence in what is now one of the "high places" of the great city? Mr. Brooke's argument, from the point of view of the sovereignty of God, is particularly powerful: —

> We are told that God has conquered the evil of the lost, because he has bound them for ever and ever in hell. That is not conquest, but rather the notion which a savage chieftain has of conquest, which only subdues the outward powers, and yet leaves within the heart of millions, still burning unsubdued, the unconquerable will to do wrong, the study of revenge, immortal hate, and courage never to submit or yield, and, what is else, not to be overcome. But when we think of the eternity of goodness and its conquest, and this we have now been driven to, the soul exults, even the blood stirs with joy: all nature seems to sing along with us. Life puts on its noble aspect. In our loneliness, high thoughts and hopes are our companions. Among the crowd of men, the light and life and joy of God move along with us. All work is dignified and great. Things seem worth the doing, thoughts worth thinking, endeavors worth perseverance, temptations worth resisting, trials worth the toil of conquering them, life, even the commonest, worth living nobly to the end. The curse of time departs.

Such thoughts as these, from such a pulpit, will not be sent forth in vain; and it is delightful to know that they only interpret the

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thoughts of many hearts, and voice adequately and boldly the less pronounced but kindred teachings of thousands.

GOING OUT TO MEET THE PEOPLE.

The Unitarians of London have thoroughly roused themselves to try a most interesting experiment. A large and handsome Town Hall in a densely populated part of London has been taken for Sunday evening meetings of a character similar to those held in Leicester on Sunday afternoons. The district for a mile round is being visited by friends of the movement, who leave at the houses of the people a neat four-page paper containing all information and an invitation on the first page, and on the other three the hymns that will be used on the first Sunday. As I am to take charge of the meeting on that day, I may possibly send you some notice of it as an eye-witness. One interesting part of the experiment turns upon the fact that the promoters and the preacher will be strangers in the district; and, as the paper of invitation contains the ominous word "Unitarian," it will be exceedingly interesting and instructive to see what effect is produced upon the "masses" who coolly ignore chapels, churches, and preachers. I have a strong impression that our natural allies, comrades, and disciples lie precisely where we have never looked for them,—among good-natured, well-doing, sensible working men and women who have somehow drifted beyond the influence of all the Churches. These are by no means irreligious, still less bad, people: they are simple-hearted, unsophisticated, shrewd, and, if they could only be got at and interested, would take naturally to our humane, kindly, reasonable faith. We shall see if it can be done.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

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THINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

MEMORIES.

ır friend, Rev. A. A. Livermore, sends us a tribute to a ʳed and revered woman, whose history dates back to the days of our Church, and who has continued to adorn it by aith and good works.

e give it here: —

ANNE RYLAND.

fine instance of woman's work in the long ago, that is not altogether unworthy to be placed beside that of Miss Catharine Fisk of Keene, and Miss Willard of Troy, and Miss Lyon of Holyoke, is that of Mrs. Anne Ryland of Cincinnati, who died in that city, Nov. 20, 1882, aged eighty-four. She was a member of the Unitarian Church, and adorned her profession by a righteous and benevolent life. Soon after her marriage in England to Mr. James Ryland, a relative of the Priestley family, they emigrated to the then young city of the West, in 1826. Mrs. Ryland opened a young ladies' school, which she continued for twenty-two years under circumstances of no little hardship and trial, and calling for more than common fortitude, perseverance, and moral principle. During this long period, she educated many of the daughters of Cincinnati and other Western towns, who have contributed not a little to mould the manners and morals of those rising communities. She came to bear the fruits of an old and refined civilization to lay at the feet of the new. The qualities of thorough study, strict fidelity, veracity, love of mental improvement, superiority to frivolity and vulgarity, serious devotion to the practical duties of home, and a solid mastery of the English language and literature, were merits in her instruction that far exceeded any mere showy accomplishments. Cincinnati had only sixteen thousand inhabitants. It was but an inland village when she established her school. But the thread of her influence has been extended through the intermediate years, till its population is now between three and four hundred thousand. For, after her decease, her pupils, many of them now grandmothers and great-grandmothers, assembled in the Unitarian church, and passed resolutions in honor of her memory, and also made arrangements to have her likeness painted and placed in some

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public building as the property of the city, to commemorate one of its most useful benefactors. She was through her life one of the most earnest and faithful of the Unitarian band, and illustrated the faith of Priestley with a pure and consistent life. Living to see her descendants of the third and fourth generation, she inherited the blessing of the Hebrew promise, and departed to the reward of the just. The name of Anne Ryland ought not to be left out of the list of the Unitarian worthies.

RENAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

These sketches were begun in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1876, and now we have a fresh series of them.

It is not everybody who can give his autobiography to the world while living without being charged with presumption, but it depends upon who the person is. It is not necessary that he should be profound, able, consistent, or even successful as an actor or thinker. But he must be somebody that the world is interested in, even though it may not approve of him; somebody who has never thought about being considered egotistic; somebody whose mind is fresh, whose imagination is active, who commands attention by his very audacity, and in a perfectly innocent and genial way makes his confidences to the reader.

Such is M. Renan. We are indebted to our friends of the English *Inquirer* for some knowledge of these sketches, which are not yet in book form. And by the way, in passing, we would like to remind our friends that the price of this admirable paper has been reduced, and would commend it to their notice. In almost every number, we not only find reviews of valuable theological works, but also fresh impressions of books in the department of general literature, as in the case of M. Renan's Autobiography.

We now return to this. M. Renan gives a lovely picture of his studies in a Roman Catholic college, and descants in a most affectionate way upon his professors, although he was all the time slipping away from their doctrines. They were often learned Orientalists, and might well command his regard. Some were saints to him, "goodness, light-heartedness, and justice itself, but no theologians." The pupil's troubles early began between science and the good Fathers' Biblical expositions. He was fascinated with Hebrew, but here his difficulties increased. He was allowed to attend lectures twice a week at the Collége de

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France. He got hold of German, and a whole sea of speculations sprung up. He wished he was "a Protestant, that he might be a philosopher without ceasing to be a Christian." Pity he ever abandoned that idea: we are not sure, however, that he ever has really rejected the Christian name. We must find out as well as we can about him, and acknowledge that he charms us at any rate, if we cannot always lean on him. He leaves St. Sulpice at length: he was too far estranged from its teachers. And yet he suffers: he had every worldly reason, he says, for staying in the Church, and his mother's heart was torn by his doubts.

He calls this period Naphtali, or the period of wrestling. The good ecclesiastics treated him gently at his departure. They still hoped he would return to the true Church. He went into Brittany to spend the holidays with his mother. Here, he had time to think. "Christianity," he says, "appeared" to him "greater than ever," but he no longer believed in the miraculous. For some time, he "was a Protestant"; he read Herder; he felt the power and beauty of religion; he had high appreciation of the gospel ideal of the life and character of the Founder of Christianity. The belief in the mighty personality of Jesus was his "strength and stay against Orthodoxy." Hence, his *Vie de Jésus*. "Jesus has in a very real sense," he says, "always been my Master."

We observe he says "has been always," not "was for a time," my Master; and we feel cheered with this statement, although this man's intangible beliefs will perhaps the next minute slip out of our grasp. "Who will found among us," he asks, "a rational and critical form of Christianity? May I myself cooperate in this great work! I recite the Psalms by heart; and I could pass hours in the church, if I yielded to my inclination. A gentle and simple form of piety stirs my heart to its centre." Why do not our liberal French brethren, we may ask, get hold of this man? He may not want to be got hold of. He is a will-o'-the-wisp perhaps. His mind now runs perhaps too much on Oriental studies, archæology, etc., to blend with practical religious work; and, yet, he seems at times to cry out for rational Christianity. To go back. He enters at length a school as tutor with a salary, where he remains three years. Then, he sets up for himself with a friend of a philosophical turn of mind; and they discussed all questions, and were in a general

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state, he says, of fermentation of thought. He closes this chapter with some rather striking thoughts in regard to engrossing friendship: —

> One of the ideas that I have most frequently had to combat is that friendship, as ordinarily understood, is an injustice, an error which only permits you to appreciate the virtues of one individual, and closes your eyes to the good qualities of other persons, perhaps more worthy of your sympathy. I say to myself sometimes, following out the ideas of my old masters, that friendship is an act of larceny toward society in general, and that in a superior world it can have no existence.

We shall hope in a future number to continue our notice of this interesting Autobiography.

WOMEN ABROAD.

This year, for the first time, Scotch women will exercise the municipal franchise, says the *Woman Suffrage Journal*, and meetings have been held in various places to arouse women to a sense of their duties and privileges. It appears that ladies connected with the temperance movement abroad have been very active in this work. Our temperance women, with their great organization, have been rather slow and timid on the suffrage question. They have naturally enough been careful about mixing themselves up with party strife, knowing that the meshes of politics have ensnared many a weak man who would otherwise have been on the temperance side, and held back the cause for years; but they now are beginning to see that woman can do most for temperance when she has a vote, and so the wedge is being entered on all sides. Some women want to vote to close the dram-shops, some to put the right persons on the School Board, some want a higher education and university doors open to them, and by and by complete enfranchisement will come,— complete liberty for women, in short, to do what they choose, without men feeling obliged to tell them what is their vocation or becoming and proper for their sex. Our readers are doubtless aware of the great change in the future of English women the past season, in the "Married Woman's Property Act of 1882." We have some interesting facts in regard to the early beginnings of this movement. Every reform has had its dawning in the hearts of a few brave people, who have patiently hammered away at the evil. It seems that Mary Howitt, Mrs. Jameson, Miss Leigh Smith, sister of the brave arctic explorer,

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formed a committee, got three thousand signatures, and presented them to the House of Lords in 1856, through Lord Brougham. Sir Erskine Perry presented a similar petition to the House of Commons. At the Social Science Congress, the past autumn, Mr. Hastings, M.P., declared that it was an error to suppose that English law had always handed over a woman's property to her husband in absolute possession. The only property then worth considering was land. In Norman days, a woman did not lose her landed property on marriage. If her husband survived her with issue, he had a tenancy for life: he could lease, but could not alienate without her consent, and on his death her property went to his heirs. The injustice arose with the growth of personal property. The old law of personal property enabled a rich woman to get out of the difficulty, through expensive law-suits; but it bore hard on poor women. When the question was first brought up by the Law Amendment Society, a well-known manufacturer sent a list of the names of honest, respectable, hard-working girls who had been ruined pecuniarily by marriage. In every case, the husband had taken possession of the wife's earnings and spent them in profligacy, and come upon her with their children for support. Miss Helen Blackburn read an able paper before this Congress, showing also how much more real freedom women had in feudal days, and how they held posts of public responsibility. A successful movement is being made in some towns of England to put women on committees as guardians in connection with Poor Laws.

Since writing the above, a great woman's meeting has been held in Scotland, in a hall containing four or five thousand persons. The sister of John Bright, Mrs. McLaren, presided with much gentleness and dignity. In answer to a sneer from some Scotch gentleman that these Woman's Rights ladies were discontented old maids, "social failures," it was remarked that, out of the fourteen women active in the movement, eight were married women. Mrs. Cady Stanton, from America, was present, and among other things said: "It has sometimes been said that this movement of ours is antagonistic to man. My friends, how can that be? The women on all our platforms have sons as well as daughters; and think you a mother could do aught to take from the dignity, the honor, the glory, and the praise of her sons?"

The death of Miss Rhoda Garrett is a very severe loss to the cause of woman's enfranchisement.

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LOW CHURCH VIEWS.

The Low Church, so called, is beginning to feel that it has no power to get hold of the masses. The Bishop of Peterborough, although, as *The Baptist* says, he has been tilting at the "Salvation Army" for its "slang and sensationalism," declares that his Church "must call in the help of lay agencies, to reach the estranged masses."

These fanatical people of the "Salvation Army" suffer on both sides. It needs a force of two hundred policemen to protect them sometimes in the Grecian Theatre against the roughs of London. At the Church Congress, the Bishop of Liverpool seems to have taken a calm and sensible view of the subject:—

The Bishop of Liverpool treated the question with his usual far-sighted shrewdness, and with characteristic boldness; also uttered what must have been rather startling sentiments to such as are at ease or asleep in the Zion of the Establishment. The bishop declared that the present state of things was not only unsatisfactory, but actually endangered the very existence of the Church; because without the industrial orders they were in a minority, and to be in a minority was to be in a position in which the Church "would not be long allowed to retain her endowments and her connection with the State in this age." The remedy suggested was more of that lively and sympathetic preaching which will ever have attractiveness for the people.

GERMANY.

The London *Inquirer* through a correspondent gives us a forlorn picture of the State Protestant Church in Germany. Their audiences are represented as thin, and in the university towns few students go to church. People after being confirmed go to church once or twice a year. Sunday is a day of revelling, and the parson himself hurries through the morning service to get at his game of cards. We have seen somewhere else of late a similar account, and worse comments on the self-indulgent habits of the parish priests. No time could certainly be better for our liberal Christian brethren in Germany to make a mark by the reasonableness of their doctrines and the purity of their lives. The death of Pastor Bitzius, one of the editors of our German exchange, *Die Reform*, is a great loss to the Liberal Protestant Union.

ITALY.

We have received a letter from our friend and co-worker, Prof. Bracciforti of Milan, from which we give some extracts:—

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MILAN, 15 VIA DURINI, 2d December, 1882.

Dear Friend,—It is a very, very long time since I wrote to you last, though I really am not prepared to acknowledge that my memory did not very frequently revert to you. I should like so much to be able to give cheering views of my missionary work to you and all the dear friends who have shown me such kind sympathy. I always hope to see some more favorable results, some fairer promise of better things in my beloved country. And so I wait. I put off writing from day to day. I do not give up hope. Far from it. The bright vision of the religious future of the world, wherein my country shall have a prominent feature, by transforming a narrow-minded popery into the true Catholicism, is ever before me; but it so happens that the little we have achieved already seems to me next to nothing, and not worth mentioning.

I received from Southern Italy, not long ago, a manuscript from a person who wished his name not to appear before the public, in order not to grieve his old mother. The manuscript was worth printing, for the clear and forcible views of our Unitarian Christianity it contained, though I did not share the writer's opinion as to the character of the Apostle Paul. I showed it to some friends, and it was determined we should publish it. So we have done, and you will receive a copy soon after this letter. The work was highly praised by the Senatore Verenzio Mamiani, in one of the latest, if not the last, of the issues of the *Philosophical Review.*

In Rome, also, there are symptoms of approaching acceptance of our Unitarian views. The President of the Association of the Employés, under the Italian Government, is one who holds our liberal views of Christianity; and I am confident he will be in due time the means of doing much good. He is also a popular orator, and is still young. Signor Beizzo is his name. . . .

The *Unitarian Review and Religious Magazine* reaches me regularly. God be blessed! I have more health and strength now than formerly for my work.

Ever faithfully yours,

FERDINANDO BRACCIFORTI.

INDIA.

The "New Dispensation," led by Mr. Chunder Sen in Calcutta, seems to have carried captive a good many of the Brahmo Somaj people, although a considerable number, as represented by Miss Collet in her Year Book, go on sensibly in their old way, holding their meetings, worshipping one God, and doing systematic works of charity. But Mr. Sen's sentimentalism waxes stronger every day, and also his love of mysterious rites mingled with a modern sensationalism suited to the present day. His pilgrims have a way of addressing the spirits in heaven, believing in actual communication with them. Here is one sentence, which,

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if literally translated from the vernacular, does not evince that power of rhythmic utterance which we should expect from descendants of ancient Brahmins, but rather the agglutinations of the German tongue, as represented perhaps best in some of Carlyle's latter-day pamphlets. As he is one of the spirits invoked, perhaps Mr. Chunder Sen had been reading him.

Here is a specimen, which we get from the *Unitarian Herald:*

"We welcome thee, Deep Ocean-like Soul, unfathomable Thought, hid in Infinity, America's prophet of Spirituality, Emerson"; "we honor thee Broad-souled, Large-minded Stanley, ever bent on widening thy master's Church, thou Foe of sectarianism, Apostle of catholicity, hug us into thy wide embrace, bold Stanley"; "and to thee, O Carlyle, we offer our homage, thou Solitary idealist amid English materialism, thou Respecter of heroes and prophets amid nineteenth century rationalism." "Be with us evermore, Sons of God." The conch-shell was sounded, and the pilgrims said, Peace, Peace, Peace.

MARTHA P. LOWE.

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REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

A History of English Prose Fiction. From Sir Thomas Malory to George Eliot. By Bayard Tuckerman. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1882.

There are various ways of studying a novel besides that which takes into consideration merely its literary and artistic qnalities. It may be a transcript or reflection of contemporary life, it may have for its purpose the presentation of some historic period, or it may aim at the inculcation of ethical or philosophical teachings. Some distinct purpose and teaching almost every great novel is sure to have; some meaning is to be found in it other than the artistic one. Scott paints historic times; Thackeray attacks snobs; Dickens has social reforms to bring about; George Eliot has a philosophy to inculcate. The novel has also its interest as a reflection of individual experiences and social conditions. Charlotte Brontë reflects the narrow life amid which she lived, and more than any other novelist reproduces the persons and experiences of her restricted environment. Again, the work of a novelist is to be studied in the light of the philosophy he holds, as in the case of Goethe and Hawthorne. His religion or social philosophy is of no less importance, as with Auerbach and Hugo. From many other aspects, the novel may be viewed; but any thorough study of the novel must bring all these directions in which it may be developed into full and distinct view.

In what manner and to how large extent the novel is the reflection of contemporary life may be seen in William Forsyth's study of *The Novels and Novelists of the Eighteenth Century in Illustration of the Manners and Morals of the Age*, published in London in 1871. The coarseness of Fielding and Sterne was the coarseness of the time in which they lived. In the same way, nineteenth century life, ideas, and tendencies could be easily depicted from a study of its leading novelists. How much of the cynicism, sentimentalism, and scientific pretension of our time would be found reflected in the pages of Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot: American social tendencies at this very moment are truthfully presented to a remarkable extent by Howells, Miss Phelps, and Henry James, Jr.

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The many other ways in which the novel may be regarded have been considered by David Masson, the biographer of Milton, in his *British Novelists and their Styles: Being a Critical Sketch of the History of British Prose Fiction.* This book is a course of four lectures, and was published in 1859; but it is the best work on the subject. The first lecture discusses the novel as a form of literature; the second takes up the eighteenth century novelists; the third deals with Scott and those he affected; while the fourth studies the novelists since Scott. These lectures deal with many of those causes already suggested which affect the form and purpose of the novel, as realism or romanticism in art, religious beliefs, and philosophical theories.

To some extent, Tuckerman combines the methods of Forsyth and Masson; yet his main purpose, as he says in his preface, is "to trace the gradual progress of English prose fiction from the early romance to the novel of the present day, in such connection with the social characteristics of the epochs to which these works respectively belong as may conduce to a better comprehension of their nature and significance." His main purpose thus being to consider the novel as the reflection of contemporary life, he gives less attention to the novel as an artistic literary form and as a medium of inculcating æsthetic and philosophical theories than could have been desired. He divides English history into the ages of Chivalry, Chaucer, Elizabeth, the Puritans, the Restoration, the Eighteenth Century, and the Nineteenth Century. Each of these periods is first described, in some cases quite fully,—as the age of chivalry has twenty pages given to it and the eighteenth century occupies thirty-four. The novels of each period are then considered as a reflection of its life and thought. The studies of the different periods are well done, while the accounts of the literary development of the novel in each period are good. The chief limitation of the book is in the last chapter. The study given to the nineteenth century novels is very inadequate. A hundred pages more ought to have been given to it. The book would have been greatly increased in value by a more thorough and extended study of Scott and his successors, and on a different plan than that followed here. Masson has done his work here so much better that Tuckerman's seems of little value. Nearly all the great novelists of our century can be studied as well now as they ever can be; and a careful review of Scott, Hawthorne, George

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Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, Thackeray, Dickens, and many others, would have been of great value. Their method, literary art, ethical purpose, and philosophic grasp of the facts of life afford material for a most interesting and profitable study.

The purpose of Mr. Tuckerman may, however, be fairly considered to have been fulfilled. He regards the novel as a reflection of manners: it is to him a transcript of social life. Considered from this somewhat narrow point of view, his history of British pure fiction has been well done. It is not a true history, because the novel may justly be regarded from many other points of view, some of which are almost as necessary to a full consideration of its history as this one. Yet it may be well that this particular purpose and meaning of the novel should be very distinctly brought out, as it is one often neglected. The life of any period is nowhere so well reported as in its novels; and it is for this reason that the history of the novel must be written in close relations to the history of moral and social life. Mr. Tuckerman's study is of special value to the general student, because it includes a very full account of all the principal novels written previous to our own century, with a careful study of the plots and numerous extracts. The last chapter treats of the nineteenth century novel of life and manners,—Scotch life, Irish life, English life, American life, the historical novel, the novel of purpose, and the novel of fancy.

G. W. C.

Morocco and its People.

Morocco appears of late years to have aroused the attention of European nations, and excited a more eager interest and study of its land and people than any of the States of Northern Africa. This is due, no doubt, to the recent wars with Spain and France, and to the strong tide of commerce, setting slowly but irresistibly toward the isolated regions of Northern and Central Africa; a tide that will unquestionably, ere many years are past, force its way through Morocco and Algiers, carrying civilization in its train. Yet perhaps no two men did more a few years ago to thrill Europe with wonder and admiration at the marvellous glory of color and picturesque beauty of the architecture, costumes, and street life of the north African cities than those two quiet young men who conquered them with their pencils,—Fortuny, the Spanish, and Henri Regnault, the French

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artist, both of whom died too young to give to the world the rich fruits of their perfected and ripened genius.

Whoever wishes to gain further knowledge of "Morocco and its people" cannot do better than read the entertaining and spirited book of De Amicis, the Italian traveller, who has given to the world other interesting books of travel.

So racy, graphic, and entertaining is the story of all he did and saw in Morocco, and so gracefully is it interwoven with bits of history, suggestions about trade, details of the life and habits of its people, that few will drop the volume till they have reached the last sparkling page. Among many fine passages, the terse, vigorous, short sketch of the postal service, and exhausting duties of the couriers of Morocco, is a gem; and every sentence stands out like the details of a picture. Who can read without a smile, of thieving as a high art among the Beni-Hassam, or the inimitable description of the soldiers of Fez drawn up to receive the Italian Embassy, which well-nigh equals the account of Falstaff's troops? Or who can hear of the populace swarming around and cursing the peaceable travellers, or attacking the inoffensive painters while sketching a building, without gaining a vivid glimpse of the character of that ferocious, warlike, and Christian-hating race, the Moors, in whose haughty breasts still rankles the bitter fact that their ancestors were driven out of Spain by Christian foes? And the present darker aspects of the land, its rulers and its people, heightens our previous knowledge of the fierce character of the race, and of the blighting effects of centuries of despotism, oppression, and awful cruelty on the part of the rulers, as well as of the low state of morals and the dense ignorance into which the people have sunk.

The climax of the book is of course reached, when the embassy is received in state by the Sultan, and the reader is introduced to that young, majestic, and gracious sovereign, Muleh-el-Hassan. There is hope for Morocco, with so benign, gentle, and withal progressive a monarch.

A quotation from Baron de Hubner (on pp. 297, 298) will give the American reader first a start of intense surprise and then a sense of amusement in what seems at first sight a caricature of life in one of our own bustling cities, where the poorest child freely receives a good education, where crowded railway stations, avenues of stately buildings, and elegant shops, theatres, concert and lecture halls, and churches bear witness to the activity of its

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inhabitants, and to their love of religion, music, and art. Yet look again! The next feeling will be one of sharp pain and sadness. Here, for one brief moment, it is permitted us, as the old proverb says, "to see oursels as ithers see us,"—a most rare and salutary privilege. Is this, we ask ourselves, pained and humiliated, how we look to other civilized nations? Are we in deed and truth a set of overtaxed, care-taking, dispirited, restless men and women, and young-old children, crazed by the Anglo-Saxon mania for work; killing ourselves by overwork and hurry, or by overmastering greed for riches, or for place and power, giving ourselves no time for tranquil enjoyment of nature, nor leisure for the charms of home life and home affections, and the pleasures of the intellect? Let us look bravely at this picture of ourselves, and learn wisdom. Alas! coming so soon after Herbert Spencer's warning, this dark sketch, or rather shadow, looming up behind all the enterprise and material success of our people, may teach us that all this wonderful achievement and marvellous outlook into a still more glorious future will prove the nation's ruin, if, in its fever of instant conquest and frenzied haste to do more than can possibly be crowded into the short span of the present generation or the next, it shall fall spent and lifeless to the earth, leaving a more steady, vigorous, slow, yet perhaps inferior race to enter in and possess the land.

It is to the masterful hand of commerce, which, as history teaches, has in the past wrenched open more firmly closed portals and overleaped more formidable barriers than it now finds opposed to its advance into Africa, that we look to restore to Morocco the greatness of its past in letters, art, and science. And, when the distant day dawns in which these fierce haters of Christianity shall embrace the religion of the gentle yet powerful "Saviour of the World," what ardent, passionate, devoted Christians they will make! M. B. C.

Life of S. Philip Neri. By Alfonso Capecelatria. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

Charles Follen used to recommend the reading of the Saints' Lives of the Catholic Church, for devotional quickening. That of Neri, lately translated from Capecelatria, brings this counsel to mind. If he was the saint in the calendar, he was the humorist in the traditions of the Church, holding no doubt, with his disciple Faber, that the sense of ridicule was one of the great

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helpers of grace. When he moved his household from San Girolamo, he gave the brethren a queer lesson in humility, the procession which he led reminding one of an Irish family on May day in New York city,—one brother carrying an earthen pipkin, another shouldering a frying-pan, another armed with the spit, another embracing the copper kettle. Sometimes, St. Philip set his spiritual sons to sweeping streets, begging at church doors, carrying hods of stone and mortar, wearing the master's hair shirt as a cloak through the streets of the imperial city. Nor was this all: the historian, Baronio, he made do daily duty as a cook; Bozio he obliged to serve as a pauper at the funeral of a pope, on the ground that "whoever wished to pray without self-mortification was a bird trying to fly before it was fledged." A still stranger story is told, but not in this book,—that, sent by the pope to examine the miraculous gifts of an abbess, he commanded her to pull off his muddy boots. She refused. He waited for no other exhibition of her graces, but rode back to Rome, assuring the pope that he need not give himself any more concern about the pretender.

His spiritual influence was quite irresistible. As one pope after another found it impossible to tempt this rare saint to either the honor of high office or its exalted usefulness, his disciples struggled against church preferment, and delayed as long as possible separation from their master. Not only did the saint himself refuse the cardinalate again and again, but his followers fled from it in terror. Even bishoprics and archbishoprics they were slow to accept, publicly professing their incapacity, and imploring their friends to intercede for their release. The struggle of Baronio, whom Philip had trained in the servilities of the kitchen, would seem unnatural in a work of fiction. Besides pleading his incompetency for the notary's office, and protesting it would break off his history, he begged most zealously for delay. When it came to the highest promotion the Church could bestow, every kind of evasion was practised in vain. At last, the pope ordered in the purple robes; and two of his officers were directed to take off Baronio's cassock, and invest him with the cardinal's robes. But Baronio threw himself on the floor, struggled as for life, and begged so piteously for a respite that the officers gave way. His prayers even moved the whole oratory to intercede in his behalf, but in vain. The saint himself could not surpass his disciples in unwillingness to be honored,

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As the stroke was about to fall, Baronio publicly declared he had rather die, and assured them that his colleague, Tarugi, was far fitter. The pope acknowledged the plea by making Tarugi cardinal; but the following day, after Baronio had been persuaded that his flight would be an insult, he worked his way, though forbidden, to the bedside of Clement VIII., threw himself in a paroxysm of grief at his feet, only to be compelled to surrender by threat of excommunication.

Simplicity of living was part of this habitual humiliation. Philip himself for many years slept on the ground, spent whole nights in prayer, feasted only on bread and herbs, subdued his flesh with hair shirt and scourge. All his oratory did the same. Without being bound by vows like the monks, they dressed as poorly as possible, ate and slept as little as possible, prayed and fasted as much as possible. No rules a large body could have safely followed came up to the severity they practised of free will. St. Philip realized his famous declaration: Nothing is so glorious in a Christian as to suffer for Christ. The worst tribulation of the servant of God is to be without tribulation. Who bears affliction with patience has paradise, who does not has hell. This life-long self-denial, neither aided by written nor verbal obligations, is said to be maintained to our time. Having the control of immense wealth, they permit no indulgence of the flesh. Sought eagerly by lords of the land and lords of the Church, they do not seek their banquets, nor imitate their "purple and fine linen," nor smile at their pomp. So that his grandest work may fairly be taken to be the establishment for these centuries of a large body of clergy devoting themselves in perfect freedom to the instruction of the young and to spiritual perfection. Their house in England is said to be composed of converts from the Episcopal clergy, seeking, like Newman and Faber, a higher sanctity.

St. Philip has the fame of such miracles as restoring the sick by laying hands upon them, with fervent prayer. As perfect confidence was reposed in his assurance of recovery, and he was popularly credited with knowledge of coming events, these cures do not seem half so wonderful as that, with broken ribs and palpitation of heart, he was able to bear eighty years of constant austerity, pitiless scourging, and intense exhaustion. Dying in 1595, he received canonization in 1622.

F. W. H.

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Moravian Missions. By Augustus C. Thompson, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1882.

Moravian missions take the lead, as every one knows, of all modern efforts. It was at Copenhagen, in 1718, that a Christian negro servant made known to Count Zinzendorf the degraded heathenism of West India slaves. This humble pleader for his race found eager sympathizers at Herrnhut. Two young men instantly devoted themselves, without salary and without means of support, to the novel enterprise, expecting to live by manual labor, willing to peril life for the Master's sake. It is an exaggeration that any of the brethren became slaves to reach the slaves. But they did go among some cannibal tribes, into deadly climates, with no sufficient food, and no shelter sometimes but the jail. And this was before Grenville Sharpe, the first English anti-slavery man, was born, half a century before Clarkson and Wilberforce, without any association for their support, with no more education than ordinary mechanics, and no powerful patrons for their enterprise.

Their peril as well as their suffering was greater than the world believes. In the East Indies as well as the West, nominal Christians threatened their lives, misrepresented their purpose, excited every prejudice against them, threw them into prison, and plotted their destruction. Dutch traders and sailors felt that their cruelty would be exposed and their profligacy held up to scorn. A single planter in the island they first visited was not ashamed of murdering threescore slaves. Several plantations averaged fifteen thousand whippings a year. So, in Ceylon, the Dutch clergy combined with the colonial government to drive them away. In Lapland, the State Church shut up their paths. On the Arctic Ocean, sectarian violence hurled them back to Herrnhut. Malarial fever fought against them effectually at St. Thomas, and many an island mission had to be hallowed by their blood, one of these apostles simply saying to a dying brother, "Depart in peace, brother beloved."

In proportion to the numbers employed, the money spent, the supporting force, the result was and is amazing. Commenced by six hundred poor exiles at Herrnhut, only five years after they had felled the first tree, with the few shillings of a couple of German mechanics, they now spend annually a quarter of a million of dollars, sustain over two thousand missionaries, and

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number heathen converts actually exceeding the seventy thousand of their own church membership.

Herrnhut itself might be termed a missionary college. Daily prayer is offered for missions: the universal feeling is that God has given them the highways and hedges in charge. The Saviour's parting command binds them the same as it did the first apostles. Theirs is the very self-forgetfulness of Barbarossa on his way to conquer Jerusalem, when told that his son was no more: "My son is dead, but Christ still lives! Forward, soldiers!"

Epochs of Modern History. "Edward III." By the Rev. W. Warburton, M.A., late Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. With three Maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1882. pp. xx, 281. $1.00.

A good work are Scribner's Sons doing in publishing these small and attractive volumes on *Epochs of Modern History.* Most histories are so long as to repel common or even uncommon readers, or so dry by their brevity as to fail in awakening curiosity. A brief, bright, readable work on the great epochs of history, so small that the reader can take it in hand and stand before the fire as it charms the reader, is a blessing. Such is this volume. It covers a most interesting period of English history, and is written in a clear, glowing style, which pleases and holds the reader. It has a good index, as all histories should have, even as brief a one as this. The mechanical execution is good.

Science and Sentiment, with Other Papers, chiefly Philosophical. By Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., President of Yale College. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1882. pp. 506. $2.50.

Nothing is written by President Porter which does not pay for reading, and some of it for rereading. The essays collected in this volume are reprints from previous publications. Though treating of the most profound subjects of thought, they are made pleasant reading by the lucid style and wide scholarship of the author. There are fourteen of these essays, each worthy of careful reading. The volume should have an index.

Schelling's Transcendental Idealism. A Critical Exposition. By John Watson, LL.D. pp. xv, 251. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1882.

"Among the transcendental philosophers of Germany," wrote Rev. Dr. Hedge, in 1847, "Schelling's is the richest genius and the widest influence. Incalculable has been the influence of his

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profound intuitions on philosophy, letters, science, art, on all departments of human thought. His word was the breath of spring to the intellectual world of his time.... He is the poet of the transcendental movement, as Fichte is its preacher." In this second volume of Griggs' *Philosophical Classics*, Dr. Watson has given a somewhat arid exposition of the System of Identity, an exposition which seems conscientiously thorough, but is at the same time sufficiently unsympathetic. "The infinitely richer and fuller system" of Hegel is the one to which Dr. Watson bows, while he thinks that "Fichte and Schelling may perhaps be neglected without serious loss." Prof. Morris would have done better in choosing a more enthusiastic disciple for an expositor of Transcendental Idealism: the exposition might have been less critical, but would probably have been much more of a real introduction to the whole mind of Schelling than the present one. However, it is so far the best hand-book on its subject in the language, and deserves a wide reading.

Two limitations have been made of philosophy since Schelling's system saw the light. On one side, many matters are now handed over to the theologians as belonging to their peculiar province, about which Schelling knew altogether too much in words, but not in fact. On the other side, the growing science of psychology has absorbed much of the confused mental philosophy which blended with the philosophy proper of the classic German systems. As Dr. Jowett has shown Plato's ideas to be the first effort of a rudimentary psychology to account for the formation of general notions, superseded now in the science of mind, and consequently in philosophy, so many of Schelling's conceptions might be shown to be now displaced by an inductive psychology. But the philosophic faith which he so eloquently expounded, that matter and spirit, the ideal and the real, subject and object, are in the last resort identical, is very near to the mind of science and to the heart of religion to-day. It is enough to name Emerson as a sincere disciple of Schelling, to indicate the acceptance of the German philosopher's fundamental thought in our generation. N. P. G.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Cause of Variation. By M. M. Curtis. Published by the Author, at Marshall, Minn.

From J. W. Bouton.

Bible Myths, and their Parallels in other Religions: Being a Comparison of the Old and New Testament Myths and Miracles with those of Heathen Nations of Antiquity, considering their Origin and Meaning. With numerous illustrations.

From Lee & Shepard.

Bible Theology and Modern Thought. By L. T. Townsend, D.D. Price $1.50.

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This REVIEW aims to serve the interests of religion in presenting the best and broadest views of Liberal Christianity, and meeting the demands of current scholarship and criticism. Its position is that of reverent discipleship to Jesus Christ, positive affirmation of the being and parental character of God, recognition of his perpetual working in nature and history, and the culmination of historic revelations in the Hebrew and Christian line. While hospitable to all thoughtful and reverent conviction, the REVIEW will discuss the topics of modern thought from the stand-point of theism and rational Christianity. Giving no bonds to utter any sectarian shibboleth, and speaking as the mouthpiece of no ecclesiastical body, it will emphasize the conviction that the interests of religion, as its essential truths, demand the development and extension of more spiritual and practical, and less dogmatic and ecclesiastical forms of religion, from the simple basis of the faith and life of the New Testament; and that the most hopeful direction for its advance and adjustment with human intelligence is marked by the main positions of Unitarian Christianity. At the same time, it recognizes the necessity of enlarging the outlook, broadening the sympathies, deepening the religious purpose, and making more spiritually alive, devoted, and aggressive our Unitarian Liberalism, if it is to become the refuge and helper of an age in which religion is tossed between the extremes of Agnostic indifference or hostility and the discredited assumptions of Orthodox traditionalism. The REVIEW will welcome and promote every movement looking to the harmony of scientific thought and Christian faith, and seeking to promote the co-operation of all who can stand together on the simple basis of Christian theism and discipleship. It will strive to quicken interest in moral themes, in the culture of the religious life, in the enterprises of philanthropy and wise reform, and the Christian activities of the age

Notices of the most significant religious movements of the time, and of the religious aspects of current events, will receive increased attention in the Editorial Department of this REVIEW, and correspondents in England and on the Continent will keep its readers apprised of ecclesiastical changes, and topics of theological and humane interest abroad.

Reviews of important theological and religious publications, and notices of current literature, will form an important department of the REVIEW; and all books or magazines received will be promptly acknowledged in the list of publications received.

Mrs. Charles Lowe will continue to prepare Notes on Things at Home and Abroad.

A Sermon on some living topic of Christian faith or duty will usually appear in each number.

Under the head of CHURCH AND MINISTRY, current movements and events of denominational interest will be briefly summarized.

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UNITARIAN REVIEW,

141 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON.

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MAR 15 1883

UNITARIAN REVIEW

AND

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX. MARCH, 1883. No. 3.

FESTIVAL DAYS IN THE CHURCH.

Dr. James Martineau, in his noble discourse "The Tides of the Spirit," justifies the occasionalism of piety, and commends the custom of "illuminating in our calendar some holy day" when the flood-tides of religious feeling shall rise to their highest, and pour the living waters of joy and praise through the Church to quicken and refresh it, impressively reminding men amid the press of common, worldly concerns of their eternal and spiritual interests. For the burthen of all truly religious feasts and fasts is ever that warning word of the Master: "What shall it profit a man, though he gain the world and lose himself?"

This need to set apart periodically recurring days and seasons for special services of acknowledgment and adoration has been recognized in the worship of all ages and peoples. The history of religious development is crowded with jubilant or expiatory festivals commemorating the great occasions and experiences in the life of man and the religious impression produced upon him by his contemplation of nature. They express in rite and symbol and prayer his joy or sorrow, penitence or gratitude, his religious awe and

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exaltation, and his undying hope. The old nature religions of mankind, which saw the Godhead manifested chiefly in the forces and phenomena of the external world, celebrated with imposing ceremonies the more striking displays and leading cosmic changes of nature, especially such as were connected with the alternation of the seasons and the reproductive powers of the earth. Two occasions especially were observed by these ancient peoples with exultant thanksgiving and ceremonial splendor, the festival which announced the promise of the spring and that which acknowledged the garnered blessings of autumn. Among all ancient nations which attained to a settled manner of living and agricultural occupations, these two festivals were occasions of great rejoicing, and were observed with imposing pomps and solemnities. The Egypt and India of three thousand years ago knew their thrill of mingled joy and praise; and the classic nation of antiquity, Greece, has left a sunny record of them in the cheerful chronicle of its historians and the exultant strains of its poets. In the golden age of Pericles there were a thousand feasts observed by the nation, athough many of these were local to a town or province. With growing civilization, the coarse, hideous, and bloody features of their ancient festivals were gradually discarded in favor of milder and more beautiful symbols and ceremonies. The dance, the anthem, the classic game, the public contests of genius or skill took the place of the barbarous rites and cruel sacrifices of a former age. At this time were established those gorgeous shows and ceremonies which celebrated at Eleusis and Athens the bounty of nature and the favor of the gods. In the month of September there moved through the streets of Athens a solemn procession of chosen youth, sons of the more eminent citizens, bearing, suspended from long staves, the mellow clusters of the grape, and singing hymns of praise to Bacchus, the protecting deity of the vineyards. An immense concourse of people, sometimes numbering over thirty thousand, marched with songs and merriment along the highway from Athens to Eleusis, to take part in the far-famed Eleusinian mys-

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teries, which commemorated the reproductive powers of nature under the symbolic forms of Bacchus and Ceres, the goddess of the corn-fields. For nine days, the splendid rites went on. Ablutions in the sea, torchlight processions, songs and dances and dramatic representations, feasting and mirth, expressed the universal rejoicing of the people, as they worshipped at the shrines of those beneficent deities who presided over nature, and whose favor, co-operating with man's toil and foresight, assured the rich return of the harvest. From Greece, these rites found their way into Italy, and voiced the cheer and gratitude of the Roman husbandman at seed-time (Sementinae) and during the Cerealia. But the Romans, less vivacious and sensitive to nature's displays than the Greeks, from whom they accepted the greater part of their religion, kept more within bounds as regards the number of their festivals, which never exceeded one hundred in all, and were observed with ruder and more cruel games.

No people of old gave to these festivals so intensely religious a character, or celebrated them with such purity and elevation of spirit, as the Hebrews. This was due not only to the devout and worshipful tendency in the Hebrew mind, but even more to the peculiar circumstances of their situation and history. The Israelites of that day were pre-eminently an agricultural people; and not only the productions of the soil they tilled, but that very soil itself was held to be, in a special sense, the gift of Jehovah. They were the nation chosen of God; and he had led them into the fertile land of Canaan, and bidden them take possession of it in his name. In all probability, the Israelites found the spring and harvest festivals already existing among the Canaanites when they entered Palestine. But the Law gave to these festivals a new significance, and connected them intimately with the worship and national feeling of the Hebrews. The Hebrew festivals were of an astronomical, historical, and political, as well as agricultural origin. Usually, however, they combined these varied elements, and exalted and hallowed them by the fervor of religious feeling and faith.

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The two great feasts of the Hebrews, around which all their other ceremonial occasions clustered, were the feast of Unleavened Bread and the feast of Tabernacles. Both of these were agricultural in their origin and general characteristics. The first was the festival of spring. It was kept in the first month of the Hebrew year, and lasted for seven weeks during the months of March, April, and May, a season in which the Palestinian farmer begins to reap the first fruits of his labor.

The second great feast of the Hebrews was of a still more marked agricultural character. It was the feast of Tabernacles, or, as it is called in the earlier writings of the Old Testament, the feast of the Ingathering. It was kept in the seventh month, corresponding with our September and October, and lasted for seven days, followed by an eighth day of solemnity and prayer. At first, as has been said, these two feasts were mainly outpourings of joy and praise for the promise, and again for the completion, of the harvest. The Hebrew farmer rejoiced at the fair prophecy of plenty in store, which was written all over his fields in spring-time, and the first fruits that encouraged his toil. In the autumn, he rejoiced even more in the happy end of his labors, his full barns, the wealth of foodful grains, of grapes and melons, olives and dates, that crowned the year. With his household and neighbors, he gave himself up to a general jubilee. Delightful pictures the Bible gives us of this happy time in the land,—the vineyards laden with their ruddy clusters, the glory of the corn-fields, the patient oxen bending to the yoke or treading out the grain, Ruth humbly gleaning in the fields of generous Boaz, the great teacher of Galilee walking amid the corn with his hungry disciples, who pluck the golden ears and eat, rubbing them between their hands, while Jesus utters his noble rebuke to Pharisaic formalism and hypocrisy. A pleasant impression, too, of ancient humanity, is given us by the ordinances of Mosaism concerning the brotherly duties of the harvest. Thus, we read: "And when ye shall reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither

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shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest, neither shalt thou gather every grape of thy vineyard: thou shalt leave them for the poor and the stranger."

These festivals, however, soon began to assume a more historical and national character. It was in the interest of the Theocracy to attach all such local customs to the destinies and worship of the chosen people. Accordingly, the priesthood, in their later compilation of the law, gave to these festivals an historical and national significance, which in course of time became the predominating element in them. At the spring festival, the Israelites were commanded to eat the unleavened bread of the Passover, and thus bear in mind the redemption of their fathers from the land of Egypt. This was clearly an after-thought and an addition. The essentially agricultural origin of this festival we may see also from the fact that one of the solemn duties of the occasion was to pilgrimage to the temple and lay the first fruits of the soil, ears of barley or maize, as the case might be, an offering on the altar, or, as the Old Testament expresses it, "to wave the sheaf before the Lord."

The same transformation of an agricultural into an historical and national festival took place with the ancient feast of the Ingathering or Harvest Home. In carrying on the processes of harvesting and threshing, which were performed in the open field, it was natural that the farmers should construct rude huts out of boughs and leaves, for temporary occupancy and use. This is indeed a universal custom among the husbandmen of Asia Minor. The pious fancy saw a resemblance in these huts to the tents which the children of Israel had occupied during their wanderings in the desert. This led to the adoption of these huts or tabernacles as a symbol of the habitations of their fathers, and thenceforth imparted the name feast of Tabernacles to this autumn gladness,—a name which occurs for the first time in later portions of the Pentateuch. The construction of such huts, and their occupancy during the seven days of the festival, now became a matter of pious duty with the faithful Israelite. The adult males would go on a

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pilgrimage to the holy city, and offer in the temple gifts according to their several ability, living in such green tabernacles the while. The dwellers in cities would build their huts on the flat roofs of their houses or in their yards. The open spaces of the city, the outer courts of the temple, were filled with them; and the nation lived out of doors for a week. Meanwhile, the temple services went on with great solemnity and pomp. The sacrificial altars ran with blood and smoked with incense. Choirs sang psalms of praise from the steps of the temple; the people, crowded together on scaffoldings, witnessed the imposing spectacle; a holy oblation of bread and wine was handed about with much ceremony; and, at night, a huge candelabrum, set in the women's court, flashed its brightness over the whole city.

In these various ways, the joy and thankfulness of the Hebrews sought to express themselves; and the agricultural and historical features of their festival were blended with that religious acknowledgment in which it found its true centre and inspiration.

In the Christian Church which succeeded, these great nature festivals found no place. Its revulsion from the excessive sensuousness and naturalism which attended the Pagan worship, and the predominantly spiritual character of the religion of Jesus, led the new Church to attach its great solemnities to persons and events in its own history. It availed itself of such festival occasions to impress upon the mind of the worshipper, through ritual, symbol, and discourse, the leading incidents and central doctrines of the Christian faith. The brief yet eventful career of Jesus on earth, the marvels and miracles attending the planting of Christianity,—these furnished abundant and impressive occasions for its feasts and fasts. In great part, the Christian festivals were grafted on Pagan and Jewish ones; yet the central thought of all their celebration was Christ crucified, arisen, and glorified, the joy and hope of the human race. The varied scenes of Passion Week, the jubilee of Easter, the splendor of the ascension, the descent of

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tongues at Pentecost,— these became red-letter days in the calendar of the Church and the devout memory of the worshipper. To these were added in time other holy days, such as would naturally suggest themselves to the pious imagination deeply stirred with love and gratitude,— Christmas, the festival of the Nativity of the Saviour, and Epiphany, the day which commemorated his first public appearance and baptism, an occasion symbolic of that new birth which he required of all his disciples.

Around these in turn were grouped other feast days, dedicated to great teachers and holy men and martyrs of the new faith, or which recalled noteworthy events in its history. The more conscious the now triumphant Church became of the gradual weakening of its religious life, amid the seductive and worldly influences by which it was surrounded, the more it turned with admiring worship to the saintly characters and heroic deeds of its primitive era. As the worldliness and luxury of the Church increased, its festivals, celebrated at first with genuine simplicity and piety, were invested with such pomp and splendor that they surpassed those of ancient Greece and Rome. The hierarchy knew how to make use of such occasions to establish its claims, and increase its prestige and authority. The cultus of the Virgin Mary and the Saints led to the institution of a whole series of festival days, till the calendar was overcrowded, and nearly every day in the church year had its doubly sacred significance. Few among these festivals had as beautiful meaning and large sympathy as the festival of All Saints, established by Pope Boniface IV., in the tenth century, to commemorate the transformation of the Pantheon at Rome from a heathen to a Christian temple, or of the still more inclusive and tender feast of All Souls, which followed it on the succeeding day. Various but futile attempts were made to check the prodigious increase, and reform the administration of the feasts and fasts of the Church.

Much, no doubt, may justly be urged against these festivals as they were held, and in a somewhat modified form

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are still held, in the Catholic Christian Church. This excessive celebration of holy days loses sight of the important truth that in the *occasionalism* of piety lies its power over our souls, and that the constant and crowded repetition of feasts and fasts leaves only a weakened impression on the mind of the worshipper, and so defeats the main purpose for which they were created. Again, it may be brought against such festivals that they lead to sensationalism and externality in the church service, encouraging a superficial and sensuous worship of the letter as opposed to the true interior spirit of religion. Doubtless, they have also tended to nourish the pretensions and worldly aims of the hierarchy, and too often encouraged idleness and dissipation among the people.

When all this is admitted, it must still be allowed that there is a brighter and better side to the festivals of the Christian Church. They did a great deal in rude and barbarous ages to keep alive the tradition of Christianity as a tidings of great joy to all peoples. They tended to restrain the selfishness and soften the disposition and manners of the high-placed and powerful of that day. They promoted equality of feeling and a sense of Christian brotherhood among all classes of society, by imparting in impressive rites and symbols the sense of a common need, a common prayer, and a common hope. They brought a needed respite from labor and care to the poor and lowly of earth, furnished them with many innocent recreations and happy hours, and infused something of color, warmth, and idealism into their hard and cheerless round of daily toil and duty. In a general way, too, they influenced for good the development of art in human society, weaving into their services the choicest strains of the poet and the eloquence of the orator, sculpture and painting and liturgic pomp, and especially calling forth the inspired music of the great composers.

The Reformation of Luther came as a needed and providential check to the extravagances and assumptions of the Church of Rome, and nobly asserted the spirit of the Christ against the ecclesiasticism that dared to cloak its abuses

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with his name. The reformers did not, however, abolish the calendar of Rome: they were content to reduce it to juster proportions, singling out certain high festivals for Protestant observance, and giving to others a subordinate and merely suggestive value. They instituted but few new feast days. Among these was the yearly festival of the Reformation, kept on the 31st of October. As they reshaped the calendar, it has practically remained to this day in Germany. The church seasons, Advent, Christmas, Passion Week, Pentecost, Michaelmas, All Saints, and so on, are quite as well known to the people as the secular divisions of the year, and are observed with special services in the churches. This observance is ordered and regulated by the government, a fact which has tended to make the altar service and pulpit discourse on such occasions somewhat formal and stereotyped. In spite of this, however, the influence of these festival seasons on the life of the German people has been very beautiful and beneficial; and the emigrant to this country, if of a devout turn, sadly misses their sentiment and ideality in the cold, monotonous, prosaic worship of most of our American Protestant churches.

In England, the Reformation was only partially successful. The Established Church retained in its liturgy — that "sinful compromise with Rome," as John Milton sternly called it — many of the less desirable features of the Romish Church order. This led to serious abuses and scandals; and the great festivals in England, especially during the reign of the Stuarts, were days of excess and debauchery.

As a result and reaction from such practices, the austerity of the Puritan conscience, which now gained the ascendency, banished all ceremonials and festivities whatever from the Church. It looked upon beauty as a wile of the devil, and suppressed the imagination as the fertile source of temptation. Joy was to it an unseemly exhibition of human weakness and frivolity. Its appeals were addressed almost exclusively to the reason and conscience. Its devotions were simple, severe, and ascetic. Under its inspiration, the iconoclast's hammer shivered into atoms the

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stained glories of the cathedral windows, the remorseless whitewash covered the choicest frescos of the masters. The canvases on which the genius of the great artists had breathed their fairest and tenderest creations were ruthlessly torn to pieces. The organ's noble peal was hushed, the venerable rituals of the past forbidden an utterance. The very symbols and sacraments dear to Christian hearts were degraded or denied. The communion table, after it had served a use in dispensing the Lord's Supper, was ostentatiously dragged into the aisle, and made a seat for the humblest of the congregation. They cut the very cross out of the English flag, because it was a popish symbol, and kept it out for many a year.

It is familiar to the reader how this Puritan spirit crossed the ocean, and on our New England shore gave birth to still more intense displays of austerity and intolerance. The earlier generation of Unitarians were mostly reared under its slowly waning influence. Much there was of moral earnestness and lofty piety in the religion of the Puritan. May we never fail to acknowledge and be thankful for it. But its public worship was essentially monotonous and joyless. How plain and bare were the meeting-houses of our youth! No picture, no ornament, no flower, was permitted to profane them.

How formal and cold was the Sunday worship! It was called congregational; but it was precisely the opposite of this, for the minister conducted it almost entirely, while the congregation sat dumb and almost motionless. There were but few bright, inspirational moments in the church life of that day. The sacraments were attenuated to their least possible contents; and any attempt to observe the ancient festivals of the Church, as Christmas or Easter, or to introduce new ones, was frowned down as uncongregational, and dangerous to the purity and peace of the Church. Meanwhile, the Puritan Church had a place for fasts, if not for feasts; for it profoundly believed in the saying of the Scriptures that "by the *sadness* of the countenance the heart is made better."

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Such was the church life of other days. Of other days? We have only to look into our churches at the present hour to recognize how much of the bleakness and formality, the ungenial and joyless worship, which have just been attributed to the Puritans, is equally characteristic of most Unitarian services to-day.

In the mean time, a profound and wide-reaching change has taken place in American thought and life. There has come to our nation in the last half-century a vast increase in material wealth and comfort, in intellectual culture and æsthetic enjoyment. All this has been accompanied by a corresponding change in the ethical and social standards of our people. The Puritan's religion is daily being humanized and broadened. In place of his sombre and ascetic morality, which looked on nature as under the curse of God, beauty as a snare of Satan, and pleasure as in some sort a sin, there have grown up a more enlightened conception of the universe and a more genial interpretation of human duty, which thankfully make use of all the faculties and opportunities given to man in this life for the upbuilding of personal character and the improvement of society.

The love of beauty, so long suppressed by our Puritan and Quaker ancestors, is reborn in our souls. We have learned how to make our homes attractive and bright with pictures and music and devices. Day by day, the love of the finer arts, of public shows and festivities, is increasing among our people. Is it a wonder that this culture of the beautiful should affect our church life also, and make the worshipper restless with yearnings and aspirations which the present bald and barren service fails to express or satisfy? The public worship of our Congregational churches seems cold and lifeless to thousands who yet continue from loyalty or habit to attend it, and to yield it a half-hearted support. It is not too much to say that there is a growing feeling that, while the Protestant and Puritan church gained something by its needed protest against the excessive sensuousness of the Romish service, it also lost much of warmth, catholicity, and idealism by carrying its

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protest to a harmful extreme. It has lost by excluding from the sphere of its interest many of the most impressive events in the course of nature and familiar experiences in the life of man. It has been too prone to become absorbed in unfruitful speculations, when it should have devoted its best thought and strength to uplift and transfigure, through religious sentiments and ideals and exercises of devotion and charity, the daily walk and thought of the people. It has addressed itself too exclusively to the reason and conscience, instead of remembering that where there is one philosopher among men there are twenty poets, and that there are other spiritual powers in man — his imagination and emotional nature — which equally need to be fostered, if he is to become a harmoniously developed and complete child of God. The Church needs to be brought to a just appreciation and reverent recognition of the world we live in, its aspects and interests, relations, duties, and opportunities. It needs to entertain a healthier sentiment about Nature, and to celebrate her beauty and bounty with something of the old-time ardor of the Greek and the Hebrew. When our religious holidays and feasts are grouped about those occasions in the life of the universe, and those interests in human life which are most present with us, which we feel most deeply and which spontaneously move us to prayer and praise, then, and not till then, will the Church become a true mother to our souls, and religion the transfiguration of human existence.

It is because our congregational church order is so wanting in the elements of action, beauty, and joy, that it so generally fails to satisfy the religious needs of the children and youth in our churches. Childhood lives in its imagination and sentiments. Its religion is one of feeling rather than of reflection. To reach its conscience and will, we must appeal to its emotional nature even more than its reasoning powers. Our congregational church order makes but slight response to this demand of the child nature. The Sunday service contains little to stimulate its imagination, appeals but slightly to its emotions, and makes few calls on

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the worshipper for religious exercises or acts of devotion. The dulness and inadequacy of such a service are the more palpable to our youth, because the Sunday-school exercises from which they have just graduated offer such a striking contrast to it. Some of our schools, it is true, still pattern after the worship of the congregation; and their dreary and spiritless exercises show a lamentable misapprehension of the child's religious needs. Mostly, however, they have adopted a brighter and more enlivening order of service. Large and tastefully decorated rooms, a lively, often too lively music, a liturgy with some elements of beauty and action, and frequent festival occasions,— all seek to express and minister to the varying moods and religious needs of the child soul. But this gives rise to a new danger in our church life. We make our Sunday-schools so attractive, so full of life and glow, that by contrast the staid and sombre worship of the congregation becomes doubly uncongenial and irksome to the child. When the time arrives for the youth of our parish to graduate into the church, they find that they have nothing to say there, nothing to do there, little to attract or interest or occupy them. Hence they grow lukewarm and stay away, or attend the services of other sects whose rituals and methods better satisfy their spiritual wants and the liturgic tastes they have acquired in the Sunday-school. Not altogether unfounded is the remark sometimes made among us,— that our present methods of conducting the religious training of the young are producing a crop of incipient Episcopalians.

The remedy for this increasing evil in our church life is surely not to reduce the liveliness and cheer, the liturgical and musical features of our Sunday-schools, in hopes thus to bring them nearer the standards of our congregational worship. That would only result in causing the children to dislike both the school and the church. It is rather to increase the attractiveness and beauty of our regular church service, to make it more full of action and quickening to the emotional nature, and more truly congregational. And if, from the force of habit or personal preference, our

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members are in any degree disinclined to do this, it is surely their duty to remember their brother's need, and the interests of the new generation now entering our churches, the youth and children who worship with us, and *for their sake* to encourage the adoption among us of more lively and varied and symbolic forms of worship.

The introduction of such new features into our present church service has always, however, met with much opposition; and it has been a difficult matter to induce our parishes to permit, still more to participate generally in, a liturgical service. By a sort of common consent, therefore, the attempt has been made on a more modest and restricted scale, by asking our societies to celebrate at least the great festival days of their religion with special services and decorative and liturgical features. In a number of our liberal churches, these festivals are now observed with some regularity, and with increasing spirit and impressiveness. In such services, the young are given a prominent place and part, since it is for their edification largely that the festival is celebrated. Who would think of keeping a feast in his home, and leaving out the children that grace it? Should it be any different with the church home? Should the children there be exiled from the general joy, and sent off by themselves to hold a second and subordinate feast with the crumbs that fall from the elders' table? Our civic authorities are wise enough to admit the children of the community to an increasing share in the patriotic festivals of the nation, thus deepening their loyalty to country and humanity. Shall the Church be less wise and tender in its endeavors to impress the young in its communion with loyalty to their religion and their religious fellowship?

It is to be hoped, therefore, and very fervently, that these festival days in church and Sunday-school may be increased among us. We need more such resting-places and mounts of transfiguration in our worldly and crowded American life, more festival days in home, state, and church. Our Liberal Church should be quick to see and seize upon the instincts and occasions for sociability, joy, and thanksgiving

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among the people, and sanctify them to high ideals and noble uses.

The general and, as far as possible, uniform adoption of such union festivals would be attended by many and immediate benefits to our religious communion. It would bridge over in part the great and widening gulf between church and Sunday-school which now exists. The presence and participation of the children would lend a new joy to the occasion. The interest of the church members in the Sunday-school would be newly stimulated. The children would be made to feel more at home in the sanctuary, and prepared for their later attendance on its services. It would become associated in their minds with impressive uses and benign influences,— not, as now, with dulness and weariness to the flesh. They would soon learn to prize the privilege of worshipping with their elders, and uniting in stately and decorous services of praise and thanksgiving. For let it not be understood that we are advocating any lowering or cheapening of the standards of the church service to suit the supposed preferences of childhood. The order followed should be simple, tender, and earnest enough to assure the attention and interest of the child, yet so mature and dignified as to edify the adult congregation. Indeed, by regulating the order of these festivals and placing them under the supervision of the pastor and church officers, they would lose, it is to be hoped, those sensational and often puerile features which attend the ordinary Sunday-school festival, and which are so mischievous in their results on the religious nature of childhood.

In the second place, such festival celebrations would tend to enrich and beautify the ordinary Sunday worship of the churches. Gradually, a body of liturgic material would be accumulated, filled with poetic and religious sentiment, and in harmony with our emancipated and liberal views. A liturgy is not made by mere reflection: it must grow out of the religious consciousness deeply stirred with love and hope. So we shall come gradually to invent new symbols as well as reanimate old ones, to compose new liturgies

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from modern as well as ancient Scriptures, weaving into our service whatever is beautiful in nature and sublime in human thought and feeling. Even where a liturgical form of worship is not desired by the congregation as a part of its regular Sunday service, these festivals could not fail to reflect back something of beauty and joy on the ordinary routine of our church life, as so many mounts of vision and transfiguration, raising us above the level of our daily thought and walk into the nearer presence of divine love and peace.

Finally, such a cyclus of festivals twined about our church year and celebrated in common by our parishes would promote in large degree a community of interest among our congregations. Hitherto, we have united chiefly to propagate our religious ideas. Can we not unite also for the mutual exercise and promotion of our devout and worshipful tendencies?

As to what particular days shall be observed, what outward events or spiritual experiences shall be included within the circle of our commemoration, and of what nature our celebration shall be,— these are questions which can only be alluded to in this paper, and which it would be premature to attempt to answer with any definiteness in the incipiency of the present movement for the enrichment of our Unitarian church service. A few premises may, however, be ventured on. These festival days should not be too many, lest they produce only a weakened and confused impression. They should not be celebrated with too much elaboration and pomp, lest their preparation absorb too much the time and thought of our congregations, and they become outward and sensational in themselves. They should always be union festivals in which young and old can unite. The separate celebration of these feast days by either church or Sunday-school should be strongly discouraged. Once more, they should be arranged in a certain regular and coherent succession, and observed as uniformly as possible throughout our churches. To determine upon and secure the enforcement of such regularly recurring festivals will be no

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easy matter. It is evident that a mere passive acceptance of the seasons and holy days enjoined in the calendar of the prevailing Church will never suffice the enlightened and rational believer to-day. For most of the historic festivals of the Christian Church are associated with events of a supernatural and miraculous character, in whose actual occurrence we do not believe, or to which we give a very different interpretation and ascribe a different significance from the rest of Christendom. Even if we should keep these feasts, we could in no true sense unite in the festival joy of our more orthodox brothers. Nay, we should emphasize more than ever our disagreement with them. Yet there are sufficient occasions in the life of nature and the spiritual history of man, occasions world-moving and impressive in their character, to furnish us with lofty motives for common acknowledgment, prayer, and praise. And, in the words of another, "It is good to think that, whatever choice we make of holy days, we cannot break altogether our connection with the old historic festivals of Christendom."

In closing, we may refer to a cyclus of festivals which has been observed for some years past by a number of our churches, and which seems to be coming to a more general acceptance among us. It contemplates a fourfold division of the church year by feast days which commend themselves through their beautiful accord with the life of nature, the spiritual experience of the race, and the historic development of religion. The first of these holy days is Easter. Easter is the festival of spring, and from time immemorial and among all nations has been observed as such. It celebrates the new life in nature. It is peculiarly the festival of childhood and youth,—the promise and hope of human society. Lastly, it symbolizes the new life in the soul, the reasonable and inspiring hope of immortality. Let it be kept with flowers and songs and the presence of children,—those flower-buds on the tree of human life,—with tender memories of our dead, and happy prophecies for the living. To many, the historic and Christian features of Easter will still be the central motive of the festival. Others will find

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its controlling sentiment in the other elements of its observance which have been referred to: all, let us hope, will treat the Christian tradition of it with the reverential and tender feeling which it deserves as a world-inspiring faith, which has shed its radiance into all our homes and hearts, and guided us to the larger truth and trust in the eternal life of the human soul in God.

A second occasion for our festival joy we may find at Midsummer. In nature, the time of maturity and beauty, of flowers and light and warmth. In human life, it celebrates the attainment of manhood and womanhood. In our cities, where the unhallowed custom prevails of closing the churches during the heated term, instead of adapting the hour and character of their services to the exigencies of the season, it may be more difficult to observe this holy day. But, in the country, it should be a favorite feast. The patriotic anniversaries of our nation, many of which occur during the summer term, and sometimes fall on a Sunday,— Decoration Day, June 17th, the 4th of July, etc.,— might be kept in connection with this festival, or to it may be attached those miscellaneous occasions which spring up in our church life, such as a service of mercy for the dumb creation, a temperance festival, the confirmation of children, or the memory of some saintly name.

A third and obviously fitting festival for an agricultural people like ours, and one which is coming more and more into favor with our liberal churches, is that which celebrates the Harvest bounty in the autumn of the year. This is the feast of fruition in nature, an occasion for thanksgiving for all harvests, material or spiritual. It is rich in symbols and suggestions, and furnishes an appropriate opportunity for decorating and beautifying the temple,— a work in which the children as well as the adult members should be enlisted. In agricultural communities especially, it would do something to dignify the toil of the farmer, and raise him from merely sordid aims to a high and ideal conception of his vocation.

Lastly comes the winter festival, the ever-joyous Christ-

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mas-tide. In nature, it represents the turning of the sun toward the earth again, and the rebirth of the light. To the Christian consciousness, it commemorates the advent of the light and joy-bringing Christ; in human life, the prophecy of good will to men and peace on earth.

By adopting such a cyclus of festivals as is here indicated,—and for which Revs. Samuel Longfellow, William C. Gannett, J. Vila Blake, and others of our liberal communion have already furnished noble orders of service,—the seasons of the secular and the church year will come into accord, the life of nature and the human spirit be brought into sympathetic relations, and our holy days be linked to the great historic festivals of Christendom. This adoption must be a voluntary and gradual one. We have no autocracy among us, no bishop or synod to order our church year. Meanwhile, individual churches and church members can contribute much to this end by preparing orders of worship, and holding festival services on these red-letter days of the Liberal Church. Where this is done with intelligent discrimination and taste as well as devout fervor, the public services of our religion will be touched with a new beauty, and kindled with a higher inspiration. We shall discover that there are as beautiful uses, fervent emotions, and ideal trusts in the world to-day as ever under Grecian skies or on the consecrated slopes of Mount Moriah.

CHARLES W. WENDTE.

A MORAL UNITY — AT THE LAST.

Dualism is that old and perhaps ever-living teaching, that there is the reign of two principles, the good and the evil. "Of ancient religions," one has said, "Parsism is that in which moral good and evil are most sharply distinguished. In no other religion is the antagonism of a good and evil principle so fundamental to its organism and so conspicuous in all its developments." From the Zoroastrian religion, it passed into Judaism, and thence into Christianity.

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In the Christian religion, this conflict between good and evil is represented by the reign of the personally good principle, or God; and by the reign of the personally bad principle, or Satan. God and Satan are the contending forces, who, so far, have been endeavoring to circumvent each other; and, according to the popular apprehension, it would seem as if the number of those over whom Satan will finally reign will far outnumber those over whom God will reign; as if these two powers will endlessly exist and reign,— God and his saints in heaven, Satan and his imps in hell. All this hopelessly tortures and perplexes the mind of philosophic man, who, naturally seeking a moral unity,— the final rule of the good, and the extinction of the evil,— finds in the popular thought no token of that unity.

The paper to which I have alluded answers the question, Why is evil permitted? by saying, in effect, There is no evil. It says: "What the world calls evil remains; and the questions, whence and why, still haunt the philosophic mind. How reconcile the existence of evil with the being and rule of a wise and good God, almighty to effect what love proposes and wisdom plans? . . . There is but one answer to this question. What love proposes and wisdom plans must needs be good." In the view and intent of a Being of infinite wisdom and goodness, there can be no evil. Such a Being sees and knows and does only good. What we call evil, therefore,— the evil of our experience,— when referred to its source, has precisely the same character as that which we call good. If God is good, and if all that is proceeds from him, there is no evil. And so, when speculating upon the question of evil, we are told that we are not to reason from effect to cause,— from the world of our experience to God,— because by so doing we shall ultimate the belief of an imperfect, sinful God,— a God like the world he has created; but we are to reason from cause to effect,— that is, from our idea of a perfectly good and powerful Being to the world this all-good and all-powerful Being has created. Assuming, therefore, the existence of an all-holy, wise, loving, and powerful Being, we are led

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to say, What such a Being does or causes to be done must be good, in no wise evil; it must be like himself;—the world must be good in plan, good in development, and good in consummation. The question, How does the idea of evil harmonize with the belief that God is good? is, perhaps, still more explicitly answered: "I answer flatly, it," evil, "does not consist with the goodness of God. One or the other of these conceptions must be abandoned. Either there is no God such as we figure him, or there is no evil." * "Pain and suffering in abundance, but no evil." "Imperfection, want, and pain in abundance," "but nothing in God's universe answers to" this "condition," that it is "evil in all its issues, evil for evermore." The questions, Whence and wherefore evil? are then puerile. All is good, because God has made all. Because he is good, his universe can only manifest his goodness. In denying, then, the existence of evil, we do not cut a knot nor untie a knot: we deny there is any knot.

But is there indeed no knot? Is there no evil?

Unless one be drugged with *a priori* reasoning, I think that the existence of evil must be confessed; and it will be when one be taken unawares. I do not refer to mistakes that men commit, but to the fact that men are conscious of doing wrong, of being sinners. The moment one studies himself, I think he is conscious of sinning. I am willing then to say, I do not know why evil exists; but I am not willing to say, I do not believe in the existence of that, which every man at times confesses to be existent. I am willing to say, Here is a great difficulty,—that it is difficult to believe in the existence of evil and of God; but to say there is no evil appears quite too great an affront put upon the common sense of mankind. It requires a less severe strain upon our intellect to say we know not the reason why evil exists, but we believe that in the triumph of Christianity evil will be destroyed, than to say there is no evil.

* Compare pp. 119 and 120 of *Reason in Religion*, where denying the existence of evil is called the doctrine of the Stoics: "Of this doctrine, a critic justly remarks, 'It may be sublime, but is none the less absurd.' . . . As a theory," the writer says, "the mere statement is its own refutation."

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I do not think that one would maintain that Christianity favors the belief that there is no evil; nor, that mankind will generally deny its existence. Where shall we find a human society that does not assume its existence? All the administration of justice implies that men often do wrong. How will one otherwise account for the fact, we feel guilty and not merely sorry in doing evil, than by saying a mistake is one thing, and sinning something quite different in nature? No man feels the same about sinning and making mistakes, and no one can prevent himself from regarding the two as very different things. We put an impassable gulf between meaning to do wrong and doing wrong from a mistaken idea of what is right. Punish one for his sin, and he feels the justice of it. Punish one for an error, and he feels the punishment is undeserved. Many a man has even gladly received a punishment for his sin; for, in so doing, he has felt that he was rendering a satisfaction to justice. No man but would feel he was unfairly treated in being punished for the mistake which he has made. Lies, forging names to mercantile paper, stealing my neighbor's goods, seduction, murder, are sins. They are not mistakes, committed by well-meaning persons. And one who commits these or any the like sins, and gets clear of his punishment, we are sure does not receive his rightful due.

Besides, is there such a state of mind as being forgiven? And is there the disposition to forgive? If so, to what do these relate? To evil done, and to that only. Can we justly associate forgiveness with our errors? We are sorry when one makes a mistake; and he who makes the mistake would — would he not? — feel that you were applying to him a very strange word, if you, at such a time, should say you forgave him the error. And would he not naturally say to you, Why, I have done no evil, committed no sin, that I should be forgiven. And is it not true that, in proportion as we lose sight of sin, we lose sight of the need of forgiveness? The two — sin and forgiveness — are correlative; and there seems no place for forgiveness, unless one has sinned. If we think of man as a sinner, we immedi-

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ately feel he needs forgiveness; and we believe that as he repents of his sins he shall find it. When James Freeman Clarke wrote his monograph on Forgiveness, he naturally called it "The Christian Doctrine of Forgiveness of Sin"; and, everywhere in its pages, he writes of forgiveness as related to sin. An error may be rectified, but who ever heard of rectifying a sin? This may be forgiven, but not rectified.

The sin in the world is not then to be removed by denying that there is any sin. It is not to be removed by summarily denying on *a priori* grounds the fact — as men usually conceive it, of evil; nor by attempting to resolve it into misapprehended good, nor by calling it good imperfectly developed. Evil is; and we think it is only to be extirpated by that which is not evil,— by the agency alone of that which is good.

There is a second and a much more common method of solving the difficulty suggested by the question, How can evil and God be accepted as equally undeniable?

I shall offer no proof of the position that we are made for perfection; we are to become obedient to the moral law; we are to acquire the strength which will fit us to resist the every inducement to do wrong; we are to come into that state where the perception of the right shall enlist all our powers in its behalf,— the state where we shall instinctively turn from the evil unto the good; where we are proof against the temptation to do wrong. When we have and use this power, our moral perfection has been attained; and, by perfection, I mean sinlessness,— "the being able not to sin."

But, in the process of attaining this end, we are opposed by a thousand and one hindrances. We are hedged in by a multitude of barriers. Our ignorance of what we should do assumes myriad shapes; and oftentimes, when the way of action seems clearly enough marked out, an evil purpose starts up and thwarts us. The two things to be gained before we can be perfect are, first, a larger knowledge; and, secondly, a stronger moral purpose than we now

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possess. And these are to be gained only by putting forth our most resolute and persistent endeavors. There must be the daily, perhaps the hourly, wrestling with the hindrances about us; and we make our progress only by an earnest struggling with our difficulties. And this progress can only be made as we pay the price for it. The knowledge we now possess we have gained very slowly, and still are we slowly learning how to live. Through the sufferings of the body, consequent upon our ignorance or carelessness, we are naturally compelled to be more and more careful for its welfare. This is the general law of our lives, a law applying to the spiritual as to the temporal. The spiritual prize — peace, happiness — is only awarded when similar conditions are observed. There is a warfare, a race, spiritual; and the crown he puts on who has gained the right to do so. Moral strength is only developed by antagonism and conflict. He who has fought and won is the moral victor. "Suffering," says one, "is the price we pay for enjoyment; disaster, the price of safety; difficulty and danger, the price of progress." Says another, "These higher forms of character, in the very nature of things, can be produced only by conflict with moral evil"; and he seems to suggest the inquiry, and the belief, that evil "can be, or seem to be, the means of higher and more enduring good"; and, finally, he says, "Evil resolves itself into a ministry for the higher good of those in conflict with it."

What then is the relation of sinfulness to our spiritual progress? Are we to take it in our course, and make it a necessary factor of our becoming perfect? Can we only come by our perfection by travelling over the sinful road? To perfect ourselves in the right, must we do wrong? Is sin a necessary element in human goodness? Does sin necessarily enter into our idea of being holy? Can we only become holy by first being sinful? And much of the popular discoursing about "difficulty, struggle, progress," and much, too, of what is meant to be the exact statement of the way in which man comes by his perfection, leads one to answer these questions by saying, Yes: "evil is a min-

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istry for the higher good of those in conflict with it." And so, once more, is the problem of evil attempted to be solved. And this time, not as before, by denying the existence of evil, but by emptying the word of all its significance; by making it only a mode of difficulty, a kind of mistake, or an imperfection; a something else than what it really seems to be, the action of the perverse will of man. When the good is just as possible to one as the evil, and he chooses the evil and lets go the good, that it is to sin. Generally, sin is choosing an evil course; or, as Martineau says, the essence of sin lies in this: "The conscious free choice of the worse in the presence of the better, no less possible." Now, if this be the essence of sin, then it is wholly differentiated from an imperfection, or a mistake; for in these there is no intention to do wrong: rather is it the purpose of one who only mistakes, to do the right. If, then, sin be the intent, the purpose to do evil, it does not seem proper to say that, in the process of our becoming good, we are to accept the ministry of evil. If I urge one to goodness, I do not think it safe to tell him he will best come by goodness through a familiarity with evil; that evil is a needed element in his being made free from all evil, or perfect in his love of what is good; that evil is an element not to be omitted in attaining his perfection; that sinning "is a ministry for the higher good of those in conflict with it." Sickness is not a necessary ingredient of health, blindness not the necessary concomitant of seeing. And so, generally, spiritually. Must I, in order to be chaste, be first licentious? To be temperate, or abstinent of strong drink, shall I first drink to excess? Shall I gain the habit of truth-telling by telling lies? Shall I become the child of God, by using as my "ministry" to it the ways of wickedness?

To say that one can get good out of evil — the will being good, and dominant over the evil — is one thing. To say that evil exists for the sake of the good, that it ministers to good, that evil, as such, is a means of good, that an evil will will assist one to a holy will, is certainly quite another.

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If, by evil or through evil, the good has ever, in any instance, been advanced, it is certainly no thanks to the evil, which, it would seem, must go on multiplying only evil; because, in the instance supposed,— the good advanced by the evil,— the good has always come in spite of the evil, and because some one who is good, not evil at all, has been subjugating the evil, and compelling it to do another service, than that to which it is by nature inclined. Then, the evil has been overpowered by that which is the exact opposite of evil. In short, the evil has not then been used as a "ministry" unto the good, but has been regarded as the relentless, unappeasable foe of the good, and treated accordingly. To be holy, we need to have as little to do with evil as possible; and sin, instead of being the agent, helping on our spiritual life, is the one thing which would and will, if indulged in, destroy that life. Sin does not help us on, but prevents us from going on: it is the discord, not the concord, in our lives; the ever-to-be-dreaded obstacle to its harmony; to be cast out of us with all speed. It is not a designed part of the world's plan, and assisting in its completion, but something which has broken in upon it; something which would, if possible, destroy its symmetry; something against which God and all holy beings are ever obstinately fighting, that it may be utterly crushed out. Why, then, shall we call it, consciously or unconsciously, an essential factor in our spiritual perfection? Why not speak the exact truth about it,— that it is the thing to be uprooted from the soul as its curse and ruin, a position impossible to be held by one who regards it as having an essential place in our moral progress or by one who deems it in any wise a ministry in the soul unto good. If evil have an essential place in our perfection, and must be taken up in the way of that perfection, then it is eternal. There was never then the time when it was not active, and the time when it will not be needed for our profit will never come. Sin is eternal, if it be man's needed ministrant unto holiness. What is the meaning of the words "salvation" and "redemption," we may further ask, if sin is a ministry unto good?

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If these words mean anything, do they not mean our freedom from sin? But, if we be free from sin, how can there be, on the theory of spiritual growth we are noticing, any such growth? Did Jesus grow in goodness, "in favor with God and man," through evil? I think the Lord's Prayer has the true philosophy of our spiritual growth. when it offers the petition "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." And when Jesus said, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation," he had a better apprehension of the needs of human nature than those who think that temptation will serve to refine and increase our spiritual force. I am sure no wise parent would wish to subject his child to temptations to evil, as the means of establishing the moral power of the child, however much he might acknowledge his inability to keep his child away from them, when entering the world. Paul was right, when he said, "Evil communications corrupt good manners," or that no one becomes good-mannered through evil communications as a cause. Why the natural dread of evil, if evil be a ministry for our good? That we do wrong, that we encounter wrong, are facts lamentable enough, we usually think. But why lamentable, if this wrong done and encountered be the needed element in our spiritual growth?

Hawthorne's *Marble Faun* illustrates my idea. This book is either a story of love and murder; or a description of the Eternal City and a criticism of art; or it is a sounding in the deepest sea of human thought. An English reviewer has spoken of the book as an account of "the awakening and education of a human soul from a state of simple unconscious innocence through crime to a higher life of moral and spiritual strength, in which it may be trained not to ignore, but to combat and subdue evil. . . . The love of Donatello for Miriam awakens a part of his nature; afterward, and on account of his love for her, he commits a murder. The great transformation has now begun, and it works on." Shall we then call Donatello unsophisticated man,— Adam, perhaps, in Eden, before he has partaken of the forbidden fruit? Shall we call the sculptor of

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the story, Kenyon, the speculative intellect of man, querying about the effect of crime in the development of human nature, hitherto unacquainted with evil? Shall we call Hilda the pure soul, living out of its instincts of what is right, unacquainted with sin, around whose dwelling fly the innocent doves, and who fearlessly eat from her hand; but, when it becomes first cognizant of evil, it experiences dreadful pain and perturbation of spirit? Let us then turn to the book itself, and to the place where Kenyon and Hilda are in conversation about Donatello.

Kenyon: "He," Donatello, "perpetrated a great crime; and his remorse, gnawing into his soul, has awakened it, developing a thousand high capabilities, moral and intellectual, which we never should have dreamed of asking for, within the scanty compass of the Donatello whom we know."

Hilda: "I know not whether this is so; but what then?"

"Here comes my perplexity," continued Kenyon. "Sin has educated Donatello, and awakened him. Is sin, then, which we deem such a dreadful blackness in the universe, is it like sorrow, merely an element of human education, through which we struggle to a higher and purer state than we could otherwise have attained? Did Adam fall, that we might ultimately rise to a far loftier paradise than his?"

"Oh! hush," cried Hilda, shrinking from him, with an expression of horror, which wounded the poor, speculative sculptor to the soul. "This is terrible; and I could weep for you, if you indeed believe it. Do not you perceive what a mockery your creed makes, not only of all religious sentiments, but of moral law? and how it annuls and obliterates whatever precepts of heaven are written deepest within us? You have shocked me beyond words."

"Forgive me, Hilda," exclaimed the sculptor, startled by her agitation: "I never did believe it."

And in this, "Forgive me, I never did believe it," I find the ultimatum of the writer of the book. He here confesses he cannot accept the theory that sin is like sorrow to man; and, however difficult it may be to solve the problem of evil, the theory that man must make it his minister to good is something wholly incredible. "Forgive me, I never did believe it."

And now, from the stand-point of the Christian teaching, how does evil appear?

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The first thing which strikes me is this: the explicit way in which the Bible speaks of sin, as having "entered into the world." The implication everywhere manifest in it is, that sin is not something belonging to the world-plan, but is something which has forced its way across that plan, and is disarranging it. Sin, or evil, is the one thing that hinders man from fulfilling his destiny; and from sin the Lord came to save man, as from his bitter enemy. I do not believe one can find a passage in the Bible where sin, as such, is spoken of as the minister unto the perfection of man; and the way in which Paul meets the supposed objector, who brings up against his teaching, "For if, through my being false, the truth of God hath been more abundantly manifested to his glory, why am I still judged as a sinner? And why do you not say, as some slanderously charge us with saying, Let us do evil that good may come? The condemnation of such men is just,"—let this, I say, answer for the way in which the Christian thought looks upon one who thinks, because sin may serve, by the grace of God, to make a clearer manifestation of God's goodness, therefore sin is not a detested, but a very venial, perhaps a praiseworthy thing. Sin is not a light thing, because Infinite Goodness overrules it for good. "God so loved the world" in its sin "that he sent his Son" to be the redemption of it; and when man is working with God, in the overthrow of evil, he is most nobly working. He can make no sacrifice too great to be rid of it. Sin is not, in the Christian view of it, essential to our perfection, but the one great obstacle to our perfection. The Christian way of regarding sin is, it is a hateful, detestable thing, and the less man has to do with it the better. Again and again, it is said of evil that God hates it, and we are called upon to hate it. It is a strong word to employ, but it is somewhat frequently employed to express the way in which God regards evil.

I am interested in showing the detested entrance of sin into the world, according to the Biblical thought of it: that sin, or evil, is very far from being deemed essential to,

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or as ministering to, the perfection of the world-plan. I think that the opening lines of *Paradise Lost* give us the Christian thought of evil: not at all accounting for evil, but that it dashed itself across the path of man's perfection, and that of itself it would wholly spoil the plans of God; that by sin was the Paradise lost, which is only to be regained

> "By one man's firm obedience, fully tried
> Through all temptation, and the tempter foiled
> In all his wiles, defeated and repulsed,
> And Eden raised in the waste wilderness."

It is of man's disobedience; it is of a forbidden tree; it is of a death brought in; it is of a greater man to restore us; it is of a blissful seat to be regained; it is of the defeat of the tempter in all his wiles; it is of an Eden raised again in the waste wilderness,— of these things the great epic sings in immortal strains, following on in what I deem the Christian view of moral evil: that "if in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." "For if through the offence of one many be dead, much more the grace of God, and the gift of grace, which is by one man, Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto many."

Sin, then, entered into the world as man's foe. It had no right here, it does not belong here; and so, if it came in by one, by one it shall go out. That is the glorious revelation of the Christian teaching; the grand consummation of all things, according to the same teaching. Though it entered into the world, in the world it shall not stay. Its overthrow is ordained. The time shall come when it shall no longer haunt the souls of men. Holiness, not sin, is the order of the world. For good, the sole reign of good, the utter extinction of all evil, God is working; and with him, for the extinction of evil, it should be our greatest joy to work. This universe is the kingdom of God, not of Satan. Man is the child of God, not of the devil. Holiness, not moral evil at all, is man's helping agent, his ministry to the perfect life. The more holy he becomes, the better for him; and the perfect state has been reached, when in him

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no trace of evil can be found. But, in all this upbuilding of man, I would lay the foundation in the natural-divine element in human nature,—the capacity in man to be reached by the divine appeal, and filled with the divine spirit. Without this divine foundation, no divine superstructure is ever possible, or even conceivable. Without this, man is none other than a different kind of beast from the grazing ox: with it, he is indeed the child of God, and fitted for an unending glory and unspeakable happiness. To make man the holy one he was created to be is the work of the Christian teacher, as it is evermore the work of God and the Son.

I do not, then, attempt to explain away the reality of evil. Nor do I regard it as a means of our holiness. But I would do all I can to eradicate it, and make man the holy one he was destined to be. And I believe that in the completion of the mission of Jesus will the now too evident natural dualism disappear. This is the work to warm and energize our souls for zealous, unflagging toiling in the fulfilment of the Christian design, which answers our every demand for a moral unity in the universe of God, and so satisfies us with a belief of the moral beauty of things.

RUSHTON D. BURR.

M. HYACINTHE LAWSON,* FORMERLY PERE HYACINTHE.

HIS IDEAS AND WORK.

When, nearly twenty years since, the eloquent voice of the magnificent orator, Father Hyacinthe, resounded beneath the roof of Notre Dame, and thousands of delighted auditors hung upon his words, it seemed for a short time that a new era was opening for the Catholic pulpit, with this powerful prophet descended from Carmel. This superb monk, in his friar's robe, with his fine presence, his benevolent smile, his frank aspect, his captivating voice, was soon

* M. H. Lawson was born at Orleans, the 10th of March, 1827. His father was rector of the Academy of Pau.

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considered superior even to Père Lacordaire. He had, like him, great richness of diction, but more fire in his utterance, more amplitude in his gestures, something more attractive, seductive, sympathetic. Also, the impassioned sympathy of an eager and a cordial public followed him, sustained him, encouraged him. It was a spectacle altogether new at that time to hear a monk speak in this manner.

Father Hyacinthe had, in short, a double advantage. A monk, and subject to an iron rule, he represented liberty, independence, and the protest of conscience against a despotism both political and ecclesiastical. When all yielded to him or were silent, he appeared to wish to assert himself. At all events, he spoke, and spoke boldly. Everything contributed then to give to this man a real prestige, which had the promise of permanence. I think it is not necessary to add that, in speaking of liberty, of independence, of protest, this is to be understood relatively, and in the degree that these ideas are reconcilable with the Catholic creed and pulpit. Alas! it was too much for even this limited measure, as was soon perceived. The enemies of all liberty, of all individuality, being dissatisfied, watched in disguise, and seeing the multitude pressing more and more closely, more and more charmed and united, into Notre Dame, denounced Father Hyacinthe to the General of his Order, and even to the Pope. He was accused of heresy.

For five years, Father Hyacinthe supported with calmness the abuse of those who accused him in secret, but whom he well knew were the Jesuits. At first there was no attention paid to these jealous accusations, but the time arrived when Father Hyacinthe received an order to modify his language or remain silent. The monk then, proudly, nobly, resumed his liberty, issued from his convent, and addressed to the General of the Order, on the 20th of September, 1869, an eloquent letter to justify his conduct. He foresaw already, as all those do who know the influence of the Jesuits at Rome, the results of the deliberations of the Council. Also some months later, when the infallibility of the Pope was proclaimed, he protested energetically against the new

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dogma, and openly separated from the Papacy, breaking with it definitively. From that time, Father Hyacinthe became M. Lawson, and undertook the reform of Catholicism, founding a separate worship. He went to Switzerland at first, where he did not meet with the success he had anticipated. It is certain the locality was badly chosen (in the midst of the population of Geneva) for founding a church of this kind. He soon found himself in a dilemma, solicited in quite opposite directions by political and religious parties,—flattered for a time by the Protestant Orthodoxy which would gladly have received him, held a little aloof by the liberals who distrusted his ideas, and, seeing that his work had but little influence with the Catholics, perhaps judged that it would have no future. He then decided to return to Paris, and open a place of worship in the Rue Rochechouart, which was last year changed to the Rue d'Arras, where it still is.

What are the ideas of M. Hyacinthe Lawson, and of what value are they? What is the reform which he wishes to effect, and what is its future?

First of all, he stoutly affirms that he is not a heretic, and that, if he has written anything against the true and pure "doctrine of the Catholic Church, he humbly retracts it with all his soul." He wishes to continue in its holy faith, and "to carry it with him to the tomb." He often denies wishing to become a Protestant: he will never go over to "Protestantism, which contains within itself only weak and barren elements." Certainly, it is very unnecessary for M. Lawson to take the trouble to insist that he is not Protestant; and it is very wrong to accuse him of being so, if the accusation is made seriously. In short, his religious ideas and, above all, his ecclesiastical ones are totally different from Protestant ideas. His dogmatic conceptions are perfectly Catholic, and very orthodox Catholic. One can judge of this by the following short analysis, accompanied by remarks which show the defects of his system.

M. Hyacinthe Lawson believes firmly in the Trinity, and

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gives distinct emphasis to the absolute and perfect divinity of Jesus Christ. Concerning the person of the Holy Spirit, he says that "it is the infinite reason," and, again, that it is "like a breathing of love which goes from power to reason, and returns from reason to power," two contradictory and perfectly incomprehensible assertions. Besides, in speaking of the Trinity, in the lecture upon Dogmatic Catholicism (1878), he says, "It is always the one Being; but in its indivisible substance there is, however, a trinity of separate relations and energies, and, as we might justly say, three persons." But no, you do not say justly: it is wrong. If these are "relations," "energies," they are not persons. These terms are not identical in any language whatever. Your reasoning is a pure logomachy; and your Trinity rests upon nothing, it is a conception void of sense. Not only does M. Lawson use wrong words to express his ideas, but he makes some monstrous statements as that, "God in uniting himself to human nature has undergone no alteration." But he has changed profoundly and irremediably, because he is limited. He has lost infinity, one of the essential characteristics of divinity. We are confounded before such reasoning. From the divinity of Christ, M. Lawson draws original sin and redemption. It is very difficult to discern the chain of logic in such deduction.

M. Lawson believes in the real presence, almost material, of Jesus Christ in the Eucharist, which is the communion of "his true body and true blood." He expresses himself thus in one of his discourses: "One of the aliments of the Church is the flesh of Christ in the Eucharist. . . . To have eternal life, it is necessary to seek it not only in Christ, but in the material part of Christ." This shows to what monstrous literalism an enlightened but abused intelligence can go.

M. Lawson believes in the all-powerful personality of the devil. In his discourse upon the Profession of Faith of a Protestant Convert, he says, "What makes heresy is a spirit of pride, of revolt, and of schism, which broke out in heaven, when Satan, dividing the angels of light, wished

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to fashion to his fancy the eternal purpose, and to form anew the work of God in the world." I myself listened a year ago to a curious sermon* from M. Lawson to his catechumens, in which he gave a description of Satan altogether fantastic, and of his rôle in the universe. It is evident that he has no suspicion that, in thus establishing the dual rule of God and the devil, he strikes a blow at the same time at the power of God and the liberty of man.

M. Lawson believes that baptism communicates to man a supernatural grace, and that it makes him in some way a Christian: "Whoever has been baptized in the name of the divine Trinity has received a principle of new life." And observe that this applies to the baptism of little children. Put this idea over against the idea of original sin, and you will have the *opus operatum* in all its stifling and irreligious materialism.

The ecclesiastical conception of M. Hyacinthe Lawson is likewise that of orthodox Catholicism, save in two or three points, of which I will presently speak. For him, the priest possesses supernatural power, absolutely divine, which he has received through ordination. "It is transmitted through the ages by a rite instituted by Jesus Christ himself." It is useless to point out what is altogether erroneous in this assertion. In the same way, the priesthood and episcopacy have been established by Jesus Christ, as well as the primacy of the bishop, whether at Rome or elsewhere. If the primacy was first accorded to one at Rome in the earlier times, it was because Rome was the seat of the empire; but there is no reason for continuing it there. It is to the Church and priesthood, in which are united the authority of the Church, that the government of conscience belongs; also, as a natural consequence, the power of pardoning sin, a power given by Jesus Christ himself, as well as the utility of confession, without which the power of

* When M. Lawson limits himself to the development of great spiritual and moral truths, he is eloquent. The same day after his dissertation upon Satan, he spoke at length upon the corruption of the great Babylon (Paris). He spoke magnificently, with persuasive and captivating eloquence. His audience was agitated and profoundly moved.

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pardoning sin would be illusory. Nevertheless, confessions ought to be rare and at will, and not to be changed into an inquisition. An honest conscience must be singularly blind to admit such moral enormities.

The bishops, according to M. Lawson, should be elected by the clergy and the faithful. The clergy ought to enjoy the liberty of marriage, and only voluntary celibacy should be admitted. M. Lawson gave the example, and is married, as is well known.* Thus, the only points of divergence with the Roman Catholic doctrine are the negation of absolute and infallible power residing in the Pope, the election of the bishops, and the marriage of the priests.

I have already said that it was the proclamation of the infallibility of the Pope which was the first cause, or, at least, the occasional cause, of the rupture of M. Lawson with the papacy. But, if he rejected the infallibility of the Pope, we are not to believe that he rejects every kind of infallibility in itself. Far from this, he says that the Church is infallible, and not the Pope; and, appropriating the words of Bossuet, he adds, it is the Church universal, "the unanimous and perpetual agreement with the Church, whether united in its large assemblies or dispersed under the episcopal government, but assisted by the spirit of truth." This is very well; but who is to judge if the Church is "assisted by the spirit of truth"? You, without doubt. Then, you will be judge of the Church; and here the judgment of the personal conscience appears, and then what becomes of the "unanimous consent"? Ecclesiastical history nowhere shows it; and, finally, how from a union of men, fallible individually, can issue a collective infallibility? It is an absolute contradiction. M. Lawson says that "laymen, priests, pontiffs, all are sinful, but the Church taken in its universality, as an institution, is holy." In truth, such aberrations are not to be discussed. It is evident how M. Lawson understands it; for he adds, "This Orthodoxy is not to be discussed, but to be affirmed." When one wishes to influ-

* M. Lawson was married in London, Sept. 2, 1873, to Mrs. Emily Anna Merriman, born Butterfield.

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ence men of reflection and reason, it is not sufficient to affirm, in order to convince and attract them.

M. Lawson pretends that the present time is averse to dogmas, because it has had the sad privilege of witnessing their construction. But it seems to me that all times have had the same privilege. M. Lawson understands well enough the history of dogmas to know that we can follow, step by step, the manufacture of dogmas in the Catholic Church. This history shows us their character and their stability, the occasion for this elaboration, and the successive introductions of such and such articles into the creed. Moreover, if it be permitted to one council, assisted by the Holy Spirit, to make a dogma, are there any sufficient reasons for denying this same right to another council, assisted by the Holy Spirit? Consequently, there is absolutely nothing to compel a Catholic to limit dogmatic elaboration to the first ten centuries.

In his lecture upon Christianity and Natural Religion, M. Lawson says that "true Christianity is that of the gospel, and that integral Christianity is that of the Catholic Church," and makes some sharp criticisms upon Protestantism, "which separates the Bible from the tradition that completes and explains it," for "revelation is written in such a manner that it always requires the enlightening word." Here is, then, an explanation of all the excrescences that the Church has added to the teachings of Jesus Christ and the apostles, under the pretext of completing and rendering them clear. Very well, the reform M. Lawson wants to accomplish is to abandon this pretended integral Christianity, and simply to return to the true Christianity. It is true that then he would cease to be Catholic, and this he will not do at any price. He wishes to remain Catholic, but without the Pope. But the Pope represents the unity of the Church: remove him, and where will be the unity? Our reformer replies that the unity is preserved by the federation of all the particular churches in the same country into a National Church at first, and then of all the National Churches into a Universal

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Church. In this way, he thinks we shall have unity of faith, of worship, and of the ministry. This is a pure illusion; for, in the times when her uniformity and power have been greatest, this pretended unity has never existed. And the formula attributed to St. Vincent of Lerins—*Semper, ubique, et ab omnibus*—is contradicted by the history of the Church and its dogmas.

It is in his understanding and method of conducting worship that M. Lawson separates himself from traditional Catholicism in the completest and most positive fashion. He demands the celebration of worship in the vulgar tongue, and the complete abandonment of Latin. He recommends the reading of the Bible, brought to all by translations into the national languages of all. He wants communion in two kinds. He does not absolutely proscribe images from places of worship, but he radically condemns their adoration. He condemns also the abused and superstitious worship of the Virgin Mary and the Saints. This is the most interesting side of the work of our reformer. He does not speak of ecclesiastical costume, but it is to be supposed that he desires to see it abandoned, as he has himself taken the vestments of a layman.

This is a careful exposition of M. Lawson's ideas in regard to dogmatic and ecclesiastical matters, and of those of worship. After this exposition, we are at liberty to say to M. Lawson that he little understands his epoch, or that he deceives himself singularly, when he affirms of the best faith in the world that "the fear is that, when these reforms shall have been accomplished, Protestantism will have finished its life, because there will no longer be anything against which to protest." * In truth, if Protestantism is so easily satisfied as to throw itself into the arms of the Catholic Church, we must allow that it had better be abandoned, and that it was not worth while to have made the painful separation of the sixteenth century. Let M.

* In his discourse upon the Profession of the Catholic Faith for a Protestant Convert, M. Lawson affirms that, if the United States understood the Catholic Church well, "as they love its ideas without in reality comprehending them, they would enter it with joy." After such self-deception, any others are possible.

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Lawson not insist too far, lest the Protestants reply to him in his own words, addressed to Deism, in his lecture upon Dogmatic Catholicism,—"Nauseat anima super cibo isto levissimo!"

Full of illusions, M. Lawson abounds no less in contradictions, both in language and ideas. I have already noticed some of these: there are others. For example, in his first lecture at Munich in 1871, he affirms that "the unity of the Church is above all inward, that the Holy Spirit is its author," "that unity is in love." He adds that the interior unity is to be accompanied by outward unity, and that Jesus Christ instituted this in the person of Peter; but he places the emphasis upon the interior unity, which is the capital point. In his discourse upon Practical Catholicism, in 1878, he treats this interior unity of the invisible Church with mysticism, and extols the visible, exterior unity, and emphasizes it in an especial manner. Another contradiction: M. Lawson condemns Protestant individualism, by which the personal conscience judges of doctrine: he condemns, in the same way, the collective individualism of the Eastern Church, which departed from the Western; and, at the same time, he affirms that true liberalism is that which distinguishes true from false dogmas. But this true liberalism is represented by some one. Now, this some one who distinguishes brings an individual judgment, personal or collective. M. Lawson himself, who says he wishes to be a rationalist,—an orthodox rationalist, it is true, which strikes a blow at his rationalism,—but whoever wishes to be rationalistic, even in a limited measure, uses an individual judgment. How can all this be reconciled?

But I do not wish to indulge in the malign pleasure of pointing out all the contradictions of M. Lawson. I will cite only one more: it is important, because it relates to confession. Here is what he says: "In the case in which private confession is not necessary or not possible, the faithful will have recourse to confession made to God in the secret of the conscience, with true repentance and perfect contrition." How is it that M. Lawson does not see that,

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if confession made to God is good and efficacious,—and it is certainly so for him,—confession made to the priest is useless, dangerous, and something more? These ideas are absolutely contradictory; but these contradictions are not so much of our reformer as of the system in which he is entangled, and from which he does not know how, and is not able, to extricate himself.

Finally, to what do the reforms of M. Lawson amount? In dogmatics, they are nothing; in ecclesiastical matters, very trifling,—negation of the papacy as an infallible power, election of bishops, and marriage of the clergy; in matters of worship, a very sensible amelioration in practice upon two points,—the employment of the vulgar tongue and the abandonment of deceptive legends.

I do not hesitate to say that this is altogether insufficient. To try to found a church for people of reflection and understanding by preserving nearly all the scaffolding of Catholicism is to doom one's work to failure. In appealing from the papal authority to the authority of the episcopacy, rejecting personal infallibility for collective infallibility, for one who feels himself a responsible being, is always to subordinate one's reason, conscience, and judgment to the reason, conscience, and judgment of others. It is not to be free: it is only changing one yoke for another, and perhaps for a heavier one. The present generation have different ideas from those of the Middle Ages, and have exigencies of mind and conscience unknown to the past. It is true that M. Lawson wishes to explain the dogmas which he extols, in order to have them meet these exigencies. He will give himself useless trouble, for historical critics have already given these explanations. For example, the Nicene Creed, which M. Lawson takes as the rule of faith for his church,—do we not know at the present time how this document of the fourth century was made? Do we not know that most of the articles of this creed have a polemic aim, and that they were originated to meet the heresies of the second and third centuries? Is there nothing contained in these articles which was unknown to the apostles? This

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is not the gospel of Christ. It is not with this that you will draw after you the best men. M. Lawson asks for that which is inconsistent with Catholicism, for he demands that one shall examine and judge his instruction. The result of this cannot be doubtful, at least in Roman traditions, when an appeal is not made to reason, to the interior sense.

What can be the future of such a reform? It is painful for me to say it, because M. Lawson inspires me with sympathy, of which he is worthy, from his great sincerity; but his work will apparently remain of little value and have no future. It will probably have no greater results than the analogous attempt of the Abbé Châtel in 1830. I should be glad to be in error, but I believe this reform will end with the reformer. The worshippers of the Rue d'Arras are few in number, and resort there more from sympathy with the man than from a profound conviction of the value of the work. We are also assured that the pecuniary prospects are not brilliant; and, what is still more serious, it is said that M. Lawson has great difficulty in finding co-laborers. There are no indications that his work really gains ground, but rather that its future is precarious, and that the Roman Church has nothing to fear from it. It is to be regretted that a loyal, intelligent man, animated with excellent purposes, very well endowed as an orator, should bring about such small results. Evidently, he lacks something, and precisely that which the true reformers, who have stamped their eras with an indelible impress, have possessed. It is not given to all to have the unconquerable soul of a Luther,— breaking with Rome, its dogmas, discipline, and worship, founding a new church, and boldly exclaiming, "I cannot do otherwise."

M. Lawson has a very courageous heart, but a very timid conscience. He has stopped at the entrance of the way, and looked back. His sensitive conscience has not permitted him to attack the ideas of his childhood, and he has held to all the naïve conceptions of the past. In his reform, he has remained upon the surface, and therefore his work has no solid base. M. Lawson is a magnificent artist, but this

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is not sufficient for the founder of a church in our epoch of historical criticism and religious indifference. He ought to break with Catholicism openly, which has not only produced religious indifference, but systematic hostility to religion, as he himself allows. But he wishes to avoid the appearance of heresy. None the less, the accusation rests upon him. The situation in which he has placed himself has all the inconvenience attached to heresy without its advantages.

Père Hyacinthe, under his monk's robe, enjoyed prestige. The crowd which pressed around his pulpit at the Notre Dame admired his boldness, and were enamoured with him and his ideas. M. Lawson, under the black coat of an Anglican pastor, passes to-day unnoticed in the same crowd which knows not the way to the temple of the Rue d'Arras. Which of the two will survive in history,—Father Hyacinthe, preacher of Notre Dame, or M. Lawson, the Gallican reformer? The future will show.

D. CHARRUAUD.

FICHTE, HIS POPULAR WORKS.*

FIRST PAPER.

"I have no talent for bending," wrote Fichte of himself; and so true is it of him that around this saying gather his life and philosophy. He came of a stock the family characteristics of which were "firmness of purpose, sterling honesty in their dealings, and immovable uprightness of conduct." The founder of the German branch of the Fichtes was a subaltern officer in the army of Gustavus of Sweden, who, after a skirmish near the village of Rammenau in Upper Lusatia, as part of Saxony used to be called, was left wounded on the field. From this, he was taken to the home of one of the villagers, where having married he remained. Members of this family are now in the village, following the occupation of linen and ribbon manufacturers. In this business, Fichte's father was engaged when his son Johann Gottlieb was born, May 19, 1762.

* Johann Gottlieb Fichte's Popular Works. Edited by William Smith. Trübner & Co., London.

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Early, the boy gave promise of the man, not only in intellectual capacity, but in great moral energy, in the inability to bend. When he was seven years old, in reward for his industry, his father gave him a new book. It was the story of *Siegfried the Horned.* Boylike, he was fascinated by the book, so that he found himself neglecting his lessons: manlike, he destroyed the book which thus stood in the path of duty. In ignorance of the motive which prompted the action, his father punished him. In silence, the boy suffered the punishment. His sense of duty made him refuse another book, which in time his father offered him. He refused it, lest it might tempt him from what he felt was his work.

Having by his display of memory attracted the attention of Baron von Miltitz, he was by him taken to Seven Oaks, the baron's castle on the Elbe. The gloomy place, as young Fichte thought it, had no charms for him, who loved the open field and the broad, clear sky. And he was only nine years old. After receiving instruction from the clergyman of one of the villages (Niederau), and having passed through the town school of Meissen, he was sent by the baron, at the age of thirteen, to the public school of Pforta. Here, he was severely tried; for it was the custom with teachers and pupils to live in cells, which they might leave only once a week, and that under inspection. "The stiffest formalism pervaded the economy of the establishment, and every trait of independence was carefully suppressed. . . . Instead of free communication, kind advice, and personal example of a home, secrecy, distrust, and deceit were the prevalent characteristics of the school." As the system of fagging was also in full force, it produced its "usual consequences, tyranny on the one side, dissimulation and cunning on the other" (Lewes). Fichte's "senior" was a tyrant. Into this impure atmosphere comes a boy whose purpose was uprightness, whose soul was open and clear, whose centre was independence. When convinced that he could no longer bear the ill-treatment received, when he found that even his own integrity was being marred by life under such conditions, he

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resolved on leaving. But this, too, must be done in a manly fashion. He therefore gave warning time and again of his intention, but was laughed at. At last, he left, and within him burned the desire for a lone island, where, like Robinson Crusoe, of whom he had lately read, he might live in peace and enjoy freedom. How strangely the two names go together, Robinson Crusoe and Fichte! While on the way to Raumburg, he thought of the advice given him by the pastor with whom he had studied, that he undertake nothing without first asking for divine aid. Another thought came to him: it was the thought of home, of father and mother. These he was leaving, perhaps forever. This he could not endure, so he resolved to return to Pforta, to disgrace, to punishment, and to a life which his whole being abhorred. But, on returning and confessing his intention to run away, his frankness so pleased the rector of the school that he was forgiven, and a more kindly senior was placed over him. Life became more endurable; and here, though the works of the advanced thinkers were not allowed inside the school, Fichte became acquainted with the works of Goethe, Wieland, and Lessing. In the writings of the last of these, he found perfect delight. "A new spiritual life was awakened within him. . . . Lessing became to him an object of such deep reverence that he determined to devote his first days of freedom to seek a personal interview with his mental liberator."

In the year 1780, and at the age of eighteen, Fichte entered the university of Jena as a student of theology. At this time, his chief desire was to become a village pastor in Saxony, that he might, in the "leisure he should find in that occupation, prosecute without disturbance his own mental culture." He was, however, to be denied the fulfilment of this desire; for, though he studied not only at Jena, but also at Leipzig, he was not considered sound in his theological position. A man who has "no talent for bending" must not expect a place in *the* Church. But, before he left Jena, his patron, the baron, died, leaving him to struggle not only with great mental problems, but with poverty.

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Also about this time he became acquainted with the writings of Wolff and Spinoza. By nature, he was suited to believe in free will; but Spinoza led him to fatalism, hence an inward struggle which cast a shadow over his mind. His thought and his innermost feeling were not reconciled.

Fortunately for him, he was made an offer of a tutorship in a wealthy family of Zürich, Switzerland. This he accepted. Being poor, he left Saxony on foot, and arrived in Zürich Sept. 1, 1788, there to begin perhaps the most remarkable tutorship on record. He was determined that the boy and girl who were committed to his charge should not only be educated in the branches which were considered necessary for persons in their station, but that their education should be the means of calling out all the man and woman there was in them. The parents could not quite understand him, and especially was the mother in the dark. For two years, he most conscientiously and firmly maintained his position as tutor in this family. But, while in Zürich, something of more importance than his tutorship to the development of his after-life occurred. Here, he became acquainted with Johanna Rahn, who afterward became his wife.

Leaving Zürich in the year 1790, he returned to Leipzig. He was again upon the world and poor,— so poor and yet so proud, as the world calls it, that when about this time offered, in a most gentle and loving manner, assistance by her whom he loved most, he could not bend to accept it. As he once wrote her: "Although I had never accepted aught from any man on earth, yet I would accept it from you. . . . Yet I cannot accept it. But in truth I need it not. I seldom come into difficulties when I have no money. I believe Providence watches over me." In the midst of poverty and in the darkness of mental doubt, he was filled by one thought which we find in one of his letters to Johanna Rahn,— "God cares for us: he will forsake no honorable man." We might add for Fichte the words which without egotism he might himself have written: And I am an honorable man.

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In Leipzig, he gave lessons in Greek and philosophy; and, in his leisure, he plunged into the philosophy which was then stirring all thoughtful Germany. Hear him: "The last four months which I have passed in Leipzig have been the happiest period of my life. . . . When I came to Leipzig, my brain swarmed with great plans. All were wrecked. . . . This disturbed my peace of mind a little, and it was half in despair that I joined a party to which I ought long ere now to have belonged. Since I could not alter my outward circumstances, I resolved upon internal change. I threw myself into philosophy, and, as you know, into the Kantian. Here, I found the remedy for all my evils, and joy enough to boot. The influence of this philosophy, and particularly the moral part of it (which is unintelligible without previous study of the *Critique of Pure Reason*) upon the whole spiritual life, and particularly the revolution which it has caused in my mode of thought, is indescribable. To you especially, I owe the acknowledgment that I heartily believe in the freedom of man, and am well convinced that it is only on this supposition that duty, virtue, or morality of any kind is so much as possible." (Letter to Achelis.)

To his college friend, Weisshuhn, he writes: "I have lived in a new world since I have read the *Critique of Practical Reason.* Principles which I believed were irrefragable are refuted, things which I thought could never be proved — as, for example, the idea of absolute freedom of duty — are proved; and I am so much happier."

In writing to Miss Rhan, he is even more enthusiastic, if that is possible. "My scheming spirit has now found rest. . . . A circumstance, which seemed the result of mere chance, led me to give myself up entirely to the study of the Kantian philosophy,— a philosophy that restrains the imagination, which was always too powerful with me, gives reason the sway, and raises the soul to an indescribable elevation above all earthly concerns. . . . This has given me a peace such as I have never before experienced. Amid uncertain worldly prospects, I have passed my happiest days."

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In 1791, he was to have been married to Johanna Rhan; but being disappointed in this, and being in great financial straits, he accepted an appointment as tutor in the family of a Polish nobleman, living at Warsaw. Here, he arrived on the 7th of June, but never entered upon the duties of his position; for he found that it was to be one of complete dependence on the countess, who was "vain, haughty, and whimsical." He now resolved to visit Königsberg where lived *the* philosopher whose works had brought such joy and peace to his mind, Kant. Alone in Königsberg, how should he introduce himself in a fitting manner to the sage? How but by showing the sage that he, too, was a philosopher, that he stood, by right of thought, not far from the author of the *Critiques?* On the 13th of July he began, and on the 18th of August he finished, his book, which was a *Critique of All Revelation.* This proved an excellent introduction to Kant. Indeed, when afterward published, it was attributed to Kant. None but he could write it,—at least, so thought Germany at the time. "Fichte's conclusion is that, if the doctrine which claims to be revealed from heaven contains anything more than the moral law, originally written in our hearts, it cannot be of divine origin; if it be perfectly coincident with the law, it is useless, and can in no proper sense be called a revelation." (Bowen.) There are, however, according to Fichte, circumstances in which a people or race might be temporarily benefited by a revelation; for instance, a people very low in civilization, or a fallen race.

While at Königsberg, he who had no talent for bending felt himself compelled to bend, or at least to try. He was in need of money, in great need. He could find no employment, and he had no way to get back to his home. In his difficulty, he applied to Kant for aid, that he might return to his own land. He could not speak to Kant. "I must return home," he writes in his journal on Sept. 1, 1791. "I can perhaps borrow from Kant the small sum necessary for my journey. I went to-day for that purpose, but my courage failed me. I resolved to write to him."

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"*2d September.* I have finished my letter to Kant and sent it." *

The letter runs: "You will pardon me, sir, if on the present occasion I address you in writing rather than in speech." Thus opening, he goes on to relate the reason for coming to Königsberg,—to see Kant,—and also sets forth his present reduced circumstances. "There appears, then," he continues, "to be no rescue for me from this situation, unless I can find some one who, although unknown to me, yet in reliance upon my honor will advance me the necessary sum for the expense of my journey, until the time when I can calculate with certainty on being able to make repayment. I know no one to whom I could offer this security without fear of being laughed at to my face, except you, excellent man. . . . I am so convinced of a certain sacrifice of honor in thus placing it in pledge, that the very necessity of giving you this assurance seems to deprive me of a part of it myself; and the deep shame which thus falls upon me is the reason why I cannot make an application of this kind verbally, for I must have no witnesses to my shame. My honor seems to be really doubtful until the engagement be fulfilled, because it is always possible for the other party to suppose that I may never fulfil it." All through the letter, he holds the same high tone, and closes: "For the tone which predominates in this letter I cannot, sir, ask your pardon. It is one of the distinctions of sages that he who speaks to them speaks as a man to men. As soon as I can venture to hope that I do not disturb you, I shall wait upon you, to learn your resolution; and I am with heartfelt reverence and admiration," etc.

From his journal, we learn the result of this application:—

3d September. Received an invitation from Kant. He received me with his usual cordiality, but informed me that it would be quite out of his power to accede to my request for another fortnight. Such amiable frankness! I have done nothing lately; but I shall set myself to work, and leave the rest to Providence.†

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* Quoted from Lewes' *History of Philosophy*, p. 684. † *Ibid.*

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But now assistance came. He was offered a tutorship in the family of the Count of Krokow, near Dantzig. This he accepted. His book also, after some difficulty, was published,— *Critique of All Revelation.* For Fichte, life became brighter. In the spring of 1793, he left Dantzig for Zürich, and on the 22d of October, of the same year, was there married to Johanna Rhan.

Toward the end of the same year, he was offered the Chair of Philosophy at Jena. This he accepted, and began the duties of his position the next year, 1794. The same year was published his *Wissenschaftslehre*, or "Theory of Science." With this we have at present nothing to do. We have, however, now to ask ourselves, What were Fichte's ideas with regard to his duties? What were the duties of a teacher, a student,—in a word, a scholar? For an answer to our questions, we will go to his lectures on "The Nature of the Scholar," published in the winter of 1805–6.

Beneath all appearances is the Divine Life: "it lies entirely hidden in itself. It has its residence in itself, and abides there completely realized in and accessible only to itself. It is all Being, and beside it there is no Being.... This Divine Life discloses itself, appears, becomes visible, manifests itself." The universe is but the unfolding of this Life, its manifestations: the human race, in that it is self-conscious and has reason, is a higher manifestation. This Life comes forth from itself, that it may in the human race produce a race which will become what it ought to be. "Human life *as it ought to be* becomes the idea and fundamental conception of God in the creation of a world."

What the race ought to be is not known to all: the great majority of mankind is governed by the moral laws gathered from the experiences of the past. But the Divine Life ever continues to unfold itself. "The progressive culture of the human race is the object of the divine idea," is the divine purpose. Thus far, at a given time, has the race gone; but here it must not stop. What is the *next* step? Who knows? "The original divine idea of any particular point of time remains for the most part unexpressed, until the God-inspired man appears and declares it. What the divine man does, that is divine. In general, the original and pure divine idea — that which he who is immediately inspired of God should do and actually does — is (with reference to the visible world) creative, producing the new, the unheard of, the original. The impulse of mere natural existence leads us to abide in the old; and, even when the divine

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idea is associated with it, it aims at the maintenance of whatever has hitherto seemed good, or, at most, to petty improvements upon it. But, where the divine idea attains an existence pure from the admixture of natural impulse, there it builds new worlds upon the ruins of the old. All things new, great, and beautiful which have appeared in the world since its beginning, and those which shall appear until the end have appeared and shall appear through the divine idea, partially expressed in the chosen ones of our race."

The prophets of our race, who caught in their day new truth, and poured it out on men who led them step by step from crude to more refined thought and life, and those in our day who are leading the race, and those who will lead it, are among the chosen ones. Among those of the past let us name Jesus and Buddha. The scientist and poet who have seen and felt new beauties in nature, and, proclaiming them, have made nature a more "fitting companion" for man,— a Newton and Wordsworth,— are "God-inspired." Of Phidias, of Angelo, of Raphael, we might say the same. The truths these men proclaimed in book or stone or on the canvas were born in them: they were light proceeding from the Divine Life ("God is light") within them, so that they were not so much inspired — breathed into — as that they breathed *out* from the centre of their being these truths. To thus be possessed by the divine idea, to catch light which throws itself for a short distance along the pathway of the future, and makes that way clear and free to him, is the desire of the scholar. He may attain this end or not; but he uses the means to its attainment, which "we have named the *Learned Culture* of that age."

While *studying*, while "he as yet only strives and struggles to attain a clear insight into the idea generally, or into that particular portion or point of it from which he, for his part, will penetrate the whole, . . . he is a progressive, a self-forming scholar, a student." The greatest desire of the true student is to attain to this insight, is to feel himself in possession of the idea, is to see clearly a little way ahead, and thus work for the future. Or, to put it differently, the idea itself strives to assume a *definite* form within him; and, when it assumes this definite form, then he may be said to have attained to the idea, or, better, the idea has taken possession of him. Until that time, he is "with untiring industry and true devotion of his whole mind, to avail himself of all the means which learned culture offers to him."

But he may never attain to the light he seeks. What then, is all wasted? No. If no spark of the idea is kindled within him, there remains to him "integrity of purpose," which is "more indispensable to a man than even genius [possession of the idea] itself." "Integrity of purpose is itself the divine idea in the common form." It is the "persuasion that God has given a purpose to his life, and that he must direct all his free actions toward the fulfilment of that purpose." "He looks

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upon his individual person as a thought of Deity; and thus his vocation, the design of his being, is to him as a purpose of God himself. This and nothing else is the *idea* of integrity, whether he who is ruled by it calls it by this *name* or by another." The person possessed of this integrity feels that man should be something, should do something, that this "temporal life should leave behind it in the spiritual world an imperishable and eternal result." As a thought of God, the student should feel — and, if a true one, will feel — that he is sent, that some particular phase of the eternal counsel may be made manifest through him to men. He studies, not that he may earn in the future a living by his knowledge, not that he may only be useful to others, but, since he is a thought of God, "this thought will I strive to know, to its fulfilment I will apply all my powers, then shall they be employed on what is eternal, and their result shall endure forever. I am eternal, and it is below the dignity of the eternal to waste itself on things that perish." This is the student who, though not possessed of and by the idea, has yet "brought integrity with him to his task." The same feeling should possess all, whether theirs be the idea or not.

When the progressive scholar has attained the idea, or when it has taken a definite form within him, he is the finished scholar. To him, the idea has become clear, so that light streams along the road of the future,— not that he sees to the end of the road, but possesses light for the future, is possessed to-day of that in idea which is to be objective to-morrow. "In the divine idea, he carries in himself the form of the future age, which one day must clothe itself in reality." "His personal life has passed into *the life of the idea.*" He has lost his individual consciousness (so to speak), and is in possession of a broader consciousness. He lives and moves and has his being in the idea. He no longer lives, but the idea lives within him: he is one with the Life of the idea (compare Gal. ii., 20; John x., 30). In him the divine idea "takes up its abode," "encircles itself in him with unspeakable love." We say of the finished scholar that he loves the idea, and lives it, "when in truth it is the idea itself which, in his place and in his person, lives and loves itself." The idea alone impels him: he moves where it moves, he is carried onward to the end he wishes to attain by the power in him and greater than himself. He follows the light burning in him, which sends its rays before him. Possessed of the idea, he is a genius; but this means on his part greater industry than that of common men. It "impels him forward to this universal activity." He must follow after the light. He is free from selfishness. Genius "never sees itself," it never turns its light back to shine upon its own brightness. He suffers no emotion within him that is not the direct emotion and life of the divine idea. To him, his own person and vocation become holy; "his thought becomes holy, enlightened, and religious; blessedness arises within him," he lives only "that in and by him God's work shall be achieved, and his will accom-

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plished. He, therefore, reposes in that will with unspeakable love, and with the immovable conviction it is right and good."

The finished scholar desires to impress the idea upon the world; and he may do so in different ways, as a ruler, a teacher, or an author. The word "author" has here two meanings,— the author proper and the artist.

The finished scholar, who is a ruler, looks upon himself as the instrument of the idea, by which it carries forward its purpose with men. He looks upon the race first as it is in the actual world, and beyond this to what it is in the divine idea. The idea in him sees what step, politically, is the next, in order that man may be what he ought to be. In his acts, he gives the idea material form.

As a teacher, the finished scholar is possessed of the idea,— not, however, "as a mere abstraction, but in great vitality, power, flexibility." He must also, above all, be possessed "of a perfect readiness and capacity to recognize under any circumstances the first germ of the idea as it begins to unfold itself" in the students under his care.

The author filled with the idea is to embody it. It may be in words, in stone, or on canvas,— no matter how, only that it express the idea, only that the idea and not the author speaks. So end the lectures.

For ourselves, we can only add that Fichte expresses the longing of all true, pure hearts. It is God we wish to see in the human race,— see him, and rejoice; and the more perfect the image, the more intense the joy. When we cannot see him manifested in mankind in this actual world as we wish, we will behold him as manifested in mankind in the divine idea, until the gaze becomes too great, and, attracted by the sight, we leave this for the higher life; for no man can see God, and live. ALBERT WALKLEY.

THE METHOD OF THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGION.

I.

"Gedanken ohne Inhalt sind leer, Anschauungen ohne Begriffe sind blind."— *Kant, Kritik der Reinen Vernunft*, p. 81. Ed. Harlenstein.

Psychology is the scientific analysis of the facts of consciousness. The psychology of religion is the determination where, among the facts of consciousness, the religious sentiment lies, and of what elements it is made up. The psychology of religion, in other words, addresses itself to the

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initial question of religious inquiry. It withdraws itself altogether from the controversies of Christian theology; it does not concern itself with the differences which distinguish Christian faith from other forms of faith; it turns straightway to the fact which underlies all these differences, and of which all forms of faith are illustrations and expressions. It simply observes, among the facts of human consciousness, a tendency in mankind to live religiously; and it inquires what this fact means, and what inferences it compels.

The point of inquiry thus indicated is of peculiar interest. It is the precise point where the study of philosophy comes into inevitable contact with the study of theology. Problems of detail in religious doctrine or ritual are obviously no concern of the psychologist or metaphysician; but of this general psychological fact, the tendency in mankind to live religiously, philosophy must take some account. Each historic master of speculative thought has been, as a matter of fact, inevitably led into the discussion of this conspicuous and significant spiritual fact; and, in approaching it in our own time, we are at once brought into the closest and most interesting relation with the wisest of mankind. Yet, on the other hand, when one turns to an inquiry of this historic character, it may well suggest to him a momentary sense of discouragement and loss. It may seem a retreat rather than an advance of thought. Is it not — one is tempted to ask himself — somewhat late in the history of speculative research to be still facing its first problems? Must the construction of a system of belief be forever interrupted by these renewed investigations of the foundation of the whole? If these many centuries of devoted inquiry have not brought us beyond asking in the most general way what the religious sentiment is and what it means, if there is still room to reconsider the very rudiments of all faith, does not this invite a suspicion that the whole subject is beyond our grasp and the whole structure of elaborated theology built in unsubstantial air? And what, still further, can be said of a time like this in which we live, which is so evidently withdrawing its attention in just this way from superadded

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details of belief and devoting itself so wholly to considering whether any belief whatever can command conviction? When thoughtful people are frankly considering whether the religious aspect of life can be any longer maintained, whether there is any hope of translating the traditions of religion into language which the times can understand, whether new sanctions can be found for the old ideals and whether life will be worth living without them,— what does all this indicate but that we are living in a time of decadent and dissolving faith, an age which presents a grievous contrast with the times of constructive and triumphant belief, —an age when, as a distinguished scholar has lately remarked, we can no longer speak of an eclipse of faith, as though light would soon be restored, but must speak of a collapse of faith, as if there could be no restoration of its sway? *

We have here indicated, it will be observed, two distinct kinds of preliminary criticism which the study of the psychology of religion meets. One of these criticisms is philosophical, the other is historical. Each of them must briefly detain us.

As to the latter, the frame of mind which finds no hope in the signs of our own times, there seems to be much which may be learned from the lessons of the past. For the fact is that, throughout the whole course of religious history, nothing has been more common than this perpetually recurring impression that the end of religious hopes and interest was close at hand. Every age appears to many of its observers an age of unprecedented indifference or of growing unbelief. Thirty-six centuries before the Christian era, the people of Egypt were already beginning to lament the decline of the world's religious interest. It seemed then, just as it seems now, as if religion was in danger; and, on the Temple of the Sphinx, they recorded their praise of King Khafra, who "arranged afresh their divine service." † From that

* President Porter, *Science and Sentiment*, 1882, p. 453.

† Brugsch, *History of Egypt under the Pharaohs*, vol. i., p. 81: "Although the monument is not contemporary with the time of Khafra, this witness loses nothing of its historic value."

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day to this, people have been watching this apparent decline of faith, and have found it never so marked as in their own time. To Bishop Butler, living in the middle of the last century, that particular moment appeared a time of peculiar indifference to religion. "It is come," he says, "I know not how, to be taken for granted by many persons that Christianity is not so much as a subject of inquiry, but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious. And, accordingly, they treat it as if, in the present age, this were an agreed point among persons of discernment." * To the youthful Schleiermacher, the beginning of this century —the time of his own first literary experiment—seemed the crowning epoch of infidelity. "It may well surprise the wise men of the age," he says, "that any one should still venture to ask their attention for a subject which they have so wholly abandoned." † To many a student of our own time, on the other hand, the beginning of this and the middle of the last century seem almost ages of faith, so unsparing have been the attacks upon religious conviction and so general the withdrawal from religious interest during the last few years. Once more, it seems as though the end must be near. Once more, the current of prevailing thought seems irresistibly turned from religion, and even from opposition to religion, and hurrying toward an absorbed attention to other pursuits. Once more, it may well seem rash to ask the attention of the thoughtful for a subject which they have so wholly abandoned. Yet the slightest glance at the past makes one distrust this first impression of the present. If it is true that the influence of religion has seemed again and again to fail from the earth only to be renewed with undiminished force, and if the doubts, denials and despairs of each generation have been uttered a thousand times before and the religious life of mankind has survived them all, then it is not unreasonable to suppose that the same survival and renewal may be seen once more. A sentiment which has ruled the human race with unequalled authority

* *Analogy of Religion*, Advertisement, Works, I. p. lix.

† *Reden über die Religion*, Sämmtl Werke, zur Theol. I., 143.

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from the dawn of history till now is, we may believe, likely to outlast our present transformations of opinion, just as it has outlasted all earlier transformations. It must, in short, have its roots in conditions which lie far deeper than the changeful aspects of society or of scholarship. It must be an element in the very nature of humanity, one which, as it always has been conspicuous in human history, in all probability always will be, and one which it is never safe to regard as abandoned or outgrown.*

These suggestions of history are all the more justified when we look more closely at the peculiar temper of the age in which we live. If its first impression is of a time peculiarly withdrawn from religious interest, further observation discovers in it, on the contrary, an extraordinary amount of devotion to religious themes. A century hence, when the literature of our time is reviewed, we may not improbably appear a generation whose central intellectual problem was no other than the problem of religion. Historians may then notice how inevitably our various investigations, beginning in the most distant regions, converged upon this problem of religion, as the centre of popular interest; how impossible it was, even for the most indifferent student, to remain, in our time, neutral toward the questions of belief; how intense was our general anxiety when some noted physiologist or chemist told us that he had made God superfluous or had analyzed the soul; and how eagerly our generation turned to each new oracle of the old faith and to each new substitute for it. The fact is that questions about religion are the burning questions which lie at the focus of the speculations of our time. They are no longer questions in which professed theologians alone interest themselves. Thorough thinking in almost any department of human interest compels consideration of the foundations of religious belief. Physical science finds itself inexorably driven beyond the sphere of direct observation to theories of the universe and of human organization which

* "Qu'on n'espère donc pas se passer de religion ni d'associations religieuses. Chaque progrès des sociétés modernes rendra ce besoin-là plus impérieux."—*Renan, Conférences d'Angleterre*, p. 38.

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cannot but affect religious duties and opinions; philosophy will not permit neglect of its deepest problem, even if it attains no tenderer intimacy than that of reverent ignorance; and even the periodical literature of the day, which is the best test of the immediate interest of general readers, finds no themes so popular or so remunerative as those which concern the foundations of religion.

It must be confessed that this interest in religion, which underlies the apparent indifference of our time, involves a very different state of mind from that which other times have exhibited. It is not a theological interest, like that which the Deism and Rationalism of the eighteenth century illustrate; it is not an ecclesiastical interest, concerning the authority of the Bible or the Church; it is a questioning of the existence of any authority whatever, and an interest which concerns not philosophers or theologians only but all who reflect upon the fact that they have to live and die, to enjoy and suffer. Indeed, it is a state of mind less considered by those who deal with religion professionally than by those who are led to it from other regions of research. The Churches, for the most part, are busy in defining and defending against each other the distinctions of detail which they severally represent while the thought of the age is questioning the foundation on which all these details of doctrine or ritual rest. The spirit of the times is asking the most primary questions; it is investigating the simplest elements of faith; it is anxious to know, not whether one form of religion has peculiar authority, but whether all religion is not an illusion, all duty a self-deception, and God himself a human dream. Between such a state of mind and the common method of religious instruction there must necessarily lie a great gulf of mutual misunderstanding and disapproval. Inquiries which seem on the one hand inevitable are regarded on the other hand as pernicious. To the great majority of professed religious teachers, the investigation of foundations is not to be distinguished from the undermining of foundations; to the modern mind, on the contrary, the work of traditional

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theology seems like the constructing and adorning of towers and pinnacles, while the basement of the building is threatened with decay. Yet, amid all these varying phases and baffling misunderstandings of modern thought, there still seems left to us the one reiterated lesson of history,—that there is no such thing as a collapse of faith; that even a time when thoughtful interest seems, as it now seems, completely withdrawn from superadded details of belief and wholly devoted to considering whether any belief whatever is valid, need not be, after all, a time of decadence and despair. It may be, on the contrary, a time when attention is withdrawn from many questions of religion for the very reason that it is seen, as never before, that they are not vital questions; and when interest is devoted to a few great questions for the very reason that it is seen, as never before, that they lie at the bottom of all thought and that no sphere of human activity can escape their consideration. Those, at any rate, who have a real faith in God will find in every age these grounds of hopefulness and courage. If their religion means anything to them, it will check their censure of the times in which they live; and, where others see but godlessness and indifference, they must be able to believe that a healthier interest and a renewed simplicity of faith are to emerge from prevailing denials, doubts, and fears.

Yet this vague distrust of our own times is, obviously enough, a superficial kind of criticism with which to meet a serious inquiry. A much more serious source of discouragement is to be found in that other impression which we began by noticing,— the impression, which the very statement of our question suggested, that we ought by this time to have got past these initial inquiries; the feeling that, if we have not got past them, very little headway has been made toward conviction in all these centuries of devoted research; the sense of hopelessness with which we hear ourselves once more invited to turn back to first principles, and to reconsider those fundamental themes which a thousand masters have regarded as finally determined by their

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own researches, and have left undetermined, after all. Here we have, in reality, nothing else than that familiar reproach which all philosophical inquiry has to bear,—the reproach that in the whole range of such speculations there seems to be no such thing as positive progress, but that each generation returns to the same, or, if possible, to more rudimentary questions than those which busied its predecessors. To this reproach but one answer is possible. If it were true that philosophical or religious progress must be reckoned in the way thus implied,—if it were true that conviction in such matters must be built up as a solid structure to which each generation in its turn should contribute some new tower or buttress,—then it would certainly be with a reasonable discouragement that one turned back to further questioning concerning the basis of belief. But the fact is that the development of faith — like the development of philosophy — proceeds in a wholly different way. It is not a process of accumulation: it is a process of penetration. It does not depend upon how many things one believes, but upon how much one believes in anything. Its progress is marked not by an increase in number of beliefs, but by a return from complexity to simplicity. This is the law of all ideal truth. Its simplest expressions contain its deepest secrets. Its course is most onward when it is most inward. Its great steps are taken, not when details of belief are multiplied, but when men are led from these superadded details to the reconsideration of foundations.*

This is not less true in the life of a community than in the life of an individual. The process of ecclesiastical or doctrinal construction goes on in a community until the foundations of belief are overlaid by forms, rituals and laws, which appear the important part of the structure. Then comes the reformer, the prophet, the revealer, and recalls his people from their misplaced interest to the deeper

* "Men have supposed that in philosophy they could advance only by going forward, whereas the truth is they can advance only by going in a manner backwards.... Every question in philosophy is the mask of another question, and all these masking questions require to be laid aside until the ultimate but *truly first* question is reached."—*J. F. Ferrier, Institutes of Metaphysic*, §§ 17, 16.

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truth. He must expect to be called a destroyer and an infidel; for he is disregarding much which to his people appears holy, and is overthrowing much which priests and system makers have built up with the utmost care. But, in the end, his hearers find that their loss is their gain, and date a new era of their religious history from this new vitality felt at the root of their faith. Precisely such, for instance, was the work of Jesus. He did not come to destroy an earlier system, or to replace it by another system. He came to recall his people to the first principles of their faith, to remind them what the two principles were on which the whole mass of Jewish belief and ritual almost unwittingly rested, and to fill out these two principles of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man with the tremendous fulness of meaning and power which they could hold. This also was a time when one might have said: "Must we be forever reconsidering the foundations of faith? May we not take for granted that what the past has built up is secure? What is this return to elementary questions but a sign of despair?" while in reality it was a time of new birth for the religious life, and this very return to elementary questions was the witness that regeneration was at hand. It is this law of real religious progress, historically observed, which justifies each new inquiry concerning the foundations of belief. Such an inquiry does not mean that there is nothing left of belief above its foundations: it only means that both the defenders and opponents of religion fight their battles too often where victory is unimportant and notice too seldom how far beneath the region of their conflict the real problems of religion lie. It means that the best way to use a time of questioning is to turn that questioning straightway toward the deepest themes, and to hasten, so far as may be, the readjustment which must take place between the old methods of religion and the new habits, ideals, and needs of life.

This renewed hopefulness about all such investigations is still further increased when we consider once more the precise point to which the psychology of religion addresses

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itself. The study which controls the thought of our age is the study of facts. The habit in which students are most carefully trained is the habit of observing and estimating facts. Whatever subject is thus open to observation and verification commands attention, and whatever subject seems unwilling to submit to these tests is beyond the sphere of scholarly interest. This is the basis of what we call the scientific method. A method is scientific when it begins with the observation of facts, proceeds through the collection and classification of facts, and ends in a law which adequately interprets all the facts observed, and which is not contradicted by further observation. None of the laws thus obtained lie within the range of absolute demonstration. They are simply the best inferences we can make from the facts which we observe. They are liable to correction or withdrawal. They are working hypotheses. They do not, however, because they are provisional, forbid confidence. On the contrary, they become the foundations both of further research and of practical conduct. Amazing as they are in their tremendous scope and force, they are taken for granted in the most familiar way as soon as they seem adequately established. A few students are repeatedly testing their universal validity while the mass of mankind simply accepts them as seeming to explain the world we live in or the work we do. Now, the common complaint about religious discussions is that they have little to do with this scientific method to which all profitable thought must submit. Instead of proceeding by the slow steps of observation, classification and inference, theology seems to assume such authority, to pretend such omniscience, and to leap so abruptly to its explanations, that it appears to occupy quite another world from that of patient research and careful verification. Its source appears to be an assumed revelation, its method the unfolding of divine decrees, and its end a cloudy mysticism of mutually contradictory creeds. It must be confessed that this criticism in its full severity is justified by a large proportion of the work of theology and it is a reasonable result of such work that religion

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appears to so many minds a refuge for the weak and the despairing, set apart from the life and thought of the age. Yet, if we have rightly described the scientific method, it is difficult to see why the study of religion cannot use it with exceptional readiness and confidence. The facts to which science turns are often difficult of observation and lurk behind disguises which transform their real character. The fact with which theology begins, and which makes theology possible, is one which may be observed in every phase of civilization, every period of history, and frequently in the personal experience of the observer himself. It is the fact with which we began,— of a tendency in mankind to live religiously. Before men ever could become Christians, before they could even worship the sun or the stars or any aspect of nature, there must have been an impulse in them which bade them worship something; and this inward impulse, which has throughout all history stirred mankind to sacrifice and service, works still, beneath all differences of opinion, behind all varieties of method. It works even in many lives who reject theology altogether, so that a religion of Humanity springs up where a religion of Deity is rooted out. This religious impulse has swayed mankind as no other influence has done. We sum up the fiercest horrors, the most unsparing wars, the most cruel customs of the past, and confess that the force of religion alone made them possible; we recall, on the other hand, the world's great types of saintliness and heroism, and see that this same wonderful impulse of religious conviction led them on where, in their own strength, they would not have dared to go.

Here, then, is a fact capable of observation, ready for analysis, open to verification. It is no insignificant or obscure fact, but of dimensions more comprehensive, as well as of influences more radical, than almost any fact of human life.

Its length stretches through all history; and every phase of faith and worship, every trace of barbaric sacrifice and Christian virtue, is of value for its interpretation. Its breadth extends across the whole variety of the families and races of mankind, so that even the absolute universality of the relig-

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ious sentiment, however impossible it is to affirm, is with our present knowledge no less impossible to deny.* Its depth is sounded only in the deepest human soul, and we may look for its purest historical expression in those few deep, calm lives which are the ideals of humanity. This fact, moreover, which thus underlies all religious history, and of which all outward religion is but the illustration, takes shape more or less vaguely within ourselves. It may be but half recognized, it may be much distorted, it may be referred to new sources or transferred to new interests; but it must very seldom happen that human consciousness, frankly interrogated, can confess no experience like that which, through

*I call attention to the limitations of this statement. The problem which it suggests — the problem whether some traces of the religious life are to be found wherever human beings are found, whether any savage tribe or primitive race ever lived without a touch of the religious sentiment,— whether, in short, human beings are *essentially* religious beings — is at once extremely interesting and extremely difficult. The absolute universality of religion is, as I have said, impossible to affirm; for, in the course of discovery, a tribe might at any moment be found which seemed to lack every trace of such sentiments. It has been, on the other hand, by no means rare to deny without qualification this universality. A suggestion of this denial occurs as early as Cicero (De Natura Deorum, I. 23: "Equidem arbitror multas esse gentes sic immanitate efferatas, ut apud eas nulla suspicio deorum sit"); and of late it has been most openly and confidently maintained. Christian missionaries have reported an absolute lack of religious tendencies in many tribes, and ethnologists (O. Schmidt, Büchner, M. Wagner, Ponchet, and especially Sir John Lubbock) have regarded the evidence both as conclusive in itself and as in the line of a doctrine of evolution. Yet the difficulties which beset such confident denials are overwhelming. "The question," as Dr. Flint remarks, in his thorough treatment of the problem (*Anti-Theistic Theories*, p. 254), "belongs to one of the least advanced of sciences,— the science of comparative psychology. The religious characteristics of men are mental peculiarities which can only be successfully studied by those who are accustomed to trace and analyze mental processes. But how few of those who travel among savage peoples have any instruction of a kind calculated to serve as a guide to the correct observation of religious phenomena!" Many circumstances combine to throw doubts on such evidence. First, the unwillingness of the savage to speak of these things with strangers. "If it is difficult for a Parisian to get any accurate knowledge of the superstitions and folk-lore of French sailors and peasants, what can one expect to get from the Kaffirs? Wallis lived for a month in closest intimacy with the Tahitians, without observing any sign of a religious cultus which was, all the time, a part of their daily life." (Quatrefages, *Das Menschengeschlecht*, II. 216.) Second, the limited point of view of the observer. A missionary not infrequently mistakes for atheism that which is a genuine religious phenomenon. "People who have had the Christian lullaby sung over their cradles think all men must see as they do." (G. Fritsch, *Die Eingeborenen Südafricas*, 197, note 2; in Roskoff, *Das Naturwesen der rohesten Naturvölker*, p. 27.) "A traveller, with slight understanding of the language of the people with whom he is dealing, inquires what they think about God and a future life. They misunderstand him, and make negative signs, which have in reality no reference to his question. Forthwith, the traveller, and readers as hasty as he, conclude that these savages have no conception of God or futurity." (Quatrefages, II. 217.) Third, the absence of words may be

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all the length and breadth and depth of history, has expressed itself in the religious life. In this fact lies the opportunity for a rigidly scientific investigation. Such a phenomenon demands no leap to its explanation: it only demands thoroughness and patience, and forbids alike hasty denials and unfounded inferences.

We need embark, then, in no speculative inquiry concerning the possibility of religion or the limits of human knowledge; for we are dealing not with a speculative possibility, but with a practical fact. The question before us is not whether men can be religious, but what is involved in the fact that men always have been and still are religiously inclined. Thus, we escape the necessity of considering

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mistaken for the absence of ideas. Thus, Father Baegert, an authority on whom Lubbock relies (*Origin of Civilization*, p. 204), says of the native Californians: "They had no idols, temples, nor religious worship or ceremonies. I made diligent search among those with whom I lived, to ascertain whether they had any conception of God, a future life, and their own souls; but I never could discover the slightest trace of such knowledge. Their language has no words for 'God' and 'soul.'" A moment's reflection will show how hasty this conclusion may have been. A multitude of instances might be collected wherein the lack of words carried with it no such lack of thought. (Roskoff, p. 8, ff.) "The French have no word for 'listener' (*Zuhörer, Aufhorcher*) or for 'sober' (*nüchtern*). Does this mean," asks Hillebrand (*Zeiten, Völker und Menschen*, II.; *Aus und über England*, 303), "that they never listen or are never sober? They have no such word as 'giggle.' Do their school-girls never put their heads together, and titter? The Germans have no word for handkerchief, napkin, table-cloth (*mouchoir, serviette, nappe*). The English have no word for *unvergesslich*. Who is more impulsive than the Frenchman, who has no word for 'impulsiveness'? Do the French know no distinction between '*Blume*' and '*Blüte*,' because they have but one word for both?" Thus it was that Father Baegert, though he observed ceremonies upon occasion of deaths, references to medicine-men, retreats to mysterious caverns, saw in these phenomena only what he called superstition, with no sign of religion; for religion implied to him idols, temples, and open ceremonies.

In ways of which these are but indications, the negative evidence becomes at least as uncertain as the positive; and we must confine ourselves to the statement made above, and which, for our purpose, is quite sufficient.

If we cannot say, with Plutarch (Adv. Col., 31), "Methinks a man should sooner find a city built in the air without any plot of ground whereon it is seated than that any Commonwealth altogether void of religion should either be first established or afterwards preserved in that estate," we can at least say, in the more sober language of modern science, "Nothing in the nature of things seems to forbid the possibility of such existence" (a tribe of atheists); "but, as a matter of fact, the tribes are not found." Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, I. 418. Cf. Peschel, *The Races of Men*, p. 261; Newman Smyth, *The Religious Feeling*, p. 93, ff.; A. Réville, *Prolégomènes de l'Histoire des Religions*, p. 46.

This whole question has been, as I have said, elaborately discussed, on the one hand, by Sir John Lubbock (*Prehistoric Times, and Origin of Civilization*, p. 20, ff.), and, in reply, by Flint, *Anti-Theistic Theories*. Much more important, however, is the very masterly and exhaustive work of Roskoff, 1880, already referred to, which, is expressly directed against Lubbock, and may be justly regarded as for the present closing the discussion.

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many problems which are vexing the wise men of the age. Precisely as natural science turns from the metaphysical problems of the existence of the external world or the nature of matter and applies itself to the facts of the external world without a doubt of their reality, so the science of religion turns from the consideration of what men can believe or feel or hope to the more practical though more humble study of that which, as a matter of fact, they do believe and feel and hope.

What, then, we ask, is this fact which we call religion? What does this mighty engine, working in human life, sometimes for the grossest evil and sometimes for the highest good, testify as to its own nature, method, and aim? What are the elements in human life of which it is made up? What are the inferences which its existence and its influence force upon our minds? These are the questions which the psychology of religion has to consider.

F. G. PEABODY.

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EDITORS' NOTE-BOOK.

CRITICISM OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.

The communication which we publish below does not quite do justice to some of the positions of the article it criticises,—its effective protest against the criticisms of French writers cited, its hopeful temper as to the outcome of the pending contest with crudeness and imported barbarism, its distinct recognition of some saving elements even in the forces and movements which Mr. Matthew Arnold too daintily pronounces "hideous," and of other elements of high and serious culture, which he has somewhat cavalierly ignored in his pessimistic characterization of American society.

We think, however, that our correspondent has some reason to complain that Mrs. Bellows, even in accepting Mr. Matthew Arnold's point of view so fully, did not enter a broader *caveat* against his sweeping indictment. Mr. Arnold could find, if he would come to find it, a much more considerable number of truly refined homes, and even a larger social class possessed of tolerable lucidity and sweetness than his somewhat insignificant data have given him occasion to suppose exists. And it must also be maintained that his call for intellectual seriousness might justly be commended to his own renewed attention, in view of his unsympathetic and fastidious, not to say unintelligent, temper and judgment as to some of the mightiest forces and some of the most fundamental problems now pressing on the thought and heart of this country, and of his own. We should be sorry to think that the standard of literary æstheticism, or of moral and religious æstheticism, however intelligent and sincere, should be permitted to shape the ideals or capture the intellectual and social forces of England or America.

At the same time, it is a great service to have crudeness, ignorant pretension, and the disposition to stay contentedly in meagre and coarse conditions, and stagnate in dull and joyless intellectual states, rebuked and satirized; and the criticism may be none the less effective, and ought not to be unwelcome, because we cannot regard it as wholly wise or discriminating.

Mrs. Bellows' implication that the salvation of our civilization depends upon the production of geniuses like Emerson forgets

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the fact that genius is sparsely granted even to the most productive intellectual periods, and that the genius of all lands and times is almost equally accessible for the culture of the American people.

Her view of the effects of immigration, and the plasticity of the heterogeneous elements of American society to the educative forces now at work, is certainly too dark; while that of her critic is courageously optimistic. We applaud the hopefulness of our correspondent, but the vision sometimes recedes; for we live in a State so "common-schooled" that its chosen Governor proposes to razee its system of public education, abusing statistics to prove it ineffective, and counselling return from its most intelligent and wisely administered charities to the somewhat questionable working in this department of the law of the survival of the fittest.

To the Editor of the "Unitarian Review":

Sir,—I wish to address a few lines to you, regarding an article in the January number of the *Review*, on "American Civilization," signed Isabel Francis Bellows.

The occasion of the article is the criticism on American civilization, by Matthew Arnold.

Mrs. Bellows seems ready to accept, and to have us all accept, the "dreary but undeniable truth" of Arnold's criticisms, and remarks that "to be angry with such a critic would only prove the truth of what he says; and he would laugh us to scorn."

Mr. Arnold quotes a saying of Mr. Lowell, "that the people of the United States are the most common-schooled and the least cultivated people in the world," and also some French critics, to confirm his own allegations. Our civilization, in Mr. Arnold's opinion, "has reached the same point as that of the English middle-class." (See p. 20.)

To this assertion, we would reply that no class of Americans can, with fairness, be compared with any class in England, nor with any other people living under a monarchical government. There is no parallel.

As proof of our lack of civilization (see pp. 22 and 23), Mr. Arnold cites our refusal to give copyright to English authors, our recent denunciations of the American Minister to England, and the disgraceful exhibition at the Guiteau trial. It would have been simply courteous in him (had he been cognizant of

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the fact) to have mentioned, in connection with the first charge, that, in many instances, American publishers have voluntarily remitted money to English authors for the use of their works.

As to the recent denunciations of the American Minister to England, the American people had no part in it. Some few of our excitable Irish population, for a supposed wrong done to one or two of their own countrymen by the English government, insisted that Mr. Lowell should demand immediate redress; and, because this was not done, they demanded his immediate recall. But they had no case, and Mr. Lowell is still our honored Minister to England.

As to the "disgraceful exhibition at the Guiteau trial," Guiteau was in no sense a representative of our people. He was one individual, and his conduct unprecedented. He was apparently acting a part for effect,— playing the lunatic. He would not be repressed; and he could not be expelled, because the law requires that, in a trial for murder, the accused shall be present. The long and much-enduring patience and forbearance of the court, and the fairness of the trial, are worthy of praise and admiration.

On p. 25 is a long paragraph which seems a sort of apologetic excuse (in part), by I. F. B., for our lack of proper civilization. It begins, "We receive yearly, weekly, daily, thousands of ignorant emigrants, the depressed, degraded, and repressed populace of all the other nations on the face of the earth," and closes thus "Any serious-minded man must be blind, indeed, not to see the dangers that arise from this enormous class of half-educated, half-civilized populace."

It is certainly a misrepresentation of our emigrants, to speak thus of them as a whole. Of late years, the number of Germans has equalled, and latterly greatly exceeded, that of the Irish. These have nearly all been "common-schooled" before leaving the Fatherland, where a rigid attendance at school is required, and thorough instruction given. They bring with them habits of thrift and industry; and many are skilled artisans and mechanics, doing their part toward developing our arts and manufactures.

Many have brought money for the purchase of land, and are among the contributors to our immense grain products. Many are small tradesmen, while not a few among them have established large business and commercial houses. Many of them are men of learning, and have their place among our professors and

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teachers; and what would become of music among us, were it not for the Germans?

The Irish, too, who were "reared" in the towns and villages where there are schools, have had more or less instruction, and many others at least know how to read and write.

Of course, all the emigrants have the faults, failings, and vices, common to humanity, which exist everywhere. Some of them come with very prejudiced ideas of republican institutions, mistaking liberty for license; but they soon learn to understand them, and become law-abiding citizens. Truly, there are a large number of paupers and common laborers among our "yearly immigrants," of the ignorant, degraded, repressed, and struggling population of all nations, who, by their own efforts, have reached our shores, or been sent by others, merely to be gotten rid of, and thus cast upon our charity. With very few exceptions, they have been received and cared for. Those who are able and willing to work have found work to do. They soon "better" themselves, and eagerly send their children to school, feeling the disadvantage of ignorance in themselves. In school, their children associate with ours, and learn American ways and ideas.

Our Irish, French, and German population, as well as immigrants of other nationalities, have long had their own churches, published their own newspapers, and in times of political excitement held their own meetings; but their homes are side by side with ours, and we dwell together as one people. I. F. B. says of them, in the same paragraph from which we have just quoted, p. 25, "They are essentially foreigners, who have no particle of love for their adopted country, except for the fact that they 'get ahead' here."

On the contrary, facts go to prove that the German thoroughly adopts America as his own country. He preserves a tender affection for the Fatherland, but no longer identifies his interests with it, and only in rare instances returns to make his home there, after having once gained a foothold in America. Nothing more readily excites a German to anger than to hint that his children, born in America, are not as much Americans as anybody. And, according to the superintendents of our public schools, children born of German parents, in many instances, translate their names into English, hoping thereby to escape the imputation of being "Germans."

As to Irishmen, what emigrant from that country has any am-

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bition except to make himself as much of an American as possible? If the foreigners who settle in America, really loved their native land better than their adopted country, surely their steady purpose would be to return to their childhood's home as soon as they should have accumulated sufficient means to insure a support for their families, and to give their children a start in life.

A short time ago, Herr Most, the German socialist, arrived in New York, and was met with a welcome by his fellow-countrymen, who held a public meeting in his honor. Very soon afterward, Herr Most went West, as far as Milwaukee. By a paragraph in a late paper, we see it reported that he is disappointed in the reception he met with there; for, his former associates and sympathizers having become property-holders, their ideas of the *rights of property* have naturally changed. This may be only a straw, but it is quite significant.

Mr. Arnold is of opinion (see p. 26) "that the great bulk of the American nation is composed of persons corresponding as nearly as may be to the English middle class, with a defective type of religion, a narrow range of intellect and knowledge, a stunted sense of beauty, and a low standard of manners," and cites the prevalence of Methodism in the United States, as one of the proofs of this. Here, again, I. F. B. says: "We think we must acknowledge there is much truth in the accusation, even if we do not accept it wholly." On p. 25, she says, "Many of us will agree with Mr. Arnold, that Methodism is a defective type of religion," and continues, "Injurious it may be," as Mr. Arnold says, "for men to live with their minds fixed upon a mind of a third rate order, as was John Wesley's, in a matter of so much importance as is religion to the Methodist." In whatever order John Wesley's mind may be rated, it must have had some remarkable power. He began preaching a hundred and fifty years ago, and his followers have been counted in millions. He did not wait in his pulpit for hearers to come to him, but went out where he found those who could not be churchgoers. He preached in prisons and almshouses, in the open fields, in highways and byways.

He sought out the poor and needy, the ignorant, the debased and degraded, the friendless and desolate, the hopeless and fallen, calling sinners to repentance, and leading them to Christ, the way of salvation. He did not preach John Wesleyism, but the gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. The minds of his

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followers were not fixed upon his mind, but on the mind of Christ; and we do not perceive that Methodists have departed more from the simplicity of Christ, who taught love to God and man, purity of heart and life, forgiveness of injuries, in their creed and doctrine or mode of worship, than have other religious bodies. John Wesley said as plainly in the work which he did as St. Paul said in words, "Be ye followers of me, as I am of Christ."

The "Methodism" which Wesley founded is, to this day, a strong and powerful organization, perhaps the most powerful of all Protestant Church organizations. In the United States, it is more numerous than any other one church or denomination. Its membership includes people of every station,—many of the very humblest, as well as our two ex-Presidents, Grant and Hayes.

I. F. B. thinks that "what is known as secular culture must open our eyes to the difference between a first and a third rate mind," and concludes by saying, "We have one such genius as Ralph Waldo Emerson, who is a product of American civilization; and in this fact lies the seed of our salvation."

Many English travellers have visited our country, and have then wilfully misrepresented or caricatured us. Mr. Matthew Arnold has not visited us, but views us from a distance of three thousand miles across the water. He learns of some isolated incidents,—of the exceptional conduct of one criminal while on trial in court,—and seems to think that these represent fifty millions of people. We might with as much reason infer that Oscar Wilde, with his impudence and silliness, is a representative English gentleman.

Why should we be cringing to any foreign censor, tamely admitting our inferiority in a self-deprecating tone? What if the wisest critic of a nation closely allied to our own *should* laugh us to scorn? Why not let us preserve our manliness and self-respect, and go on acquiring our own civilization, as older nations have done before us?

If any other nations are gifted with superior knowledge and wisdom, we should do well to learn of them; but what nation should we copy? We do not resemble any other people; and Europeans who have never been in America are, unhappily, quite in ignorance about us. They see us from a great distance, and estimate us in "bulk," as Mr. Arnold and our French critics, whom he quotes, have done. Their standard of measurement for us seems to be themselves.

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Of what nation have the infancy and growth been like ours? What nation has received within its borders so many millions of people from every part of the world, and of all conditions of life, who have made for themselves homes and become citizens? What nation of the present time, covering so large an extent of territory, has lived and flourished under a republican form of government one hundred years? And what nation has made a more valiant struggle for existence, or concluded such a peace?

A CHANNING UNITARIAN.

REV. EDWARD CROWNINSHIELD.

The recent death of the minister of our Unitarian congregation at Belfast, Me., is the loss to our ministry of a manly, devoted, and able teacher of religion, to his parish and friends of a useful, beloved, and trusted leader and companion. Modest, frank, self-respecting, Edward Crowninshield had a wholly winning and attractive presence; and his energy, persistence, practical wisdom, and unconquerable aspiration were constantly surmounting the drawbacks by which he was for a long time hardly bestead, so that every year was adding to his influence and his prospect of opportunity for large usefulness in his cherished work.

The funeral tribute of his friend, Rev. William H. Savary, was spoken to a large and deeply moved assembly of parishioners and fellow-townsmen. The following is a portion of this address:—

On the 24th of December, he stood here in his accustomed grace and power. He had on his lips, to lead all minds and hearts, the sacred meditations of the Advent. He in his winged devotions spoke to you, he led you to the heights of his faith and prayer. A week later, he answered the invitation to speak in your neighboring city of Bangor. We hear that his word was full of light and love and power to that interested congregation.

On his return, came a New Year's domestic reunion, a visit from some dear friends to his house. He saw these guests joyfully, and went with them a day or two later to see them on their way. And now came the portents, the gathering cloud, and foreboding. He grew sick, and soon seemed greatly depressed thereby. Darker and darker was the fate. For days and days tortured, burning with the disease and its poisoned arrows, he saw all light of this life quenched. In the early, very early dawn, at last, with a prayer, "Our Father in Heaven, thy will be done," he left his wrecked, tossed form.

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I must trust myself here in this presence to pay a tribute, as we linger, before the journey is made to the still sepulchre.

Observing the man, even in his physical presence you were well pleased. And we can mount to his intellectual and again to his moral personality. A natural gentleman! Fine intellectual gifts he had, and his heart was truly chastened and disciplined. An attractive personality.

Was he as a preacher (do you ask me) a "right-wing Unitarian" or a "left-wing Unitarian"? Indeed, he was both. He knew and well honored the centre and the heart of the truth of our Church. This made all of you deeply respect, greatly trust, and strongly love him. He was your chosen, excellent, effective preacher. As a pastor, as a minister, we have abundance to say concerning this man. In sorrow, how much his vision and his sympathy became! In the arms of his prayer, he could bear the bleeding heart to the presence of fountains of solace and strength. And, at all times, he came to be the most welcome of sympathizers, helpers, associates, guides.

In the very meridian of his life, he is taken away. We sorrow for him. We would pile his grave with flowers. We cherish his graces and his gifts. We weep over our loss.

He had a most exacting professional ambition. He had the loftiest, purest of ideals. I believe he is one of the martyrs to too great private exactions, too great personal severity of toils. He wished the highest influence and success possible to truth-telling and honesty.

How can I presume to speak of the inner sanctities of this man's life? How he loved the domestic obligations, and dedicated himself to these holy responsibilities! How he would provide for his family the greatest good, the widest advantages, this earth can give!

I pause from multiplying too much these words of memory, of praise, of commendation. This throng now assembled is best tribute and panegyric. This silence is indeed golden. O bereaved parish and church! O bereaved community! O stricken, desolate home! He is no more. He is absent as to the outward.

> "We a little longer wait,
> But how little none can know."

But a higher presence it is of the goodness of God to make of him,—in his home, in the church, wherever he is known and with whomsoever he has toiled.

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CHURCH AND MINISTRY.

We call attention to a number of interesting services of a memorial character which have taken place in the last two months. The first which we would mention related distinctly to the life and experience of a parish. On the 15th of December, the church at Fairhaven observed with proper ceremonies its fiftieth birthday. The occasion was a genuine love-feast. The present minister and all his predecessors were there, and gave unequivocal testimony to the pleasant memories which their life and experience with the society had left behind. Job C. Tripp read a most agreeable and valuable paper, describing the life, progress, and present fortunes of the church, which deserves to be put in a permanent form, and no doubt will be. The next two memorial services relate to individuals. On the 31st of December, in the church of which he had been minister for forty-one years, the life and work of Rev. Chandler Robbins were gratefully called to mind, Dr. A. P. Peabody delivering a eulogy. One stops to think what changes in parish condition and even in local habitation forty-one years permit. At the beginning of that ministry, Dr. Robbins preached to the society which had gathered for generations in the old Cockeril Church far down Hanover Street. It was a prosperous society then, full in numbers, well situated, it was thought, bearing the deep impress of Henry Ware's good ministry, and yet feeling the quickening influence of Mr. Emerson's brief sojourn. So, when a new church was to be built, nothing seemed better than to place it on the old foundation. A few years passed, and population had swept southward, and the parish moved — as far, quite, as it was supposed that the changes of a century could demand — to Bedford Street. Twenty years rolled away, and a new departure was imperative. The church building was removed to the new lands on Back Bay, where, within the memory of many, the tide rose and fell as regularly as on the broad Atlantic; and where, on a winter's day, the skaters and the eel fishermen held divided possession of the glittering ice. Three church locations and four church buildings, and all within the term of one ministry! Can anything more vividly intimate what growth, what change, what destruction of

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the old, and what incursion of the new, the city of the Puritans has undergone in a single lifetime?

On the 14th of January, a bust of President James Walker was placed in the church at Charlestown, of which he had been pastor for twenty-one years. Naturally, the occasion was made a commemorative one. The services seem to have been of the highest order, both in merit and appropriateness. As was fitting, Rev. William Orne White delivered a discourse. For we remember that it was as a minister that Dr. Walker did his first work, and that to the end as a minister it was that he exerted not his least influence for good. President Eliot followed, dwelling more upon the influence and the place of this life in the progress of higher education, and especially at Harvard College. No man of his time excelled, few equalled, Dr. Walker in the power of bringing truth home both to the minds and consciences of his hearers. Clear, precise, and weighty in statement, full of a tremendous vigor, and at the same time of profound solemnity in his utterance, no one who ever heard him will be likely to forget him, or the moral impression he made. As professor and president, he proved to have no less capacity to interest and to mould by personal contact than by pulpit address. It was a happy thought of the parish to make the erection of a mural tablet something more than a parish occasion. The time and the subject warranted it.

We notice that, on January 20, Rev. Charles Babbidge read to the North Middlesex Association of ministers "Reminiscences of the North Middlesex Association." A larger commemoration yet! Think of the multitude of good people, lay and ministerial, who have done their work and been gathered to their fathers, since fifty years ago Brother Babbidge came to Pepperell! Surely, if all the pleasant and all the sad and all the profitable reminiscences were to be recalled, it would not be the few fading moments of a midwinter afternoon which would furnish time in which to tell them. This tendency to bring back to mind past men and events may no doubt be carried to excess. It may substitute barren musing for fruitful activity. But, with our energetic disposition, the danger seems a small one. The little touch of gravity such occasions bring is just what our busy life, with its railroad swiftness, needs to temper it.

The last few weeks are memorable for the number of calls which have been extended by parishes to ministers,— McDaniel to

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Salem, Hayward to South Boston, Utter to Chicago, Hornbrooke to New York, De Normandie to Roxbury, Cooke to Exeter, are names which occur to us as we write. This list could be doubled and trebled, if we extended our inquiry back but a few months. Does not this indicate that our parishes are learning, what they ought to have learned long ago, that much lingering and the hearing of numberless candidates is not only a trial to the flesh, but a most unprofitable and ruinous business to the religious society which engages in it? One cannot refrain from asking, What can be said of the parish, what of its present condition, and what of its future prospects, which can boast that it has heard its forty-fifth candidate? Let us hope that the days, not of much hearing, but of the hearing of many, have passed away.

Two months ago, we spoke of the success at Ann Arbor. This month, we record the fact that Rev. Joseph H. Allen has gone to Ithaca. If large experience, profound scholarship, ripened pulpit gifts, and genial and simple ways and nature can fit a man for work in a college town, then he must be the right man in the right place. It seems impossible to doubt that Cornell University has before it a great future, and that its five hundred students must be multiplied until they become four times five hundred. Situated near the heart of the Empire State, upon a piece of ground which for prospect, healthfulness, and great and varied beauty can scarcely be excelled, its buildings in noble solidity excel those of most colleges, if not those of all. It has a large and increasing endowment. No fetters of old superstition or intolerance bind it. It seems certain that more and more it must attract to its instruction and influence young men and women. It is good to know that just here we have a church which welcomes to it so trusted a workman, and to feel how large is the opportunity to diffuse helpful views of God and man.

The visit of Prof. Kovács to New England closed with the reception which was extended to him by the laity and clergy of Boston and the vicinity. This visit is a notable event; and we suspect, when it has ceased to be a near fact and become a memory, that it will be likely to seem more notable. It is not simply that a cultured foreigner has come into close connection with our people. It is not that we have listened to addresses, to which freshness both of matter and manner have given piquancy and interest. It is not even that the professor has won from generous hearts a large addition to the funds needed for the cause of

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theological education in Hungary. These results are certainly good. But the visit has done more. It has created what we may call an international religious consciousness. We feel now that our denominational bounds are not limited by the wide lines of latitude and longitude which measure and define the broad domains of the United States, not even by the restless seas which enclose the mother country, but that the old, faithful, Transylvanian Church, which these hundreds of years, in persecutions often, in poverty sometimes, has held fast to the truths we value, will henceforth be very near to us,— yea, a part of ourselves. Prof. Kovács may rejoice that he has taught us, so that we shall not soon forget it, the lesson that mountains need not divide nor oceans sever those who are one in hope, in faith, in purpose, and in work.

Two months have passed since the plan of a denominational house was first broached at a gathering of the Unitarian Club, and the lapse of time only makes the plan seem more good and desirable. In all quarters, the project has been considered, and everywhere it has gained friends. The preliminaries are over, and the necessary preparations for active canvassing are nearly completed. The time for real work and for practical generosity and support has come. All the omens are favorable. At the February meeting of the club, Mr. Kidder reported, amid irrepressible cheers, that six persons had subscribed $26,000. Since then, it announced that the first ten subscriptions aggregate $52,000. There could not be a better beginning. But to bring that beginning to a successful close will require, on the part of individuals, on the part of parishes, wise liberality. No great enterprise goes on its own feet. We have to furnish it wings born of our faith, our fidelity, and our generosity.

One word more! Ninety parishes have felt the inspiration of the Saratoga Conference, and have made grand gifts to support our missionary work. But what of the two hundred more, who ere this should have given some practical testimony that they value the truth which they were created to maintain and diffuse. Is dilatoriness in respect to missionary duty to be the normal condition of our churches, and generous promptness always to be abnormal and exceptional? Alas! alas! if it is to be so! For true it is ever that they who sow early reap early.

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NOTES FROM ENGLAND.

A SUNDAY IN LONDON.

The worst of being a minister, and especially of being a minister who seldom takes a holiday, is that one gets very few opportunities of seeing how it all looks and hearing how it all sounds from the hearer's point of view. Sometimes, in a quiet country village or in some temple by the sea, the opportunity occurs, but very seldom in a great city. Having, however, to be in London to conduct the first of a series of Sunday evening meetings "for the people," as we say, I resolved to gratify a long-cherished desire to see and hear my old friend, Charles Voysey. I knew him when he was vicar of Healaugh, before his trial for heresy and his practical expulsion from the Church; and though, of course, I had heard much about his now long-continued work in London as a theistic preacher in a West End hall, I had never seen him there. On my way to the place, and when close to it, I had the good fortune to pass the notorious Archdeacon Dunbar's new venture, called by him the Church of the Holy Apostles; and, as his service commenced fifteen minutes earlier than Mr. Voysey's, I went in, thinking to look quietly upon the scene, and from a back seat I found it easy to do so. There was literally nothing to obstruct my view. Far away, in one corner of the building, a band of about five-and-twenty performers were stowed away, and punctually at eleven struck up a brilliant march, in the midst of which the archdeacon and some sixteen priests or choristers, in white robes, marched from the vestry to a large, raised dais at the end, where they took their places. The congregation at that moment numbered just three in the whole body of the building. I believe there were about five in the galleries. It was really painful. The hall was in the very centre of fashionable London, opening into one of the noblest thoroughfares. But Londoners are fickle and peculiar. Everybody wants to get in where there is no room! The archdeacon is a kind of ecclesiastical adventurer, who seeks to attract by musical performances. Perhaps it is to the credit of London that, even when his temple is opened in the very highest place, it is neglected. After all, even frivolity feels that worship is not only a spectacle or a performance; and, though a good deal of fashionable High Churchism is only spectacle and perform-

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ance, yet it is all connected with a theory of sacramental efficacy which derives its power and value from the existence of a Church with credentials and continuity. Even a bishop, setting up for himself outside the pale of the Church, would break the charm, and empty himself of all that made him a spiritual power. Anyhow, it was a noteworthy spectacle,— this gathering of some forty performers and priests and a congregation of less than a dozen.

Mr. Voysey's hall is a small one, arranged to seat about four hundred. For a London hall, it is bright and cosey, though even here candles and some gas had to be lit on a fairly fine morning, at eleven o'clock. The hall was about half full, men a little predominating, and a fine, high-class type of man, every one with an air of being something,— lawyer, artist, banker, soldier; an atmosphere of intellectual respectability over all. In the corridor, on entering, every one passes a well-stored book-stall, where can be purchased "advanced" pamphlets and books, and Mr. Voysey's sermons, one of which is published every week; but, indeed, as he only preaches one a week, one may say all of which are published. Mr. Voysey appears in his surplice, a curious and rather startling survival of his old days, but intended, we believe, as a standing testimony that, though deprived of his "living," and hopelessly shut out from any other, he is still "in orders" in the Church.

There is no pulpit. A cosey little platform and simple desk of an ecclesiastical pattern serve. The hall itself has a by no means ecclesiastical look. It is somewhat prettily decorated, but rather as a music hall than a church. For this, of course, Mr. Voysey is not responsible, as the hall is only rented for the Sundays. Still, somehow, as the service proceeds, the place and the service seem to harmonize. Barring the surplice and a distant echo of the Church liturgy, the whole service is so absolutely unconventional, simple, natural, and free from all ecclesiastical mannerisms, that it seems to require a building that is not a church. Mr. Voysey is very anxious to have a regular church building. It is an open question whether in a church he would not lose a good deal of the peculiar flavor of his services.

The speaker was admirably placed for coming into contact with his hearers. The platform was only a few feet from the first row of chairs (no pews or benches), and the speaker was raised only a few feet from the floor. He was one of the con-

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gregation. His whisper could be heard. Every one could be at once taken into confidential relations. It gave to everything a singular air of reality. Mr. Voysey read the few prayers, and his share of the "service" or liturgy,—however, in a somewhat listless way. A witty man once said that a certain tenor's singing of "Sound an alarm" sounded more like "Bring in the tea." We might almost say that some of Mr. Voysey's ejaculatory petitions sounded like a tired man's request to take away the supper. And yet, occasionally, this subdued, unemotional manner had a singular pathos in it.

The two lessons were taken from Dr. Smiles' book on *Duty*. The Bible never appeared at all. The readings would have seemed odd, perhaps a little grotesque, in church; but, in this hall, they were simply impressive, and very "sweet and clean." Indeed, that phrase "sweet and clean" kept recurring to one's mind from beginning to end. Everything seemed emancipated from sham, tradition, artificiality, formality, superstition; and yet, withal, everything was tenderly reverent, and in perfect good taste,—not a touch of vulgarity, no suggestion of baldness, nothing to make one sigh for "the flesh pots of Egypt." One could be content with this. There was, in fact, a certain ingenious variety, richness, and fulness in the service; many suggestions of the ordinary church service being retained, without its tediousness, its repetition, and its occasional irrationality. One most impressive touch occurred during the service. It was when the speaker said, "Let us now call to mind in silence any special joy or sorrow for which we desire to thank God." The pause, the absolute silence that followed, it will not be easy to forget. If this could be retained without its becoming a formality, it might become one of the most real and most precious parts of religious worship.

The singing was anything but interesting and uplifting. The responses were seldom simple. The chants and hymn tunes were complicated and uncongregational. Very few even attempted to sing. There was not much to tempt any one to try. But, if the congregation did not assist much in the responses and the singing, they made up for it in listening. Every one was unquestionably there to learn, to think, to give the speaker a chance, to take advantage of an opportunity. To the two "lessons" from Dr. Smiles' book, the most perfect attention was given. The ten commandments could not have gained more respect.

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And yet the reader scarcely lifted his eyes once from the book, and read on with hardly a change of cadence or tone. But he was in downright earnest, serious, intelligent, and meant what he read, every word of it: no one could doubt that, though many must have longed to see his eyes flash home the many arrows he shot.

The sermon was essentially teaching,— not a suggestion of formal, perfunctory, or oratorical preaching. Here is a man who is trying to tell us something for our good: that is what all must have felt. Every word was closely read; but every word was fresh, simple, free from the arts of rhetoric, direct, practical. We were not preached to or preached at. We were gently but bravely instructed. It was a sermon for the new year; the subject, Work and Prosperity. Very wholesomely were we taught to regard all honest work as sacred, all honest work deserving that word, he said, "inasmuch as it is a needful part of the common service rendered to mankind." "To-day," he said, "we feel how foolish and childish it was to regard the clerical profession, *e.g.*, as sacred and the medical profession as secular." "All duty is sacred, all work done which needs to be done and ought to be done is inherently sacred, whether fulfilled on a throne by the most faithful and conscientious sovereign, or by an archbishop at the head of the Church, or by a competent scavenger in our back yards." Of idlers, "who say that they have nothing to do, because daily food is put into their mouths and every luxury provided for them without their own exertion," he said that "they are living under a curse, compared with which the fabled curse of labor is the highest blessing." In all work, the one sanctifying element is "faithfulness," or "that quality of mind by which a man is led to give his whole heart to the work before him; seeking no ulterior object, desiring first and last to do his work well." It is a high standard.

Incidentally, a sharp and thoroughly healthy blast of indignation was emitted against much that is low in tone in our education of the young. "Skill, quickness, cleverness of all kinds, is made supreme. The art of competition is taught them from their youth up, as if it were the whole duty of man to surpass or outwit his fellows." Here, the hand is laid on a dark spot in all ordinary school-teaching in this country. At every stage, the poor little scholar is made to compete. His whole teaching goes to the making marks, and a high place, and prizes, and outstrip-

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ping others, paramount. It is all a race for the first place, a keen struggle for the top, a battle for a prize. Quiet learning, scholarly meditation, refined thought, knowledge for its own sweet sake,—these are almost unknown in our public schools. Mr. Voysey's word of indignant warning was not spoken a day too soon. It would have been a blessing for England, if it could have been spoken by him in Westminster Abbey. "*Get on in life*," he said, "is the great cry. Get on, get on, . . . Do as others do: only beat them in the race, if you can." It is pitiably true.

Two notes were struck, which, to at least one hearer's mind, seemed out of tune. Mr. Voysey more than once indicated his belief in the direct and personal intervention of God in a man's life, extending even to the daily successes or seeming failures of it. It really *was* somewhat startling to hear an ultra heretic say: "Success or failure is alike of divine appointment." "The issue must ever be in the hands of God, and not in his own." "Let him do his best to prosper, God may see fit to thwart him or to send him prosperity." Is this, we may well ask, can this be the man who repudiates miracles, and finds himself unable to hamper himself even with the survivals of Orthodoxy discoverable among Unitarians? Is not this itself a signal survival of a faith which no rational scientific theism can consistently make any compromise with? The great Power we call *God*, the mighty Providence, Orderer, Lawgiver, surely works by and through far-reaching, unfaltering, impersonal laws, which can know nothing of these arbitrary determinations and decrees that would underlie such methods of government and guidance as Mr. Voysey has indicated. "He concerns himself personally and actively," he says, "with the lot of each one of his children." In one sense, that may be true; but we cannot understand how any rational theist can believe in a God whose personal volition is an active, independent, and direct factor in each man's life. The other discordant note is no novelty. Mr. Voysey is only too ready to make it clear that he wishes to disparage Jesus. Speaking of the folly of distinguishing between sacred and secular callings, he said we are now feeling how foolish and childish it is "to think that the honest calling of a fisherman was less sacred than going about idle at the heels of some mendicant preacher living on alms,"—a pretty plain hit at Jesus and his disciples. But, even taking the "mendicant preacher" on the lowest ground, it might surely be urged that the following of him was by no means

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"going about idle." Mr. Voysey preaches one sermon a week, and does, in addition, a great deal of useful work in conversing with and writing to inquirers; and he neither fishes for a living, nor does carpentering work. But he is by no means "idle," because he only works with his tongue and his pen. Considering Jesus and his disciples as teachers, too, it is quite evident that they had a hard time of it. It is true that Jesus and his followers were men who were always "going about," while Mr. Voysey is settled in a comfortable home at Dulwich; but that does not expose the former to the charge of being specially "idle."

This very interesting sermon was brought to a close with some special remarks on the work of his church as a religious community, the burden of which was amply expressed in a sentence that formed almost his concluding words: "Not the finest church, nor the largest treasury, nor the most numerous supporters, will ever secure for us that success for which we strive and pray, unless each one of us at his post be found faithful,—faithful in the widest, deepest sense of that noble word."

In the evening, it fell to my lot to conduct the first of a series of special Sunday evening meetings for working people in one of the most densely populated parts of London. The British and Foreign Unitarian Association took the bold course in engaging the best hall in the district, the town hall itself, a handsome building easily seating seventeen hundred persons. The association organized an enthusiastic and hard-working committee, who actually visited between four and five thousand houses, leaving in each a copy of the hymns to be sung on the first Sunday, and an invitation with all necessary information. A band and choir, numbering about forty, had also been organized; and the only thing wanted was an audience. That, too, came in due season. Before the hour announced, the hall was full. Nearly two thousand persons were admitted, and many went away unable to find room. A very large number of these present were middle-aged and elderly people, especially grave-looking, hard-working men. No children were admitted. The occasion was one to be remembered. It was truly inspiring to look upon such an audience, to hear the hearty singing, to see the eager faces, and to feel what fresh interest these people brought to a service without superstition. The series has since been continued with every prospect of deepening interest and success.

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A WELCOME MEETING.

A few evenings ago, it was my privilege to accept, with Dr. Carpenter, the kind welcome of London Unitarians on our return from the States. The meeting was held in the noble Memorial Hall, belonging to the Congregationalists, and was in every way a gratifying gathering. Under the able leadership of Mr. Ierson, the Secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, the London Unitarians are becoming noticeably active, sociable, and hopeful. Any one looking into the Memorial Hall on January 17th would have thought a good many things before remembering that Unitarians were said to be "dwindling," "dying," or "cold." These Unitarians, on the contrary, seem to be remarkably numerous, active, and warm. They appear to be proud of their faith; and, so far from thinking that their day is over, they have a singular knack of making themselves believe that it is only just beginning. Dr. Carpenter, full as he always is of gathered wisdom, brought forth from his treasury "things new and old." Both the guests of the evening referred at length to their experiences in your country, and spoke with warm admiration of many things they had seen and heard. It was felt that only good could come of these and all similar opportunities for knowing you better, that we might love you more.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

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THINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

We have received from the Colegrove Book Company, Chicago, the little gem of a book by Mr. Simmons, called *The Unending Genesis, or Creation ever Present*, which should have been noticed earlier. We might call it the twin sister of that beautiful book of Mr. Gannett's. One lingers in rapt delight over the miracles of earth: the other, with far-reaching gaze, looks into the starry sphere. We need such books, which do not preach nor moralize, but touch us to the quick with an emotion of awe and joy in the presence of our Creator, and waken a longing to become worthy of him, and be permitted to share his work.

One of the newest sensations in novel-writing the past season is the story published by Macmillan & Co., New York, called *Mr. Isaacs*. The plot of the story does not amount to much; but there is a free dash in the style, combined with the delightful novelty of East Indian scenery, which makes the book very attractive. The characters are not masterpieces, but the conversations are remarkably well sustained; and the man who tells the story, we think, is really a better creation than Mr. Isaacs, his hero. The way in which his mind acts on the dreamy Persian is striking, and the treatment of profound themes in the dramatic parts, is original and philosophical. The moralist will also be pleased with the winding up of the book, and the affirmations of Ram Lal on love and immortality; while the admirer of ancient religions will be gratified at such sentiments from the mouth of a Buddhist.

We have received from the Government Bureau of Education a paper on "Industrial Education," by Charles G. Leland, of Philadelphia, which is full of valuable suggestions. The great stumbling-block to this kind of training with our education committees, has always been the impossibility of introducing the appliances for the mechanic arts into our school buildings; but we find now that the best friends of this national movement do not expect this, but simply to have the children trained to use their hands in all sorts of artistic or useful work, that can be carried on without great expense or need of room. Prof. Leland enumerates the various kinds of work which can easily be done by boys and girls,

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and help them to get a living; while this use of the fingers and the brain would soon enable them to take up any common mechanical art later in life, if their circumstances required it. We had the pleasure of hearing Prof. Ordway of the Technological School on this subject, at the New England Woman's Club, the other day. This gentleman, we think, agrees substantially with Mr. Leland, who, we believe, is at the head of the Industrial Movement in Philadelphia. Mr. Leland asks what the masses of our people have yet done for art? He does not refer to pictures and statues, but to those thousand useful and tasteful articles made in past times and now in Europe, by the common people. A writer in a Cincinnati journal, he says, declares "because some people have blue jugs, and one gentleman an art gallery, we think we are a great artistic people."

"In the East, and during the Middle Ages of Europe," Mr. Leland says, "the number of paupers, the conditions of life being such, would have been overpowering, but for hand-made work, minor art. Yet there were fewer paupers then than now that is, persons entirely dependent. Many here wear good clothes and seem well off, but are dependent upon somebody. If there were such a demand for hand-made decoration now that there was in the past everybody in the country would find work. There have been no states of society in which the producer supported so many. Anne Hathaway's cottage was lined with old carved oak, yet it was the home of poor people."

This talk of Mr. Leland may seem visionary to us, but it is worth our reflecting upon. We cannot go back to the past, or reproduce its life and usages as a whole; but we can introduce again certain avocations suited to all time. The trouble is, that we have had a class of persons fresh from the bogs of Ireland, with big hands and dull brains, quite different from those nimble, tidy Swiss people to-day whittling away in the winter upon their little toys. We suspect these handicraftsmen in mediæval times belonged to the respectable artisan class. We doubt if they attempted much in those times to train their boors to art-work. America, however, is in the advance guard. We know not what she may yet do with these hordes of rude people, and look with interest upon all new plans for the development of our nation, and especially upon the interest which the government is taking in this matter.

We have received from Dr. W. G. Eliot his valuable address

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on "The Temperance Cause, and the Best Methods for its Advancement," reprinted from the *Globe Democrat*, St. Louis, Mo. Dr. Eliot is always earnest and courageous, and yet wise and fair-minded. In his three methods for advancing the temperance cause, he states as the third one "the advocating such legislation as will remove temptation as far as possible, and restrict the use of intoxicating drinks to the narrowest possible limits," thus recognizing, as all but the most extreme prohibitionists must do, that the absolute restriction of the liquor trade to medicinal and mechanical purposes is a moral impossibility. Many of us might be glad to have this done, as far as only ourselves are concerned; but such an extreme law, we fear, would bring a perpetual lie upon the community. We are not, however, to stop short, because we cannot do everything. We can by our example, by our own habits of total abstinence, help check the custom of social drinking. Dr. Eliot shows his strength here. He says, "I am pleading as in a case of life and death, and with all the earnestness of which I am capable. . . . Depend upon it, fellow-citizens, here is the weak point in all our efforts; here is the reason why moral suasion fails. The friends of temperance are not sufficiently in earnest to submit themselves to the strict law of self-denial, which they proclaim to those who are more sorely tempted than themselves."

In connection with this address, we are reminded of the pamphlet which we have received from the Massachusetts Women's Christian Temperance Union, being the minutes of their Ninth Annual Meeting, at Malden, Mass., October, 1882. The array of names and papers on that occasion is highly creditable to this noble organization. Mrs. Talbot's address of welcome is solemn and tender; and we have the well-known speakers, Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. McLaughlin, and also Mrs. Leavitt, Miss Alice Blackwell, Dr. Mary Safford, Jenny Collins of Boffin's Bower, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, who was not able to give her address in person, besides other speakers. The subjects were "Temperance Work in Sunday-schools," "The Physiological Effect of Alcoholic Beverages," "Social Drinking," "The Heredity of Alcohol," "Temperance Work among Women," "Work with Children," "Efforts in Jails and Prisons." Not all the speakers were women. Gen. Swift of the West and Col. Hasseltine made speeches, and other gentlemen.

We, who are not able to lend an active hand to these earnest

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women, give them our good cheer and our prayers for their success in their noble work.

There is room and need in the world for all kinds of work for humanity, and we have before us the report of the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, Boston. Mrs. A. M. Diaz, the president, begins her annual address pithily: "The great need of humanity is that people should do what is right. . . . Here, we have our chain, our logic. The country is ruled by individuals. Character rules the individual; and character is, to a very great degree, determined by woman." So she goes on to lay open the work and its needs. We all know about it. Cannot women help, if in no other way, by making themselves annual members by the payment of one dollar each year?

The department of lectures and classes for study, conducted gratuitously by accomplished persons, is one feature; the evening entertainments given by professional and amateur artists, another. The Sunday afternoon meetings are a provision for the spiritual seeker; and the Protective Union endeavors to get back the earnings of women unjustly defrauded, who have the generous service of unpaid lawyers. All success to this good work!

Still another report is before us, of the American Humane Association of Buffalo, N.Y. We see the name of our friend, Rev. Mr. Cutter, in it, and are sure it must be a good organization. The reports from Mr. Nathan Appleton, of work done for animals at Newport, R.I., show the inspiring stimulus of another of our ministers, Rev. Mr. Wendte, who has not been afraid to rebuke "fashion and folly," in their cruel sports.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We said at the beginning of the year that we hoped to have every month a letter from some of our distant workers. We have already given a letter from Meadville, and one from Milan. We now insert a letter from our devoted worker at the West, Rev. J. L. Douthit.

Mr. Douthit begins his letter with modesty, and we may perhaps say with a little despondency; but, as we go on reading, we shall see that there is no real need of discouragement. It is only that "divine discontent" which all noble workers have in hours of reflection or fatigue,—a kind of discontent which our Secretary, Mr. Reynolds, says, at our conference gatherings, it is well

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for us to have, in view of the opportunities before us and so little done. We need to have personal relations with our workers, not mere statistics. If we cannot grasp their hands, let us get the magnetism through the printed word, stamped with their own individuality.

This letter of Mr. Douthit is written in the press of work, and it is all the more valuable and stimulating to us. The sweat and strain of the toil are imprinted upon it, the flush of work tinges it. The longings of the heart are here; the disappointments, the weariness, and then again the hope. The hope prevails. Why should it not? When he shows us what has been done, we are filled with gratitude and satisfaction that so much has been accomplished, and that our Association, through generous friends, has been able to aid in carrying on this work.

Will not our friends who have anything to spare, not only remember the Association work, but also send Mr. Douthit sometimes a little of their substance to cheer him, when he sees the "harvest so plenteous and the laborers so few"?

We must say a word about his little paper. He hints at its objects. We are all coming to the conclusion that the press must make up for the lack of missionary preachers and money. We have in New England, as he says, plenty of newspapers. But, in the scattered West, they have not. People get this little paper who do not have much reading or preaching. It is permeated with a liberal gospel, the religion of Jesus; and so it helps do the work of the Church. We are glad to see that our friend, Rev. Mr. Ames, is going to take charge of a part of it. With him and Mr. Douthit together, we have great hopes that this little sheet is going to be one of our best visitants in the homes of the West.

SHELBYVILLE, ILL., Jan. 17, 1883.

You ask for an "informal letter" about this mission. It is about the same old story to tell that I told dear Mr. Lowe, in my reports ten or twelve years ago. Plenty of work crying to be done, with prospect of much good to be accomplished, and yet comparatively little done. In one respect, my hopes have fallen far short of realization. . . . The average "liberal" is too likely to wait for the minister to come around before doing any church work; and, even *when* he comes, said "liberal" goes to hear what he has to say and look at him pray, instead of praying and pulling with him. The minister must be constantly present and moving among his congregation, else any liberal society that I know of in the West is likely to be little more than a literary club or social gathering. There-

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fore, I conclude that, to build up our churches, there should be a settled and constant ministry by a man or woman who will bear acquaintance, and whose barrel of sermons will last and keep warm with Christian love and the ever renewing Holy Spirit. Since beginning this mission work, there have been five churches organized that remain to this time, and some others that have been feebly organized, and faded out for want of a constant ministry. Two of the churches that remain to-day are thrifty and growing slowly; namely, Oak Grove Congregation of Liberal Christians and the First Congregational Church in Shelbyville. The first named has about thirty, and the last over one hundred members. I do not know of but one member of these two congregations, and that one is my wife, who ever heard a Unitarian until they heard me. Most of these were young people when they united with the Church, and would probably never have been members of any Christian body, if this opportunity had not offered. A few old and respected citizens, however, have come in with us, who never belonged to any Church before, and who say that all their lifetime they had held the Unitarian faith, without knowing it by that name. These churches are constantly losing members by emigration. For instance, in looking over the record of this (Shelbyville) congregation, we find that nearly fifty members have moved away from it since it was organized, six years ago. Why? Because most of these members are poor people, or sons and daughters of parents who have no permanent home; and so, as they grow ambitious to do something for themselves, they find it necessary to emigrate. I think now, as I write, of members of this congregation who are in St. Louis, St. Paul, Iowa City, Indianapolis, and in nearly every Western State. Some of these are occupying high positions of usefulness, and are likely to be heard from further in some good way. One young man of excellent promise has been a student at Meadville for more than a year. It has been my lot, from the first, to preach to poor people. Tenants, day laborers, and hired help, with a sprinkle of school-teachers, and a few well-to-do merchants and farmers,— these constitute my co-workers in Shelby County. (However, in Mattoon, the legal and medical professions are largely represented in an audience averaging perhaps fifty for half the year.) There are two neat and substantial brick edifices, one at Mattoon and one at Shelbyville, and two *meeting-houses*,— yes, three, including an old log church, the Hardshell Baptist house, where I first began mission work,— all out of debt, connected with this mission. Besides, during the same time, there have been built and dedicated several Universalist churches within the region of my labors, and by men and women who have been hearty co-operators with me, and who have extended a warm welcome to my gospel word. I cannot begin to answer the calls that I receive from the Universalist brethren to preach in their churches.

Within the last two years, I have circulated about one thousand of my tract, "The Creeds or Christ," and, during 1882, two thousand of my statement of "What Unitarians Believe, and What They do not Believe";

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and I have reason to know that these have been read, and, although they have caused some disturbance and complaint among orthodox brethren, they have done good in opening people's eyes to their awkward and embarrassed condition in the churches. You may read what I think of the need of such tracts in an early number of *Unity*. My little monthly, *Our Best Words*, has outlived three years, contrary to the prophecy of its best friends. I have circulated, mostly among those who needed it, about seven hundred copies every month. This little paper is *almost* self-supporting now, considering the editorial labor nothing. Once and awhile, I receive rather an amusing letter concerning it and my tracts from Unitarian friends, who seem to think that, because they and their select circle do not need these words, no one does. I am sorry they are not better and wiser words; but I know some such words are sadly needed, and so I keep on trying to supply the need. With most cordial Christian greetings, I am, Yours truly,

J. L. DOUTHIT.

GLEANINGS.

Messrs. Kegan, Paul & Co. have issued a volume of sermons by John Hamilton Thom, entitled *Laws of Life after the Mind of Christ*, which cannot fail to win appreciation both sides the Atlantic. This firm has also brought out a new volume of their pulpit commentary, being *The Commentary upon St. Mark*. Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have published a second volume of their "Clerical Library." Such men as Baldwin Brown, Dean Church, Canon Liddon, Canon Farrar, Dr. Parker, etc., have apparently consented to these outlines of some of their best sermons.

The *Inquirer* rejoices to report that at Newcastle-on-Tyne a valued Unitarian minister exchanged with a minister of a Congregational church (orthodox), and wishes some more of these latter brethren "would not be so afraid of their deacons," and invite Dr. Martineau or Dr. Sadler to preach sometimes in their pulpits.

The president of the Board of Trade, at an education meeting in Birmingham, puts us to shame in this country, when we talk of stopping the public funds which give a poor boy at our high schools, almost as good training as he needs to enter into the professional schools of the country. He says: "I do not believe children come into the world labelled with the class which they are permanently to occupy. . . . I say then that the national education should be the best that money can buy or the mind elaborate." . . .

The Bishop of Peterborough has been called upon to rebuke a vicar, because said vicar gave notice in church that they would

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have prayers for the repose of the soul of Dr. Pusey. The bishop quietly remarks that prayers for the dead "is not exclusively a Romish rite: it is a primitive custom which the Church of England never has condemned, although she disused it." He contents himself and the complainers by saying that the vicar was out of order in adding any notice to the rubrics of the Holy Communion. We have always thought the doctrine of "purgatory" an immense advance on the doctrine of an eternal hell, and see only a beautiful sentiment in this ancient usage. Thus, many of the good bishops of the English Church to-day are fighting down narrowness on both sides, ritualistic and dissenting.

A paper in *Macmillan's Magazine* on "The Disastrous Effects of Sobriety" is calling out a good deal of fun from the temperance people and the press generally. The writer comes down upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer for putting into the Queen's speech what he did, on the subject of diminution of the receipts from the duties on intoxicating liquors. This "has no business to be the feeling of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, however 'soft-hearted' the Queen may be over the spread of sobriety." The writer adds that he wishes no harm to the temperance movement, but that teetotalism will ruin the national exchequer, and destroy the army and navy. One of the members of Parliament writes that he saw an elegant wheelbarrow in Edinburgh, invented for the use of the police to wheel drunkards to the station. A friend dryly explains it thus: "Most tradesmen send their goods home themselves; but, when a publican has completed and finished the article, then we send it at the public expense by the police."

The third volume of the Life of Bishop Wilberforce, the *Unitarian Herald* tells us, is making an unpleasant impression in clerical and literary society. It is full, the reports say, of bitter sayings and personalities, and unpleasant comments upon the bishop's contemporaries. Such books sell; but when will biographers learn that a success of this kind can never be good for humanity or lasting to the world?

MARTHA P. LOWE.

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REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

A Study of Spinoza. By James Martineau. Macmillan & Co. 12mo. pp. 371.

It is a delight not less than an edification to read anything from the pen of James Martineau. The themes he treats are always of great interest and importance; and he treats them with a conscientious thoroughness, a depth of thought, a wealth of experience, an easy and brilliant precision of style, a charm of imaginative beauty, and an unfailing devoutness of temper, hardly to be found combined in an equal degree in any other writer.

In the present work, he has essayed a task every way most congenial to his powers; and he has accomplished it, as it seems to us, with a patience, a fairness, and a lucidity, all equally admirable. The figure of Spinoza, whether regarded in his personality or in his life, is one of the most pathetic and engaging in the annals of philosophy. Pure, gentle, patient, lonely, spiritually aspiring and fearless, hated and persecuted by incompetent censors, ever meeting danger with meekness and heroism, supremely consecrated to the pursuit of truth, oppressed by poverty, living in a single chamber, where his hands earned his subsistence by polishing lenses at the same time that his thought was striving to make all things transparent to the human mind, and dying at the premature age of forty-three, his character and his career alike are full of picturesque charm and moral nobility.

And, then, his ethical system, after every abatement has been made, is pervaded with a sublime originality, full, in a most living degree, of poetic and spiritual power, frequently thrilling us with its lofty and even divine notes of disinterestedness and universality. A host of the noblest thinkers since his time, such men as Novalis, Goethe, Schleiermacher, have been strangely attracted by his personal fascination and profoundly influenced by his moral theory and maxims. And thus the intrinsic interest and importance of his unique figure have deepened with the passage of time by the great spirits drawn to him, and associated with his memory and his influence.

In the first part of his volume, Martineau presents the life and character of Spinoza with great care and adequate detail. This

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is done, as we feel, with a generous cordiality of appreciation, although some readers seem to feel that it is scarcely sympathetic enough. This error, as we imagine, arises from the fact not that Martineau fails to feel to the full every claim of the character he is portraying, but that he refrains from eulogizing, and leaves the facts themselves to do that office, which is the higher art, but one which is appreciated by a smaller audience.

Following the biography, and occupying over two-thirds of the volume, comes a critical exposition of the philosophy of Spinoza. His method of procedure is carefully explained, and its fallacies and inadequacy pointed out. His inheritance of doctrines and tendencies from preceding thinkers, overwhelmingly from Descartes, is made clear. His fundamental assumptions, his peculiar definitions, and his general conclusions are expounded and criticised in a manner so lucid and so vigorous, so minute and so comprehensive, that we are at a loss whether the more to admire and enjoy the commanding mastership of the performance or its exquisite felicity.

Was the speculation of Spinoza really theistic or only nominally so? There is a hopeless insensibility, which never raises the question whether there is a God or not. There is a hard, defiant, narrow, shallow conceit, which dogmatically declares that there is no God. There is a despairing feebleness or a false humility, which affirms its own utter ignorance, and absolute inability ever to answer the inquiry whether God is or is not. There is a vulgar pantheism, which holds that all is God. There is a noble mysticism, which believes and feels that God is all. And there is a ripely reasoned theism, which teaches that God is the absolute First Principle of Being, the infinite Perfection, from whose intelligent and freely creative power all else derives existence. Among these forms of denial, doubt, or faith, it is clear, as to Spinoza, that he was neither indifferentist nor dogmatist nor agnostic. Was he in the full sense a theist? The reply will depend on our use of the term. To a rigid ecclesiastic of the orthodox type, Spinoza was unquestionably an atheist. To another believer, whose speculative notion of God is of the most elastic and indefinite kind, he may pass as an approved theist. While to most thinkers who give their words clear and coherent definitions, he always has been and is now generally regarded as a pantheist. Martineau, who has thought his way through all forms of philosophical speculation and of theological

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phraseology, and is one of the most explicit and consistent of thinkers and writers, maintains that Spinoza was really a pantheist, but with a most perilous affinity and nearness to atheism, arising from his inadequate conception of what is essential to the idea of God. He denied intellect and will to God. Surely, it would seem that a God without intellect, purpose, or freedom, must be quite equivalent to no God at all. It is, however, largely a construction of terms. No one with any liberal insight will deny that Spinoza, in character, was profoundly religious. He was saturated with a sense of the Whole, and with loyalty to it. But his theory was wofully defective, as Martineau abundantly shows, and leaves him open to the charge of a theoretical denial of the essence of God, in spite of his cosmic allegiance and moral fervor. It seems to us that this exposition is metaphysically just and not personally ungenerous. But to cite the passages and to detail the arguments that uphold it is beside our purpose and beyond our limits here.

The only disappointment we experience in rising from the perusal of this latest work of our revered Martineau is that he has so largely confined himself to the explanation of what the views of Spinoza were, the exposure of their fallacies and insufficiencies, and the suggestion of the probable reasons for them. We have longed, on many a page, to have him go on and state what he holds the truth to be in place of the errors uncovered. But we suppose he has reserved this more positive work for the publication of his own system of ethical philosophy,—a publication for which the present volume only makes us the more eager. May it soon see the light; for we are sure that it will have a value beyond that of anything ever yet published within its province.

In the mean time, we thank our benefactor for this rare and costly fruit from his ripened years. Together with his recent invaluable and imperishable volumes of *Hours of Thought with Sacred Things*, it shows his genius to be still at its best, and fully entitles us to look for his true *magnum opus* yet to come.

We would commend this *Study of Spinoza* with all the emphasis at our command to the studious attention of our readers. It is equally crowded with value in substance of thought and with beauty in form of expression. In closing, we will cite a single specimen of the innumerable examples it contains of acute and profound insight combined with such poetic life and condensation of style as to make them at once philosophical and

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literary gems. Speaking of the insufficiency of a philosophy that conceives of all finite things only as passing modes of the Infinite, "so that the concrete units at the phenomenal end remain as much an enigma as the ontological unit at the outset," Martineau says, with a rhetorical wit as pungent as the metaphysical thought is conclusive, "A world-theory without agents and without ends cannot pay its way, but goes into liquidation when it has to be worked by the self-directing essences of things." W. R. A.

Logic and Life, with Other Sermons. By the Rev. H. S. Holland, M.A., Senior Student of Christ Church, Oxford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1882. pp. xvi, 320. $1.50.

A remarkable volume indeed, as peculiar and full of surprises as one of Dr. Bartol's. The rhetoric is exuberant, words piled upon words, sentences upon sentences, till the reader's breath fails him. The preacher turns his thought this way and that way, and up and down and inside out, till all the figures and colors of the kaleidoscope pass before the eye. To change the figure, the force of the shot is destroyed by the amount of wadding. It is wonderful reading. There is a fascination about the author's endless strings of pearls, because you cannot see the thread, in many instances, which binds them together. A new style, and often a new thought, will repay the reader for his time in perusing it. However, it cannot be recommended as a model for beginners, though they will be most charmed by it.

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This REVIEW aims to serve the interests of religion in presenting the best and broadest views of Liberal Christianity, and meeting the demands of current scholarship and criticism. Its position is that of reverent discipleship to Jesus Christ, positive affirmation of the being and parental character of God, recognition of his perpetual working in nature and history, and the culmination of historic revelations in the Hebrew and Christian line. While hospitable to all thoughtful and reverent conviction, the REVIEW will discuss the topics of modern thought from the stand-point of theism and rational Christianity. Giving no bonds to utter any sectarian shibboleth, and speaking as the mouthpiece of no ecclesiastical body, it will emphasize the conviction that the interests of religion, as its essential truths, demand the development and extension of more spiritual and practical, and less dogmatic and ecclesiastical forms of religion, from the simple basis of the faith and life of the New Testament; and that the most hopeful direction for its advance and adjustment with human intelligence is marked by the main positions of Unitarian Christianity. At the same time, it recognizes the necessity of enlarging the outlook, broadening the sympathies, deepening the religious purpose, and making more spiritually alive, devoted, and aggressive our Unitarian Liberalism, if it is to become the refuge and helper of an age in which religion is tossed between the extremes of Agnostic indifference or hostility and the discredited assumptions of Orthodox traditionalism. The REVIEW will welcome and promote every movement looking to the harmony of scientific thought and Christian faith, and seeking to promote the co-operation of all who can stand together on the simple basis of Christian theism and discipleship. It will strive to quicken interest in moral themes, in the culture of the religious life, in the enterprises of philanthropy and wise reform, and the Christian activities of the age

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UNITARIAN REVIEW

AND

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX. APRIL, 1883. No. 4.

THE HEBREW PROPHETS.

THE STYLE OF DELIVERY OF THE PROPHETS, AND THEIR RHETORICAL ORNAMENTS.

No. III.

In my last lecture, I spoke of (1) the *qualifications* of the prophetic office, and (2) of the *value* or *meaning* of the *terms of authority* in which they addressed the people.

The prime qualification of a prophet was that he should be a ready and impressive public speaker. Especially, in the earlier periods of the kingdom, spoken words were the almost universal and exclusive method of instruction and influence. Other things being equal, the best speaker would be the most influential man. I showed that this was the meaning of the word "prophet," which signifies one addressing others, a public speaker, an orator; and the establishment of schools for the instruction of young men in prophesying proves the same thing. Young men were taught how to prophesy, and how to accompany their speech with music and rhythmical movements, called dancing. These schools to *educate* prophets were not very unlike our modern theological schools to educate preachers. In fact, no class of men

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of modern times so nearly represents these ancient prophets as preachers and reformers. The prophets were Hebrew preachers and reformers. If they could join skill in singing to skill in speaking, all the more perfectly were they qualified for their office.

I then proceeded to consider the *value of the forms of speech* in which they address the people as significant of their authority, and the obligation of the people to hear and regard them. These prophets were religious teachers, and as such they used the language of religion, of piety, in their addresses. Believers in God's personal government of the world, they attributed every noble impulse, every worthy act, every true word, to his inspiration. Hence, when they were maintaining God's law against transgressors, they did not hesitate to call themselves God's messengers, "sent of God": they avowed that they were speaking God's words, proclaiming his will, and, in his name, called upon men "to cease to do evil, and learn to do well." Some preachers of the present day use the same formulas, and urge home their messages upon the hearts and consciences of men in the same terms and with the same appeal to divine authority. It is a mistake, and a very common one, to suppose that these forms of speech necessarily indicate supernatural authority. Whether any prophet received special messages and authority from God must be determined by something besides, and different from, these forms of speech, which have been supposed, as universally as erroneously, to signify necessarily something very different from what they signify in the vocabulary of modern preachers. The authority of these prophets, as that of the preachers of this day, consisted in the truth which they spake; and the power with which they spake it, and the willingness of the people to be guided by it, measured the extent of their influence.

This remark introduces the subject of my present lecture; namely, the *Method* and *Style* of the teaching of the prophets.

The root of the original word *Nabi*, which is translated prophet, signifies "boiling up, bubbling up, effervescing,

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overflowing," as a spring overflows or a caldron boils over. In the first verse of the forty-fifth Psalm, the writer says in our translation, "My heart is inditing a good matter." This translation gives but a poor expression to the poet's thought and words, as he writes the wedding ode of the great king. A very tame introduction would it be to the marriage song of Solomon for the poet laureate to say, "My heart is inditing a good matter." He wrote no such thing. He wrote, "My heart is gushing [or boiling] over with congratulations." Psalms xlv., 1. This would mean something on such an occasion.

Not only the signification of the word "prophet" informs us that the prophet was an enthusiastic, very earnest speaker, but the *descriptions* which we have of their speaking indicate that they were very vehement in their delivery. They often resorted to the inspiration of music to quicken their slumbering feelings, and stir with deeper emotion their own hearts as well as the hearts of those whom they addressed. Sometimes, they wrought themselves up to the almost uncontrollable nervousness of the Oriental Fakirs or dervishes and border preachers of modern times. The almost if not entirely unconscious enthusiasm into which some modern preachers, usually of the most ignorant class, exalt or debase themselves while they are delivering their exhortations, very vividly illustrates the method of a large class of the earliest and least educated prophets. I need not describe to you the almost maniacal fury and unconscious vociferations of the preachers and exhorters in border pulpits, and especially at camp-meetings. They are illustrated at length in both history and fiction. They boiled over, they raved, they cried aloud, they stamped with their feet, they smote with their hands, they not seldom leaped and ran, and fell in convulsions,—these poorly educated camp-preachers; and the people joined the crying and the shouting and leaping, and were also seized with convulsions. Such preachers as these and such phenomena as these are found only among the grossly ignorant or grossly fanatical of the present day. But, in the days of the early prophets,

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all were comparatively ignorant and fanatical, both prophets and people. What we call culture was unknown. Why, then, should we not expect among a deeply religious people the same fanaticism, the same extravagances, the same physical contortions and convulsions which we have witnessed among the uncultivated, unrefined religious preachers and people of our own day? All reasonable persons do expect it, who have given any attention to the subject; and I am sorry to say but few have, so that the religious language which is common in all ages, and religious manifestations or phenomena which are common among people of all religions of like ignorance and superstition, are supposed to be peculiar to the Hebrew people and the sole possession of their prophets, their religious teachers and leaders.

Let me not be misunderstood. As not all preachers of the present day are such enthusiasts, contortionists, convulsionists, vociferators as the ignorant, unrefined class which I have described, so among the old prophet preachers were men of sound wisdom, cultivated speech, and some most eloquent orators. And fewer and fewer of the ignorant and unrefined appear, as the nation increases in culture and refinement. Men must be taught by such instructors as can be found. God does not miraculously give education to the ignorant, nor refinement to the grovelling. His prophets speak as they can for truth and righteousness, and use such language as they can command. The coarse, coarse language, the refined, refined language,—each as he has ability. And let no one say that the vehement, the terrific, the unrefined preacher does no good. He does great good. The tool must be adapted to the work. Coarse, uneducated, savage men must be addressed very differently from the gentle, the refined, the educated. The fire and the hammer are needed to melt and break the stony heart,—hot fire, heavy blows. And when the old heroic prophets of God, all on fire with indignation at the sins of the people, and hearts boiling over like a caldron with words of rebuke and judgment, went forth to announce God's visita-

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tion for their sins, and punishment for their forsaking him and worshipping stones and beasts, no wonder their words were coals of fire, their voices thunders, their eyes lightnings, their bodies convulsed. Human nature would have ceased to manifest itself normally, had they acted and spoken differently.

The method or manner in which these Hebrew preachers addressed the people did not differ in any essential particular from that in which all preachers of modern times of like intelligence address their hearers, especially Oriental speakers, among whom both vociferation of utterance and vehemence of gesticulation are especially prevalent, as well as musical accompaniment. Nor, as I have shown in a previous lecture, do their formularies of speech, their appeals to divine authority, differ from that of the same class of religious teachers in modern times. The amount and quality of their inspiration must be determined by some other criterion than either their modes of speaking or their forms of words.

Having discussed as far as the purpose of these lectures demands the mode of address, the manner of speaking, of these prophets,— their oratory or elocution,— I turn to consider the style of their addresses and writings, their rhetoric.

1. The first prominent characteristic of the style of those whose addresses have come down to us is their poetical spirit and to a great extent their poetical form. Excepting the prophecy attributed to Daniel and portions of the prophecies of Jeremiah and Ezekiel, their works are in the form of poetry as well as full of its spirit. Now, the very essence of poetry is its symbolic, figurative style of representing ideas. Hardly a literal expression is found in some poems. The truth is set before us in concrete forms, not in abstract terms; in pictures addressed to the imagination and heart, not in logical formularies addressed to the reason and head. Comparison, metaphor, personification, apostrophe, hyperbole, abound. Everything has life, speaks, acts. All nature becomes animated and vocal. Manners, customs, labors,— all are filled with a living spirit, and be-

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come teachers. Poetry transfigures the catacomb into a cathedral, and the mute images of the dead become the worshipping multitudes of the living.

This is the spirit of all poetry in all lands, among all races and peoples. But the amount and boldness of this imagery vary among different nations. Among the Orientals, it assumes forms and takes flights which are, to us Occidentals, most extravagant and sometimes even absurd and repulsive. But to them of warmer feelings, more exuberant imagination and fiery temper, these bold metaphors and daring apostrophes were acceptable and inspiring. In the warmer latitudes, their imagery partakes of the luxuriance of their vegetation and the gaudiness of its coloring. It is rather effeminate than strong, and reminds one more of a mass of brilliantly colored confectionery than of a pyramid of precious stones. The Hebrew poetry, however, is rubies and sapphires and emeralds. There is body as well as color to it. There is truth sublimer than the imagery in which it is conveyed. The majestic lines move majestically, weighted as they are with more majestic thoughts. In reading much of the Oriental poetry, you are smothered as in the abundance of the fragrance of gardens of lilies and poppies; but you feel as you read the poetry of the prophets as one who walks amid the winepresses of Carmel, and breathes the fragrance of the cedars of Lebanon. The language of the Hebrew poetry is terse, abrupt, bold, full of imagery. As the prophet is a religious devotee of the Oriental type, so he introduces the divine agency not only in all the processes of nature, but in all the events of history. He, Jehovah, not only causes the grass to grow for the cattle and herb for the service of man, but he plucketh up and planteth nations, he raiseth up and casteth down kings, he maketh cities desolate. All things are attributed to the direct efficiency of Jehovah: man's agency in history is often entirely unnoticed.

In such a style of address, in such poetical language, so bold, sometimes so extravagant to our ears and tastes, do the Orientals express their religious ideas and construct

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their public addresses. The prophets are also Orientals, but they so far modify the Oriental hyperbole and extravagance as to render their meaning more intelligible to our minds, and their style more acceptable to our tastes, because their religious ideas were so much more conformed to our own and their tastes so much modified by their higher and purer religious views.

In addition to the gorgeousness of Oriental poetry, the prophets presented truth in symbols, dreams, allegories, parables, visions. How far these dreams and visions were descriptions of realities,— that is, of real dreams and real visions,—and how far they were only the rhetorical art of the prophets to impress more vividly upon the minds of their hearers the truths they were speaking, can best, indeed can only, be determined, when we examine their addresses in more detail. But if, even among us cold Occidentals, such rhetorical arts are resorted to simply to give force and vividness to our ideas, we certainly should not be surprised to find these Oriental preachers using so common and universal figures of speech, in order to give vividness and emphasis and impressiveness to their speech. If John Bunyan could behold the journey of Christian for so many days and nights amid such perplexities and perils and escapes, in a dream of the night, why should not the prophets, all aglow, under the figure of a dream, announce what the Lord would have them and the people do, and the peril to which they were exposed by disobedience? If modern preachers, in the impassioned expression of their thought, may describe, as Whitfield did, the great acts of the final judgment, as if seen by him in vision, and even irreverently, in doing so, personify the Judge, why might not these Oriental poet preachers describe, as if seen in a vision, their conceptions of the acts and purposes of the Deity? Why might not Isaiah exclaim, "I *saw* the Lord sitting upon a throne high and lifted up, and the train of his robe filled the temple"? Why might not Ezekiel say that "he *saw* a whirlwind come out of the north, a great cloud and fire infolding itself, and out of the midst of it came the likeness of four living

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creatures; and, above, the likeness of a firmament as crystal; and, above the firmament, the likeness of a man, clothed with brightness, as of the glory of the Lord"? Why might he not say this, when he wished to describe the enthroned majesty of Jehovah, and still not be understood as saying that these things were real,— the *robe*, the *storm*, the *beasts*, the *firmament*, and the image above it? Again, Ezekiel says (viii., 1–11): "As I sat in mine house by the river Chebar, and the elders of Judah sat before me, the hand of the Lord there fell upon me. Then I beheld, and, lo, a likeness as the appearance of fire; from the appearance of his loins, even downward, of fire, and from his loins, even upward, as the appearance of brightness, as the color of amber. And he put forth the form of a hand, and took me by a lock of mine head; and the spirit lifted me up between the earth and the heaven, and brought me in the visions of God to Jerusalem, to the door of the inner gate that looketh toward the north. . . . And, behold, the glory of the God of Israel was there. . . . And he said unto me, Son of man, lift up thine eyes now the way toward the north." Then, through four chapters, the prophet relates how he went about the temple and what he saw, and then concludes his vision by saying, "Then the spirit took me up and brought me to Chaldea, to them of the captivity, in vision, by the spirit of God. And the vision which I had seen went up from me. Then I spake unto them of the captivity all the things of Jehovah which he had showed me." This clearly is the rhetorical form into which the prophet chose to put his address, that it might the more deeply impress the people.

Again, the prophet Amos saith (vii.): —

"Jehovah showed me this vision.
Behold, the Lord stood upon a wall, built with a plumb-line.
And in his hand was a plumb-line;
And Jehovah said to me, What seest thou, Amos?
And I said, A plumb-line.
And the Lord said, Behold, I will set a plumb-line in the midst of my people Israel;
I will not spare them any more.

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The high places of Isaac shall be desolate,
And the sanctuaries of Israel shall be laid waste.
And I will rise against the house of Jeroboam [the king] with the sword."

The plumb-line being a symbol that strict justice would be measured out to the people for their sins.

One more example of teaching by vision must suffice. Amos says (viii.): —

"The Lord Jehovah showed me this vision.
Behold, a basket of ripe fruits!
And he said, Amos, what seest thou?
And I said, A basket of ripe fruits.
Then said Jehovah unto me, The destruction of my people is ripe;
I will not spare them any more.
The songs of the palace shall be shrieks in that day,
Saith the Lord Jehovah.
There shall be many dead bodies in every place.
And they shall be cast forth in silence."

That is, they will be too numerous to permit of any funeral services.

There can be no reasonable doubt that most, if not all, of these visions and dreams, are simply the dress in which these Hebrew prophets clothed their thoughts, that they might thereby render them more vivid and impressive. If any exception is to be made to this rule, we shall find it in our further inquiries.

We are very much less liable to mistake in our interpretation of parables and allegories than we are in our interpretation of dreams and visions. We are prone to understand that, when a dream or vision is spoken of, it must be understood and interpreted literally, as having actually taken place; but we have no such overmastering feeling respecting parables and allegories. When Isaiah (v.) says, "I will sing a song of my beloved touching his vineyard on a very fruitful hill," literally "on a horn of oil," and then goes on to describe the preparation of the soil, the gathering out of the stones, the enclosure, the planting with the choicest vine, the wine-press, the watch-tower, no sensible interpreter supposes that he is describing some specific literal

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vineyard, which Jehovah had planted; and, when Jotham (Judges ix., 7–15) speaks of the trees assembling to anoint a king over them, no sensible person supposes that the trees did any such thing.

Under this allegorical form of speech, the people are addressed, and their own foolish conduct is rebuked. The warmth of the Oriental imagination, as I have said, suggested more abundant and more vivid parables and allegories than we of cooler temperament indulge in. And great wrong has been done to these prophets by attributing a supernatural character, a supernatural origin, to scenes described, which are merely the creations of the imagination and illustrations of obvious truth. They are of the style, the rhetoric, of the prophets, and not of any revelations of truth, or unveilings of superhuman realities and spheres.

Another resource, more material and impressive than merely that of figures of speech, was sometimes resorted to by the prophets to catch the attention, and impress and startle the dull hearts of the rulers and the people. It was the use of symbols, and the introduction of symbolical action. Zedekiah (I. Kings xxii., 11) presents himself before the kings, Ahab and Jehosaphat, with iron horns, to represent their conquests over the Syrians. Isaiah (xx.) appeared without his sackcloth mantle and sandals to signify the laying waste of Egypt for three years. Ezekiel (v.) cuts his hair from his head, and, dividing it into three parts, burns one, cuts in pieces another, and scatters the third to the winds, in order to illustrate the destruction and dispersion of the people. He carries his goods out into the street, to show that the removal of the nation by conquest and captivity is at hand. Abijah (I. Kings xi., 30) tears his mantle into twelve pieces before Jeroboam, to symbolize the division of the kingdom. Jeremiah (xxvii.) puts a yoke on his neck to represent servitude, and breaks it to illustrate liberation. Putting on sackcloth and sprinkling ashes are frequent symbols of suffering and national calamity (Jer. iv., 8; vi., 26, etc.). The planting of a vine

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and the uprooting of one represent the founding and the destroying of a family or nation.

Sometimes, the symbols are described only, not performed, though the prophet speaks as if the thing described had been actually done, as in parables and allegories. Jeremiah (xiii.) speaks of making a long journey from Jerusalem to the Euphrates to bury his girdle, and then, a long time after, going to dig it up all decayed, to illustrate the captivity of the nation, and the influence of their capturers upon their characters. Ezekiel (iv., 5) speaks of lying on one side upon the ground, before a tile, for three hundred and ninety days, to illustrate the siege of the city. Now, it is evident enough from the context that no such thing was actually done. The prophet only makes vivid to his hearers the siege of the city by narrating this symbol as if it had really been acted.

Whether a symbol is really acted, presented, or simply described, can be determined only by the nature of the symbol, and the attendant circumstances in the account. If, for illustration, a prophet says he is commanded to lie three hundred and ninety days on one side, and he says that he obeyed the voice of the Lord, and yet you find him the next day or next week travelling about, exhorting the people, and rebuking kings, you can easily understand that the symbol was not really acted, but simply described. We have not always so obvious a test, however, of the reality as distinguished from the merely rhetorical character of these symbols, and are therefore often liable to mistake their real character, as so many of the old commentators have done. We should therefore be very guarded, extremely careful in our interpretation of them. Besides, the Oriental imagination and taste were not offended at symbols which are exceedingly repulsive to us. Even as modified and purified by Hebrew culture and religion, there are some symbols described — they never could have been acted without the grossest criminality — which are offensive to our taste to the very last degree. There are but few of them, however; yet

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enough to show how slowly a nation of slaves is lifted from grossness and grovelling to purity and refinement.

There can be no question that the symbols of the prophets, whether spoken or acted, were a very impressive means of address to the people of that age. That they were a favorite method of instruction is evident from the frequency with which they are resorted to. The distasteful and unworthy ones in their literature are but as spots on the sun. The surpassing beauty and brightness of their style and the loftiness of their theme enrobe even the darkness of their unworthiness and repulsiveness with light.

Such is a glance at the manner of speaking and the style of writing and teaching — in modern phrase, the oratory and the rhetoric — of the Hebrew prophets. The luxuriant imagination of the Orient glows through all their style and imagery. The vehemence of Oriental passion flames through all their gesticulation. The boldest metaphors and most daring apostrophes and most expressive symbols crowd the pages of their writings, and gave all-conquering power and startling significance to their spoken words. The enthusiasm of their manner, the weight of their matter, the symbolism oftentimes of their dress, and the vehemence of their action, impressed the hearts of the people as the seal impresses the wax, and moved them to action as the winds moved the forests on the top of Carmel. Sometimes, their words distil as the gentle dew upon the tender herb, as the small rain upon the mown grass. Sometimes, they pour forth their sentences in rebuke, remonstrances, and warning, till they lift themselves like the swellings of Jordan, and plunge onward like the torrents of Gilead. Sometimes, their speech is as the rose of Sharon in fragrance, and as the lily of the valley in purity; and, sometimes, it is as the storm which breaketh the cedars of Lebanon, and shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh. They sometimes dare the empyrean in their flight, and unveil the sapphire throne, the bowed seraphim, the Eternal Presence.

R. P. Stebbins.

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THE TWO WORLDS ONE.

Of all beliefs, that of a continued existence of the soul after death is of the most evident and eternal import to all men. Faith in it is a cardinal point in all religious creeds. It is to-day, as of old, the accepted doctrine of all good Christians. Nevertheless, it is surprising how inoperative, comparatively speaking, this belief is in our life! How slight is its practical influence upon our daily actions! Why is it that, even among Christians, we see men and women giving themselves up so exclusively as they do to the interests and ambitions of the present world, clutching greedily at petty gains, scheming anxiously for ephemeral reputation, drowning themselves in sensuality; sinking contentedly in the silken couches of luxury and ignoble ease, seemingly without memory or conception of any longer or higher life than this brief arc that we describe through the atmosphere of earth? Compare this with the infinitely prolonged curve of our celestial life; compare the oldest of earth's monuments, the strongest of human powers, with the unspeakable grandeurs and illimitable endurance of the eternal realms,—and how mean and transitory do all the glories and prizes of this life seem! Why, then, are we so absorbed in such shallow interests? Why do our spiritual concerns stand at such a disadvantage in comparison with the appeals of the world about us? Why do heaven and its solemn realities, why does the future life with its momentous rewards or retributions, seem to us so shadowy and impractical a thought, and find us so neglectful of it,—nay, so insensitive to it, even when pressed upon our attention?

One reason, of course, with an increasing number to day, is the absence of any positive belief in it. But, even where belief in it is not wanting, where it is apparently strong and firm, where the hope in immortality is dimmed by no cloud of doubt, and to hear another deny it gives a painful shock, —there, the same practical inattention to the future life is a common thing. There is something that tends, both with believers and unbelievers alike, to lead men at the present

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day to ignore the thought of a life after death, to disenchant its rewards of their former attraction and its punishments of their ancient terror? What is this influence?

It seems to me that it lies mainly in the unrealizable representations that popular religion gives of that future life. Its pictures are at once too definite and too vague, too low and too high, too literal and too mystical. There is especially too absolute a contrast presented between the laws of this life and the laws of the future life to make the heaven that is portrayed, an object of much desire, or the hell that is painted, a thing of rational dread. How idle is much of the talk that we hear concerning the future life,—these foolish sighings of souls, that here have never been anything but discontented and envious, for the unalloyed peace and ease that they expect to enter upon as soon as they leave the body; these monotonous delights of the heavenly existence, given up entirely to the singing of hosannas and rapturous adoration of the Supreme! These artificial, barbaric, and over-gaudy splendors of the celestial country, with its gates of jasper and pavements of amethyst, its streets of glass, its crowns of gold and thrones of sapphire, —crude fancies of the childish imagination, all on the material and sensuous plane, far below the glories that the truly spiritual life would most value. Or, where there is more serious thought of the immortal existence, where there is careful preparation for its opportunities, what overwhelming dread of it do we not often find as a scene of such awful majesty, such supernatural character, as to leave the soul no comfort nor courage in looking forward to it!

Now, both of these attitudes of feeling illustrate in different ways the popular tendency to imagine an absolute contrast to exist between this life and the next. The future life is supposed the opposite of this in almost every respect. Here, beauty comes from the harmonious arrangements of common things, the less rare and rich constituting the necessary foils and setting of the more precious. But the splendors of the other world have been imagined to be of

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the most gorgeous and superlative kind, not merely in their general effect, but in every smallest detail,—gold and pearl and jewels saluting the eye on all sides with a monotonous and overwhelming brilliancy. Here, the scope of one's enjoyments is in the ratio of his previous mental and moral culture. But, in the other world, it seems to be thought that the petty soul may have the same fulness of blessedness—yes, even the same kind of bliss—as the noble soul, if only it has observed some technical ecclesiastical ceremony or given its assent to some doctrinal formula. Here, we find the staple of our enjoyment in the exertion of our various faculties. There, we shall give ourselves up exclusively to rest, or, at most, be called upon simply for a little psalm-singing or lazy fingering of harp-strings. Our earthly life is a scene of constant temptation and incessant trial. While an unwise or sinful choice is a thing difficult to be remedied, it is yet by no means impossible. It is never, here, too late to mend; and also, never so late, but that, if we discontinue our faithfulness, we are liable to fall. But, in the popular theology, the moment this little span of earthly life is past, that moment the spirit loses its freedom: it is robbed of its vital mobility, and is petrified immovably in that state of grace or condemnation in which it happened to be at the moment of death. If, in the briefest moment before death, it accepted of the scheme of salvation, it is accepted forever. If on earth it refused to avail itself of the redeeming grace of the Saviour, then it is lost forever. No matter how sincerely hereafter it may repent and turn with heartfelt love of God and Christ to them for help, its only chance has been lost for all the æons of eternity.

Such are some of the broad contrasts that in the popular thought exist between the earthly and the heavenly life. This view of the character of the two worlds seems to me, let me say it frankly, very erroneous. It violently disrupts that continuity of constitution that we see everywhere else throughout the universe. Look out upon the world, survey all its realms and parts, its varied species, its most curious monstrosities and most exceptional phenomena, and what

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do we see, except in all these variations, the same order? Penetrate to the bowels of the earth, examine with the microscope the inmost constitution of things, or with the telescope survey the remotest recesses of space; look within the secret chambers of the heart (whatever tongue the man speaks, of whatsoever complexion he may be), and we find at bottom the same physical laws, the same moral and spiritual principles. The same courage, intelligence, high-mindedness that are needed for success in America are needed also in India or China. The same discontentedness of spirit that makes a man unhappy in this country will make him soon dissatisfied with any other country to which he flies for perennial pleasure. The coldness of heart that makes a woman unloving and unloved in her present domestic and social circle would make her so in any rank or condition of life, and everywhere doom her to the society of the rigid and exclusive and a residence in a spiritual Spitzbergen. It is, then, character always, in this world, rather than circumstance, that is the more important element. Circumstances change; but character, instead of shifting with each new breeze, transforms the variations in our surroundings by its own inward chemistry. Now, immortality does not mean the annihilation of our present personality and the conferring upon us of another. That would be death and creation, not continued existence. It is only as we believe that our identity will be essentially unchanged and that we shall remain ourselves, keeping our own memories, loves, purposes, and tastes, that we have any care for a future life. The change wrought by death will then be but the release of the soul from those fleshly coils that here so hamper the full manifestation of its inward powers.

Let us then bear in mind, as a first and cardinal truth, the essential identity of our characters in the other world with that which we possess here. We shall not wake from the sleep of death into a miraculously given perfection; but we shall begin our new life there pretty much as here we left off. Those weaknesses that were purely bodily we shall be relieved of. We shall no longer see through a glass darkly, but

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the great moral and spiritual truths of the universe shall shine forth more luminously upon our vision. Nevertheless, the characters that we have been building up through our whole earthly life cannot, in the nature of things, obtain speedy alteration. Our moral imperfections — whatever narrowness of thought, selfishness of aim, or unkindness and hardness of disposition we have inwrought into the constitution of our souls while here on earth — must linger with us, for a season at least. The sins that we have yielded to till they have become a second nature to us, the coarse tastes above whose horizon we have never cared to look, cannot be eradicated in short space. We must be conducted through a patient process of education, wherein, little by little, we may be made over. The passage from this life to the next is not so much a revolution as an evolution of the ensheathed spirit, which henceforth shall exhibit, unimpeded and undistorted by fleshly admixture, its own interior loves and hates, its most secret personal tastes and qualities.

Secondly, the wide-spread idea that the denizens of the other world will consist of two absolutely contrasted hosts, one of them entirely made up of pure saints, the other of as thorough sinners, ought to be dismissed. To suppose that over each of these respective companies Death will pass his smoothing-iron, obliterating from those, thought worthy of attaining to the resurrection of the just, every crease and wrinkle of the old Adam, and in those judged worthy of condemnation (by so much as the smallest deficiency in the standard required), scorching and killing forever every germ of the good and the holy that might distinguish them from the most depraved of the multitude of lost, amid whom they are thrust,— this is to ignore altogether the individual differences and peculiarities of character which must survive where the ideality of the soul is not arbitrarily destroyed. Our human society, so far from being partitioned off into two sharply divided classes, one consisting of complete saints and the other of as thorough sinners, is made up of men and women of a thousand grada-

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tions of goodness and evil,—few souls purely saintly, hardly any purely wicked. And the providential experiences of life, as we know it, do not demand that these differences be erased and all humanity be pressed into one mould, but the usefulness of each individual and the interest and power of society are conditional upon the preservation and development of these individual varieties. So also, in the heavenly life, those varied forms of human nature, to each of which Providence has given an individual stamp, will retain their distinctive existence. What the special personality lacks will of course, in a certain measure, be supplied. Where it has gone astray, it will be set right. The green and bitter bud, comparatively speaking, which is all that earthly conditions permit, will be ripened into the sweet and rounded fruit; but the personal flavor and contour of each will not be destroyed, but only matured and mellowed in accordance with its own genius. Instead of two absolutely contrasted hosts,—one entirely composed of saints and the other of sinners,—there will be countless grades of spiritual degeneracy or elevation, marked by their varying proportion of the lower or the nobler.

Thirdly, just as God has put no arbitrary barrier here between the army of the virtuous and the wicked,—as he does not destroy our freedom of will and choice on our coming to manhood, but enlarges it,—so I believe it is in the future. I see no necessity for prison gates to confine the grosser and more animal-minded, so that they may not intrude on the more pure and devout. The moral gravitation of their own natures will separate them as easily as oil separates itself from water. As the difficulty here is, not to keep the street rough out of the church meeting, but to get him in, so, I imagine, it will be there. St. Peter will need no keys to lock up heaven against the incoming of hell's denizens, but may safely leave the gates open, sure that no one will care to remain within who has not enough of sympathy with the good and reverence for the holy to make him worthy of staying. Were that old doctrine true, that

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doomed to absolutely endless torment the poor soul who, by thoughtless or mistaken neglect of the Church's proffered services, or by an ounce too much of guilt, a minute too late in repenting, had failed to secure salvation before death, then we should have to exclaim with Bunyan at sight of a dog, "O happy creature, thou, who runnest no risk of eternal punishment!" But, thank God! Christians of liberal thought and warm hearts are everywhere to-day dismissing this nightmare of theology from their faith. They do not believe God will be unwilling to open his heaven to any soul, however unrepentant it may have left the earth, who, by the discipline of its retribution hereafter, leaves the folly and sin of its way, and turns to its heavenly Father in penitence. What else is the end and use of that retribution, except to work just such regeneration as this? God is not a delighter in pain and torment for its own sake. That were to make him a demon, a fiend, not God.

Whatever retributions the future has for each soul are designed for its reformation. According to the character of each one's frailty shall be the character of those purging fires that are to purify him. And as long as we have frailties, so long must we suffer. There are needed for this no other fires than those of our own memory, heart, and conscience. When every fleshly veil which here clouded our perceptions, and made insensitive our moral sense, is swept away; when all those carnal attractions which formerly made our vices sweet are removed, and the heavenly light exposes, as in clearest day, every skeleton of our life, every darkest and foulest corner of our past; when all self-sophistries are brushed from before our eyes, and we see ourselves as we are,—our misused opportunities, our forfeited birthright, the ooze and slime with which we bemired ourselves,—here will be a natural, inherent, inescapable punishment, level with the deserts of each transgressor. But, when this force has done its work, the soul will naturally turn to the new life of righteousness. Unless its freedom be arbitrarily destroyed, such a change of front toward virtue and God will be possible and likely as much here-

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after as here. Nay, more likely, else in what consists the superiority of the spiritual state to the earthly? And, when the change of the soul's course has once been made, its path will be brightened more and more by that sun of righteousness that it seeks. As all shadows come from and point to the sun, so the very shade and gloom of the soul's remorse speaks of the divine love that ordains it for the soul's higher good. As the brightness of the sunlight filling all space embraces every shadow, and engulfs and dissipates it whenever it comes into the near presence and full radiance of the golden fount, so the loving kindness of Him whose grace is ampler and more tender than any thought of man will find means to convert at last, I believe, every rebellious heart, and leave no son of perdition unsubdued.

Fourthly, the other world is then, like this, a field for movement and progress. It is a vast slope, stretching upward, without end, to the divine summit. We begin it at the bottom; and our work is steadily to ascend its heights, bearing as our banner the motto of the Alpine climber, "Excelsior." When we die here, we are born as infants there, to go on to the youth and maturity of the heavenly life; mayhap even to go through still other deaths and births, to still higher realms and existence. As here each period of life is probationary to that which follows, so is this earthly life to that heavenly life, and each lower stage of that to the one next higher and more celestial. By experience upon experience, first this and then that, the dormant elements in each shall be called forth. The traits too vehement and excessive shall be reduced and rounded off. The sluggish shall be infused with energy, the passionate be taught composure and self-command, the merely intellectual inspired with the glow of affection, and the too exclusively imaginative and emotional be trained in calmness and rationality of thought. As long as spirits are still imperfect, there must be training; and, while training is in progress, there must be tasks and trials. Only by these lessons, costly, often bitter no doubt, can the fulness and harmony of spiritual life be attained.

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And thus we come to see, as a rigorous consequence of these facts, that the heavenly bliss must be subject to similar conditions. It is not in its fulness, in its celestial refinement, sweetness, and inexpressible rapture, to be obtained by most souls on their first entrance on the other life. It is only to be attained gradually. Happiness in the other world, as here, is a thing to be earned before it is received. For the petty soul to think that it can make its own all the noble and delicate delights that a great soul has, through much study and experience, cultivated itself to appreciate, is to show its ignorance of the fundamental laws of life. The two worlds are one in all their spiritual laws. The soul that here is always sour and bitter, finding in all earthly scenes, heroisms, and sanctities only butts for the shafts of its cynicism and mockery, expects in vain to find in heaven itself, glories that can stir it to adoration or even excite more than a passing pleasure. There is needed for such a soul more than change of sky. There is needed change of the interior being, which the future life does not suppress, but only emancipates to a fuller unfolding and realization of its secret nature. Do any of you here eagerly look forward in imagination to the time when, in supremest ecstasy, you will join in the rapturous choruses about the throne of God? Look into your heart, and see how much or how little real pleasure you take now and here in praise and prayer to him. And, if you will put no zeal to-day into your worship, think not that you can, at will, overcome the formal and frigid habit of a lifetime. You look forward, do you, to journeying with enthusiasm in the hereafter from planet to planet, exploring the secrets of the universe? And yet, here on this planet, equally one of God's temples, equally full of the wonders of his hand as any star that gleams from the evening firmament, you are too indifferent, too slothful, too absorbed in ministering to the comfort of your lower senses, to seek to discover any of those revelations of his creative ways that he has inscribed on the strata beneath your feet and the sweet flowers about you to-day. Do you dream of the bliss of communing with

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the prophets and apostles, with joining the assembly of the just made perfect? Yet, with their wisest counsels in good print on your tables, how often do you open the spiritual door and listen to them, in comparison with the attention you give to neighboring gossip or light newspaper of the hour? Or those prophets and apostles who have walked the earth in your own generation or are still here at work,—slavery reformers like John Brown or William Lloyd Garrison; temperance agitators like Frances Willard; laborers for woman's advancement and whole-souled philanthropists like Lucy Stone and Charles Brace and Bergh, innumerable devoted missionaries and teachers and humble Christian enthusiasts. Take any of these as present instances, be honest and confess: have not you found their zeal for the glory of God and the benefit of humanity a little of a bore to you, and do you not prefer to praise them at a distance than actually join hands in helping them or even live in the same house with any one of them for a month?

It is only to those fitted to enjoy them by their previous life and character on earth that the pure delights of heaven can be delights. The heights of celestial bliss are to be obtained only on the summits of spiritual purity and greatness. These choicest rewards are not arbitrarily bestowed, but ever attend the progress of the soul in truth, in love, and in holiness.

> "Heaven is not gained by a single bound,
> But we build the ladder by which we rise
> From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
> And we mount to its summit round by round."

How plainly then, in the next place, does it appear that the future world will not be a place for sloth and laziness, but will be, equally with this world, a challenge to all our powers, a field for the exertion of all our faculties! Idleness as a constant state, inactivity or trifling amusement as the business of existence, would be as wearisome there as here. And as true religion on earth means something more than the empty belief in God and the unfruitful glorification of him, so in heaven our worship will summon us with-

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out fail to the further perfecting of our natures, the fuller comprehension of God's laws and works, and the performance of all those high behests that he will have for us. Assuredly, his service shall be something more manful, more earnest, than a little psalm-singing and effeminate tinkling of harp-strings. It shall not be less generous, less fruitful, than such human lives as we alone consider worthy of honor. It must not compel to fallowness the mind of a Newton nor cramp the curiosity of an Agassiz. Howard's and Garrison's souls must find some cause as noble and beneficent above, as on earth, or else I think they would ask to be excused for a while from the unprofitable and wearying glory, and, taking off their superfine robes, would like instead to put their hand to some really useful part of the great business of the universe. Assuredly, those who here below have sought enthusiastically for knowledge and, though restricted to the dull instruments of fleshly sense, and seeing only as through a glass darkly, have yet achieved such wonderful decipherments of the hieroglyphics of nature,—surely there will be for them hereafter opportunities of discovery and intellectual triumph which shall afford a fitting crown to their earthly labors. Recall the myriads of stars with their attendant worlds, of which, even from this little look out of earth, we catch glimpses; the countless systems behind systems that light the limitless vista of space; the remoter nebulæ, whose golden dust faintly gleams upon us from the abysmal depths of the firmament. Add to these all those invisible bodies from which no ray of light reaches us to hint of their presence; all the varied marvels of strangeness and surprise that each star-gleam indicates; the multitudinous secrets of history, the mysteries of life and birth, the hidden riches of the infinitely small as well as those of the infinitely large; the successive footsteps of the Divine through the past eternities; the graded forms of matter and spirit rising through innumerable cycles of being, that human imagination reels in the attempt to realize,—who will believe that all these wonders will be shut off from our reverent investigation? Who will fancy that even

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the most far-reaching intellects shall not find there room and verge enough for constant occupation. And in the manifold processes of training and elevation that are going on among the varied ranks of spiritual beings, preparing them for promotion to higher and higher spheres, there must be the amplest opportunities for beneficent help,—there must be continual call upon minds, united together in noble purposes and pure sympathies, to aid one another. Benevolence will exhibit an expansion and an energy beyond anything known on earth.

For the future world, finally, will be pre-eminently the realm of love. Whatever else shall change or be overpassed in the hereafter, it will not be love. For love is the very essence of the soul's true being, the most consummate flower of life, the key-note to which the music of the spheres has from all eternity been attuned. A heaven from which the affections were excluded would not be heaven. The soul was made for sympathy, and in all time will find its felicity in that fond attachment that knits heart to heart, and sinks self-love in devotion to the one whose innermost self is to it the world's best treasure. Love itself has in it an element of immortality, a limitless out-stretching that will never allow time to run past its own circuit. "Intense love," as has truly been said, "becomes torture, if we believe it to be a transient joy, the meteor gleam of a starless night." And as it is the heart's refusal to believe that those days of disinterested devotion that unite spirit more closely to spirit also bring us nearer to an eternal separation, that especially supports our faith in any heaven at all, surely we may trust that those dear ties of friendship and love shall constitute chief features of the celestial life. As to the mutual recognition of departed spirits, the question really is not, "How should we know each other?" but rather, as has so truly been said: "How should we *not* know the one who has been soul of our soul, in any form or in formless spiritual existence? Even through the thick veil of the flesh, we are always dimly conscious of the presence of love." And the spiritual frame ought to

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be one, not that shall more disguise us, but that shall be a clearer crystal to the soul, and thus make hearts more than ever transparent one to another. And even if there be disclosed before the Heavenly Tribunal grave moral and spiritual differences between them, if the beloved one shall be unmasked as a grievous sinner, and in an agony of shame turns away from the nobler partner of his heart, neither, then, shall the old ties be cast away, and the superior virtue retreat to its heaven of bliss, and complacently abandon the companion of earth to his fate, but that hour will be precisely the occasion when love will turn with stronger elevation than ever to the work of comforting the misery and assisting in the restoration of the lost whom it had loved.

The soul capable of having ever felt true love can never reach a height where it could be insensible to the sufferings or degradation of one once dear to it. A scream from a prison-house where it knew such a one was suffering would evoke an answering cry of anguish from the most bliss-embowered saint,—that was in truth a saint. The more lofty the spiritual sphere to which a righteous spirit may have ascended, the more it must have acquired of that moral vision which discerns some spark of goodness in the worst of sinners; the riper and fuller must have become with it that divine charity which ever seeks to save the lost, and rejoices more over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine that have never gone astray. What missions of mercy and consolation and instruction will then spread their beneficent streams all about them! With what compassion and holy fervor will the children of God go forth to rescue the despairing, to breathe peace to the broken-hearted, to purify the sin-stained soul, to open the eyes of the blind, and to bring every fallen spirit out of the clutch of evil and the realm of darkness into the marvellous light of holiness and peace, which is the only state in which the soul can find any stable rest.

I know as well as any, I believe, how hard the laws of this life bear upon the heart; how trying and painful, not

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to the flesh alone, but to the spirit also, are the experiences of this earthly probation. But to sigh over and despise the present is to scorn the seed of the future, and to reject that useful discipline that can alone give us a better hereafter. If we would keep our faith in the life hereafter, we must recognize its unity with the life here and the identity of those great laws of thought, feeling, discipline, and growth that reign in both. To enter heaven is not to go to a better place, but to become a better being. He who finds nothing in this world that is beautiful or noble, who has no soul so dear to him that reunion with it is a necessity of his heart, who passes his years here in wretched pettiness of aim and burdensome inactivity or frivolity, what real care for, or living faith in, a hereafter can he have? We must learn to live here and now for eternity, if we would have either vital conviction of it or any benefit from it, when we enter upon its ampler opportunities. If we ever expect to be able to hear the celestial music, we must learn all that earth can teach us, we must make our eyes quick to see all hidden beauty, our ears open to every whisper of the Holy Spirit, and our hearts responsive to every chord of humanity.

O heavenly clime, the soul's desire!
  Where is thy shining strand?
Beyond the rim of farthest space,
  Must I seek there thy land?

Lo! virtue, faith, and love's strong leaven,
  Where these are, there is heaven.

O heavenly kingdom! when may I
  Thy blissful sights behold?
The King Divine, my Saviour Christ?
  The thrones of glistening gold?

Lo! virtue, faith, and love's strong leaven!
  In these e'en now is heaven.

O gracious home, what art thou like?
  Some glimpse my veiled eyes give:
What jewels gleam, what glories shine,
  What life do angels live?

Lo! virtue, faith, and love's strong leaven
  By these know what is heaven.

JAMES T. BIXBY.

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CALVINISTIC THEOLOGY AND THE ANDOVER SCHOOL.

It is well known that the Andover Theological School was founded for the express purpose of upholding Calvinistic Orthodoxy against opinions that were taught at Harvard College, and somewhat widely throughout New England. The founders made a vigorous effort to impress their own views permanently upon the future, but the attempt has of necessity failed. The time-spirit cannot be bound. The new cannot be contained in the old.

The present position of the school in relation to the creed by which it is nominally bound excites naturally much interest, not only among theologians, but in all who watch the progress of thought upon the great questions that underlie the best interests of humanity. The recent settlement of Dr. Newman Smyth at New Haven, by the nearly unanimous consent of a council fairly representing the leaders of the denomination for which the school furnishes teachers, would seem to show that it does not misrepresent those whom it serves, whatever may be said of its fidelity to those who furnished its means of service.

At the last anniversary of the school, a prominent member of the board of trustees said: "They [the trustees] do not desire to change in any way the formidable creed that has come to them. . . . We believe in it as it stands: we will keep faith with it to the end. . . . But is not this binding men in iron bands? We answer that interpretation is necessary. We believe that all human forms must be interpreted." *

It is true that all human language must be interpreted; but the purpose and limit of interpretation are to ascertain the intent of the speaker or writer. This limit of the right of interpretation is recognized by the courts of law and the common consent of mankind; and, if such is not the limit, there is none, except the will of the interpreter. There would be no safety in any contract. A promise to pay

* Report in the Boston morning *Journal* of June 16, 1882.

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might be interpreted to be a promise *not* to pay. To ascertain the intent of the speaker or writer, words are to be taken in their ordinary signification, unless they are technical words, or unless, in case of ancient instruments, the meaning of the words has changed since they were written. Then, the technical or the former meaning of the words may be proved by evidence outside the writing itself. It would seem, therefore, to be certain that no interpretation of this creed is admissible, except such as points out the intent of the founders of the school.

At the same anniversary, one of the visitors of the school said: * "Andover is said to be anchored with a chain cable. It is; but no one has been going down into the sand for the anchor, nor trying to pull it up. . . . But we propose to run out fathoms of cable enough to let the ship float on every rising tide, and ride gracefully and gloriously through every raging storm." The trouble with this maritime figure is that the creed has fixed the length of the cable at which the ship may ride. It cannot be lengthened by interpretation. The fathoms necessary to let her "ride gloriously and gracefully," according to modern ideas, would perhaps be quite as dangerous as slipping the anchor and chain altogether, in view of her builders and owners.

The same gentleman said that officers sworn to support the Constitution of the United States had interpreted it differently, and yet the Constitution is not changed. He also cited from the Scriptures, "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life," and "I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil." These illustrations fail to help the case. The different interpretations put upon the Constitution have always been under the claim that they expressed the intent of the makers. By the "spirit" in opposition to the "letter" must be intended the meaning of the whole in opposition to a literal interpretation of one part which might be in conflict with a like interpretation of some other part. We do not suppose the trustees and visitors are at liberty to fulfil the creed in the sense in which Christ came to fulfil

* Boston morning *Journal, ubi sup.*

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the law. If some devout and wealthy Jew had founded a school to teach the law and the prophets, it would not have been justified in teaching that "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" meant "resist not evil," or that "thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy" meant "love your enemies"; "if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink."

We have spoken fully of the remarks of the trustee and visitor, because we suppose they indicate the proposed future administration of the school and its endowment.

The venerable Prof. Park said at the same meeting, "The creed of this institution is to be interpreted according to the intentions of those who gave their money for the establishment of this foundation." This has the true ring. If the trustee and visitor meant no more than this, their words were unnecessary; for surely no one wonld deny the right so to interpret it. An argument in a court of justice to establish the right to interpret a deed or will according to the meaning of the maker would, to say the least, excite surprise. But if, by the right of interpretation, something more than this is intended, would it not be well for those who control the school to consider whether, if supported by such use of its endowment, it is likely to be an efficient agent in introducing among men that higher standard of Christian morals which is unquestionably the world's most pressing need.

We will now examine the creed to see how far interpretation must go to meet the exigency. To understand what is now meant by "the creed," it is necessary to examine briefly the history of the institution. By an instrument dated Aug. 31, 1807, Mrs. Phebe Phillips, John Phillips, and Samuel Abbott, all of Andover, agreed to give funds to found a theological school at Andover, upon the "express condition" that it should be forever conducted in accordance with a constitution set forth as part of the instrument. This constitution provided among other things (arts. 12, 13) "that every person appointed a professor, on the day of his inauguration, shall make and subscribe a sol-

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emn declaration of his faith in divine revelation, and in the fundamental and distinguishing doctrines of the gospel of Christ as summarily expressed in the Westminster Shorter Catechism." This declaration was to be repeated every five years.

About the same time, certain persons of Salem and Newburyport took steps to found a similar school at Newbury. They agreed to furnish funds for the support of two professors, on condition that each should be "an Orthodox and consistent Calvinist," and that each should at his inauguration and every five years thereafter subscribe "his faith in divine revelation, and in the fundamental and distinguishing doctrines of the gospel as expressed in the following creed." Afterward, in May, 1808, the two proposed schools were united. The Andover founders adopted the creed of the Salem and Newburyport founders into their constitution as an addition to it, and the latter transferred their gifts to Andover. So that the present standard of the Andover School includes both the catechism and the creed.

At the time this school was founded, the Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism was the manual of religious instruction in New England families and schools. Children were often required to commit it to memory. To-day, it is probable that few laymen know much of its contents. The following are literal citations from it: —

The work of creation is God's making all things of nothing by the word of his power in the space of six days, and all very good.

When God created man, he entered into a covenant of life with him, upon condition of perfect obedience, forbidding him to eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil upon pain of death.

The sin whereby our first parents fell from the estate wherein they were created was their eating the forbidden fruit.

The covenant being made with Adam, not only for himself, but for his posterity, all mankind descended from him by ordinary generation, sinned in him and fell with him in his first trangression.

The sinfulness of that estate whereinto man fell consists in the guilt of Adam's first sin, the want of original righteousness, and the corruption of his whole nature, which is commonly called original sin. . . .

All mankind by the fall lost communion with God, are under his

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wrath and curse, and so made liable to all the miseries of this life, to death itself, and to the pains of hell forever.

Christ executeth the office of a priest in his once offering up himself a sacrifice to satisfy divine justice and reconcile us to God. . . .

Christ's humiliation consisted in . . . undergoing the miseries of this life, the wrath of God, and the cursed death of the cross. . . .

Justification is the act of God's free grace, wherein he pardoneth all our sins and accepteth us as righteous in his sight, only for the righteousness of Christ imputed to us. . . .

The souls of believers are, at their death, made perfect in holiness, and immediately pass into glory, and their bodies being united to Christ do rest in their graves until the resurrection.

The creed apparently adds little to the catechism. Some things are expressly stated, which in the catechism were left to inference, as thus: —

That by nature every man is personally depraved, destitute of holiness, unlike and opposed to God. . . . That no means whatever can change the heart of a sinner, and make it holy. . . . That the wicked will awake to shame and everlasting contempt, and with devils be plunged into the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone forever and ever. . . . That man has understanding and corporal strength to do all that God commands, so that nothing but the sinner's aversion to holiness prevents his salvation.

In interpreting the standard thus made up of catechism and creed, so as to reach the intent of the founders, we must remember that at that time the creation of all things from nothing in six days, the garden of Eden with its fruit trees, one of which was called "the tree of the knowledge of good and evil," man's sin and fall by eating of the fruit of that tree, the resurrection of the body, personal devils, and hell as a lake burning with fire and brimstone, were generally believed in as literal facts, and not as figures of speech.

Again, for the same end, collating the different parts of this standard, we get these results in relation to man's condition, or *probation*, as it is sometimes called, in this world: By Adam's sin in eating the forbidden fruit, all his descendants are made sinners, opposed by nature to God and holiness, morally incapable by any means they can use of rising above this natural opposition to God and holiness, and yet

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for not doing it liable to be plunged forever with devils into the burning lake. And this is called *divine justice*, which must be satisfied by vicarious suffering, before even regeneration, if it were possible to attain it, will avail. The admission that "man has understanding and corporal strength to do all that God requires of him" does not relieve the terrible statement, because opposition to God and holiness is a mental characteristic which cannot be changed through the knowledge of its existence or by corporal strength.

It seems certain that such views of God, man, and duty, ought not to be taught at this school or elsewhere. Men who have the power and the courage to reason cannot receive them. They are in their nature blasphemous; for they represent God as unjust and tyrannical, and so not entitled to man's allegiance. The founders were doubtless just and good men, and would have been shocked at the work of their own hands, had they not supposed they found the catechism and creed in the Bible. "Who art thou that repliest against God?" was the ready answer to all objectors. A similar view of Scripture interpretation and authority has led to the wildest results. For many centuries, nearly the whole Christian world believed, and a majority of it still believes, that a few words uttered by a consecrated priest over a piece of bread change its nature, so that it becomes part of the very body of Christ. For does not the Bible say, "This is my body"? Within the memory of men not yet old, solemn fasts have been held to pray for rain, and a year has not passed since a company of men and women assembled in Maine to produce by anointing and prayer the cure of disease; and a preacher in New York maintains that the world cannot be round, because John in Patmos saw four angels standing on its *corners*.

The method of interpreting and weighing Scripture authorities, which controlled the founders of this school, has doubtless been quite generally abandoned. If it were not so, the Scriptures themselves would lose their hold on all men of culture and all men who think. We believe there are few pulpits in New England in which the creed of this school is

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taught, in the sense intended by the founders. Parts of it are contradicted by the testimony written on the rocks by the Almighty Creator, other parts by the testimony he has written no less clearly upon the human soul. Dr. Smyth, who has the full indorsement of the faculty and trustees of the school, says, "When Jesus said, 'Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice,' he declared unequivocally that the sense of moral truth within man is the final test of revelation." * This falls little short of the statement of Descartes, "Nothing should be received by man as truth which does not convince his own reason."

But, while it seems to us very clear that the intent of the founders ought not to be, and cannot usefully be, carried into effect, it seems equally clear that their purpose ought not to be thwarted by using the money given by them in teaching their creed in any new light or interpretation. The great, rich, and progressive denomination to which the school belongs cannot afford to do this. The world has not forgotten the reproaches heaped upon Harvard College, because the Hollis professorship was given to a Unitarian. There the foundation only required the incumbent to be "of sound or orthodox principles," — words of very indefinite signification. Here, the founders, with this case before them, and for the purpose of avoiding a like result, spared no pains to make their intent clear and definite, and to make it certain that that intent should forever dominate the school.

JOHN C. DODGE.

* *Old Faiths in New Light*, p. 70.

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THE METHOD OF THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGION.

II.

We have thus far merely indicated the nature of the problem with which the psychology of religion has to deal, the criticisms which all such fundamental inquiries must expect to meet, and the peculiar adaptation of the facts of the religious life for the application of the method of science. We find set before us an obvious, inevitable, comprehensive, verifiable fact,—the tendency in mankind to live religiously; and we simply ask ourselves what this extraordinary phenomenon of human nature means and implies.

At this point, however, there at once appears one characteristic of this religious tendency which limits and directs all further inquiry. This fact, which we call religion, wherever and whenever it expresses itself, forever presupposes a twofold relation,—the relation of a Power or of powers called Divine to men, and the reciprocal relation of men to their God or gods. This is the relation which is summed up in that expression which is absolutely peculiar to the religious life, which at once distinguishes it from all codes of ethical conduct and all attempts at self-culture, and which, in one form or another, religion never lacks,—the expression of worship.* Here, however crude the expression is, and however varied the relation of the two factors may be, we none the less certainly have the two factors; and, wherever we have them, we have religion. Whether this supposed relation between the divine and human factors is a reality or an illusion does not, for the moment, concern us. All we have now to notice is that this relation is immediately essential in the definition of religion, and that, when we are not dealing with facts which involve this relation, we are simply not dealing with facts

* Perhaps, therefore, if we were pressed for a single and concise definition of that human faculty called belief, which we have taken for our study here, we could hardly find a better one than this, that it is the "capacity for worship." Keary, *Outlines of Primitive Belief*, 1882, p. 17. Compare the whole of § 1.

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which directly illustrate the specifically religious tendency in mankind.

It is necessary to speak of this with emphasis, because, as might be expected of so precious a word as Religion, strenuous attempts have been made to enlarge — or, as we might better say, narrow — its meaning, so that no such twofold relation should be demanded of it. I must mention briefly two of these attempts. One is the so-called Religion of Humanity, in which the legitimate object of worship is eliminated while the sentiment of worship is retained. Here, as has been lately said, it is true that we observe "how strong the yearning for unreal worship is in those who cannot believe enough to justify a real worship." * But, however noble such expressions of unselfishness may be, and however zealously the fire of the old ideals is kept burning before the new idol, it is in vain to call this sentiment of humanity Religion. It simply lacks one of the factors which have always distinguished religion from other phenomena of human life. It is as if we should talk of the morality of instincts, when the very essence of morality, in the historical use of the word, is that it is not instinctive, and the very nature of instincts is that they are not moral. The fact is that a word like Religion, deeply cut into the history of the race, acquires a history of its own which necessarily limits its application. We cannot change its accumulated force. We must take it with all its historical significance or let it alone. It is a word which has always held a twofold implication. It has always stood for a rela-

* "The Positivists go to the utmost verge of the language appropriate to faith in immortality, while openly rejecting it as a selfish dream; and they do this apparently, because they admire the enthusiasm of religious meditation too much to be willing to let any of it go, even after its significance is lost. And so, too, they go to the utmost verge of language only appropriate to faith in God, while rejecting the belief in God as superstitious, and just for the same reason as before,— that they cannot bear to drop the grand, idealizing language which is so fascinating to the imagination, even after they have rejected the faith which made that language reasonable. Surely, they should have more of the courage of their opinions. If their view be true, good and bad make up their 'grand-être,' and good and bad live the same posthumous life; and they may just as fitly curse man in the name of what is evil in humanity — and he will be cursed with it, whether they utter the curse or not, if there be no God to shield him from the curse, and to turn it into a blessing — as invoke blessings on him in a caricature of Christian benediction, and pray to him in a parody of Christian trust."— *The Spectator*, Jan. 7, 1882.

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tion not comprehended by human life; and it is as impossible to transfer the word to a new meaning as it is to banish the sense of this relation from the hearts of men.*

The other attempt to accomplish this transfer has a much more reasonable basis than the Religion of Humanity provides. It is simply an honest use of the etymology of the word. It contrasts the two possible derivations, from *religare* and from *relegere*, and, while it admits that the first implies a bond with a controlling life, finds in the second no necessary suggestion of this divine relation. The word "Religion," then, if its true derivation is from *relegere*, involves nothing more than careful reflection on the meaning of life, the pondering over its purposes; and religion itself, from this grammatical point of view, may, with apparent justice, be described as the wise use of life, or "the effort of man to perfect himself." † But we must here repeat once

* "No one need expect that the religious consciousness will die away, or will change its lines of evolution. Its specialties of form will fade, . . . but the substance of the consciousness will persist. That the object-matter can be replaced by another object-matter, as supposed by those who think the "religion of humanity" will be the religion of the future, is a belief countenanced neither by induction nor by deduction. However dominant may become the moral sentiment enlisted on behalf of humanity, it can never exclude the sentiment alone properly called religious, awakened by that which is behind humanity and behind all other things. . . . No such thing as "a religion of humanity" can ever do more than temporarily shut out the thought of a power of which humanity is but a small and fugitive product,—a power which was in course of ever-changing manifestations before humanity was, and will continue through other manifestations when humanity has ceased to be."—*H. Spencer, The Study of Sociology.*

† I have reference to the vigorous and noteworthy essay of F. E. Abbot, *A Study of Religion, the Name of the Thing.* The etymological conclusion which this essay laboriously reaches is unquestionably correct. The derivation of Lactantius (*Instit. Div.*, iv., 28)—"Hac conditione gignimur ,ut generanti nos Deo justa et debita obsequia praebeamus, hunc solum noverimus, hunc sequamur. Hoc vinculo pietatis obstricti Deo et *relegati* sumus, unde ipsa religio nomen accepit, non, ut Cicero interpretatus est, a relegendo"—must be regarded, as Biedermann remarks (*Christl. Dogmatik*, s. 24), as a dogmatic innovation; and the etymological controversy must be decided in favor of Cicero (*De Nat. Deorum*, II. 28.): "Qui autem omnia quae ad cultum deorum pertinerent, diligenter retractarent, et tamquam relegerent, sunt dicti religiosi, ex relegendo."

Yet the essayist is doubly misled in his study of this etymological question. In the first place, he is far from accurate when he asserts that the derivation of Lactantius "has been espoused by the vast majority of Christian theologians and defended as important testimony, rendered by philology itself, to the truth of their system." The fact is that the weight of Christian scholarship, quite as unreservedly as that of the opponents of supernaturalism, is now thrown on the side of the Ciceronian derivation. Biedermann, *Christl. Dogmatik*, p. 24: "Sprachlich ist der Streit fraglos für Cicero entschieden, . . . und sachlich können wir dadurch nur nachträglich bestätigt finden, was wir sonst von der Religion wissen." Nitzsch,

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more that such a word as Religion cannot be separated from its own past. No inquiry into its linguistic origin can remove its accumulated meaning. To say that religion involves no relation such as that of worship, or even of awe, before a *Grand-être* which shall represent a second factor, the "effort of man to perfect himself," sounds to the plain mind as if we should say of horsemanship that it was the effort of man to ride himself. Two factors are inextricably involved in the historic use of the word. Whatever religion is, it is certainly something distinct from self-culture or the right conduct of life; and this distinction must have been quite as clear to Cicero, when he referred the word to one source, as to Lactantius, when he referred it to another. The etymological controversy, though interesting, cannot be considered of supreme importance. It is altogether extravagant to say, "Whether the word Religion is to be the banner under which the great battle of free thought against superstition is to be fought, or whether it must be surrendered to the devotees of a dying faith, will depend mainly on the truth or untruth of the claims by which they seek to capture it for their own uses." (F. E. Abbot, pp. 8, 9.) The fact is, on the contrary, that, as Max Müller remarks (*Hibbert Lectures*, 1878, p. iv.): "It is useless with

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"Ueber den Religionsbegriff der Alten," *Theol. Stud. und Krit.*, I. h. 3, 1828; J. G. Müller, "Das Wort Religio," *Stud. und Krit.*, 1835; J. P. Lange, *Phil. Dogmatik*, § 9; *Pott. Etymol. Forsch.*, I., p. 201; C. A. Dietrich, *De Etymologia Vocis Religio*, 1836. The unsatisfactoriness of grounds on which the derivation from *religare* is maintained is still further illustrated by the defence of this derivation in Réville's *Prolegomènes de l'Histoire des Religions*, 1881, p. 7. He remarks that M. Müller "seems to prefer '*religare*'"; but this is not the fact. Müller says, "I believe that Cicero's etymology is the right one; but, if *religio* meant originally attention, regard, reverence, it is quite clear that it did not continue long to retain that simple meaning." (*Hibbert Lectures*, 1878, pp. 7, 8.)

But, in the second place, a still more obvious fact is concealed from the author of this essay by the dogmatic purpose he has in view,—the fact that Cicero, quite as strictly as Lactantius, identifies religion with that divine relation which is experienced in worship ("Omnia quæ ad cultum deorum pertinerent"). One can imagine the astonishment with which the conventional Cicero might learn that it was he who justified a religion, so defined it that it assumed nothing but "the great fact of duty, and implies not the faintest restriction on any human faculty other than the natural obligation of right and truth." The fact is that—in the passage cited—he was simply trying to distinguish a rational relation to the gods from a superstitious relation; and that, in a treatise *De Natura Deorum*, he could hardly have anticipated a supposition that he was writing, not of the Nature of Divinity, but of the Divinity of Nature.

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words of this kind to appeal to their etymological meaning. . . . When we have to use words which have a long history of their own, we can neither use them in their primitive etymological meaning, nor can we use them at one and the same time in all the senses through which they have passed."

But now, putting aside these attempts to change the implications of religion and accepting the limitations which it naturally suggests, we still find two possible ways of continuing our inquiry. We might begin with either of the two factors which religion holds. We might begin, so to speak, from the divine side, describing the religious life in man as it is created by the spirit of God, referring its phenomena to this pre-existing influence, and then proceeding still further to interpret the universe from the point of view of the divine intention, unfolding the successive revelations made by God to men, describing the decrees of the Almighty which result in the present state of the world, and prizing the religious literature of our belief as an oracle of the will of God. This is the theological method, strictly so called. The systems of theology which have controlled the method of Christianity have for the most part proceeded in this way. They spoke with authority. Through the Bible or through the Church, men had been led into the knowledge of divine mysteries; and it was the function of theology to set these mysteries in systematic form. Chapter first, section first, of the text-books, was therefore headed, "God, his nature and his attributes." The facts of human life were subordinated to the demands of the divine character thus primarily revealed.

Now, it may be perfectly true that this method is justified in its own time and place. It may be even granted that it is *logically* the first step in religious inquiry. It might come to pass that, at the *end* of an inquiry about religion, we should discover that what we had been studying as a human phenomenon had involved, all along, an antecedent influence from a superhuman source; so that, in reality, we loved God because he first loved us; and what had seemed

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the outreaching of the human heart was in reality a drawing of the Father, and what was in its apparent beginning Religion was in its real beginning Revelation. Thus, in the end, it might appear that, in the logical order of inquiry, the divine factor should be first approached. But this is precisely what does not appear at the beginning. The logical order cannot be the chronological order of approach. The very thing against which, as we have already seen, the temper of the time rebels, is this immediate approach which Theology makes to the mysteries of God. Elsewhere, the inductive method controls research; while, in the problems of religion, the *high priori* road still seems most travelled. Thus, it happens that the system-making and authoritative expositions of theology appear so foreign to the scientific mind, and walk so confidently among mysteries which the modern student approaches with the utmost awe, that there seems at times hardly a link between the study of religion and the absorbing methods of contemporary learning. The tremendous assumptions of the theological method are met by the habit of a healthy scepticism, the records of religion must submit to scientific criticism, the postulates of revelation must be translated into elements of human life, until at last even the theologian himself finds himself led round from the divine aspect of his theme to the human aspect; and the *logical* order of the evolution of his conviction is reversed as he proceeds to the analysis of that conviction. What he then needs is, as he soon perceives, an approach to the interpretation of his religious experience which shall demand no assumptions beyond the fact of that experience; which shall be not originated, but only verified and corrected, by the records of faith; and which shall be built on the only testimony which no denial of assumptions or criticism of records can affect,— the testimony of human life itself,— a testimony which must hold good as long as human beings exist to study it.

This is the hope in which a second method approaches the problem of religion. It begins with the other factor. Instead of rushing to grapple with the eternal purposes of

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God, it contents itself at the outset with facts which are close at hand, and which with some degree of scientific certainty it can measure and interpret. It begins with man. It observes in human nature the striking and wide-spread phenomenon which we call the religious life. It inquires what can be the meaning of this surging, restless, inward longing which tries to lift itself above the common level of life, as heaving rollers rise for a moment above the level of the sea. It asks what the force can be which draws these waves of worship upward, and which alternately excites and calms the depths of human life. Thus, it feels its way from facts which can be observed toward their adequate explanation. It does not pretend to interpret the full mys tery of the nature of God: it hopes only to justify the nature of man. It is thus not a theological, but a psychological method; and, as such, it precisely reverses the earlier process of inquiry.

The theological method, beginning with the divine factor, reaches, as its conclusion, the laws of conduct and the conditions of salvation which control mankind. It starts with God, it ends with man. The psychological method professes no such omniscience and speaks with no such authority. It begins with the simpler and humbler factor. That which was the starting-point of the theological method — the character and purposes of God — becomes the end which the psychological method may hope to reach; that which was the end of the theological method — the religious impulses of mankind — is the point from which the psychological method sets out. It simply traces in the life of men, as natural science traces in the world which men inhabit, phenomena which seem best explained by their reference to some larger attracting power as a centre of controlling force. Sentiments and actions which we can accurately observe seem to suggest relations which we cannot observe, and which are, indeed, so stupendous in their sweep and meaning that common observation might be inclined to deny their possibility. Yet, by degrees, we grow familiar with these bewildering thoughts when they

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concern the world we live in, and calmly picture it to ourselves hanging in marvellous poise and sweeping through the abyss of space, held in the grasp of its central sun; and, by degrees also, it may come to pass that the facts of the life we live shall lead us on, by gradual inferences, to a kindred interpretation; and we may find our thought, our conduct, and our affections, no less than the earth they inhabit, held within a stupendous system, moving with myriads of other such existences under a common law and warmed and lighted by a central Love.

To pass from the view which the theological method takes of religion to this complete reversal of it is no unimportant step. It is a revolution of ideas which can only be compared to that which took place when men gave up thinking of their world as the centre round which the universe revolved, and began to regard it as one of a myriad of worlds revolving under a larger law round a larger centre. The first view may be fairly called Ptolemaic theology, and the second Copernican theology. The same temporary distress of mind accompanies the change of view which astronomical progress occasioned. The same vague dread is awakened that mankind is somehow belittled by being taken from the centre of things and set to fulfil one out of a myriad of purposes for which the universe exists, and the same impatience is stirred at finding that we do not know all about the method of the universe. Yet in the revolution of theology, as in that of astronomy, the anticipated evil is soon forgotten. Human thought quickly adapts itself to the new aspect of the universe it studies, and human aspiration finds itself encouraged rather than hindered by the deepening mystery that besets it. The world and the human soul are seen to be just what they were before such changes in the theory of them took place, with the same duties, hopes, and ideals, the same persuasiveness to earnest study, and the same dignity and worth of their own. What we have reached is simply a more trustworthy point of view. We have set our feet on firm ground; and, though every advance in knowledge is, at the same time, an

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advance into environing mystery, yet each step that can be taken at all is one which we may with confidence regard as scientific, verified, and sure.*

From the starting point which we have thus indicated, the method and divisions of the study of the psychology of religion become at once clear. A fact of human life is exhibited in two distinct ways, in the history of the race and in the experience of the individual. To study the religious sentiment as it appears in history is to take the first step in the modern and extremely significant science of Comparative Theology; to study the same fact as it appears in our own consciousness is to frame, as far as we can, a philosophy, or, more accurately, a psychology, of religion. The study of history and the study of philosophy are, in such a matter, mutual correctives. A true analysis of human nature, as it appears in any individual, must find its accurate

* The literature of these two methods of approach may be easily classified.

On the one hand is the whole series of earlier American "Systematic Theologies." (Dwight's *Sermons.* Sermon I. The Existence of God. II. The Unity of God. III.-XI. The Attributes of God. Pond's *Christian Theology.* Lecture I. Existence of God. *Bibl. Sacra,* October, 1879, pp. 709, ff. "Systematic Theology is the science of the Divine Revelation." § 18, The Being of God.) So, also, very noticeably, in the last representative work of the Reactionary-Conservative School in Germany, *Handbuch der Theol. Wissenschaften,* 1882, ed. Zöckler. "Theology rests on a theocentric basis, while the position of philosophy is not theocentric, but anthropocentric. The attitude of the philosopher toward the deepest questions is of one who stands at their gate, while the theologian presses straightway into the Holy of Holies." (I. 16, 17.) Nothing which I have said presents the contrast between the reverent approach of psychology and the abrupt confidence of theology so strongly as this *naïve* confession. This *Handbuch* consistently omits all mention of the entire mass of theological literature, which has of late enriched the department of "*Religionsphilosophie.*"

On the other hand, we may safely classify together the whole range of students who feel the strength of modern methods: first, the entire series of the great philosophers of Germany from the time of Kant; second, the theologians of Germany, who maintain the succession from Schleiermacher and Hegel, and proceed from philosophical rather than exegetical postulates; and, lastly, the rapidly increasing body of students in England and this country, who have turned to these sources of instruction.

Van Oosterzee, *Christian Dogmatics,* Part I., p. 75: "We require as the foundation for the building of Christian Dogmatics an express examination, both as to its nature and character, of religion."

E. Zeller, *Die Aufgabe der Phil.,* etc., 2, 9: "Constructive Theology can satisfy its problem only when it is based on the universal history and philosophy of Religion." See Holzmann, "Die Theol. Forschung der Gegenwart," *Jahrbuch für Prot. Theol.,* I., 8.

L. Noiré, *Intr. to M. Müller's Kant:* "The essence of the ancient philosophy was cosmology; that of the mediæval, theology; and that of the modern, psychology."

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reflection in the history of mankind; and a comprehensive view of history is, on the other hand, impossible to a mind untrained in the methods of philosophy. The dictum of Kant, with which we began, makes the relation none too close: "Observation without ideas is blind; ideas without observation are empty." Philosophy not verified by history is but fanciful theorizing: history not guided by philosophy is, as Schleiermacher remarked, not history, but statistics. A complete treatment of our subject, therefore, would appear to be reached, when the interrogation of our own consciousness received a reply which the evidence of the history of religion, in the fulness of its meaning, appeared to verify.

But, here, two further facts must be noticed. On the one hand, this absolute fulness of historical verification is, for the present, not possible. The history of religion, in this comprehensive sense, is a new study. The science of comparative theology is as yet in the making, and its present material is at once too abundant and too difficult of access for any single student to master. It will be for the future to verify by degrees whatever philosophical conception of religion is delivered to it; and, in the face of the amazing growth of this new comparative science, the steps of philosophy must for the present be only tentative and experimental. All that we can now propose to ourselves is to obtain from the testimony of experience a formula for the religious life which the witness of history, briefly and imperfectly interpreted, seems to illustrate and strengthen. The final philosophy of religion must wait for a larger historical knowledge to be its perfect test. Yet, on the other hand, this historical verification, which in its larger form must be in some degree postponed, is already in a different form awaiting our use. For the psychology of religion itself has a history. No philosopher of the first rank, as we have already seen, has been able to neglect in his researches so conspicuous and influential a function of human life as this tendency in mankind to live religiously. Each such master has been inevitably led to analyze and interpret the phenomena of faith and worship; and the successive interpre-

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tations which these great minds have given to these phenomena provide in themselves a second historical corrective for our own inquiry. Knowledge of these earlier systems should not only check undue confidence in any one of their conflicting views, but should point out, through their agreements and contradictions, the way which our own thoughts may profitably take. To appreciate and justify the thought of opposing masters, to find the point toward which their various lines of thought at last converge,— this is the problem of the history of the philosophy of religion; and it is the essential preliminary of any philosophy of religion which we ourselves may make. We shall be very unlikely to make any advance beyond results already obtained, unless those results are made our stepping stones; and we shall be very unlikely to reach any enduring result, unless our view comprehends and justifies the whole range of views which the history of the same study exhibits, and finds in the apparent conflicts of that history the grounds of a reasonable peace.*

Thus, the method of inquiry into the nature of the religious life takes its natural form. We have, first, to review the history of the philosophy of religion in its conspicuous representatives, and to notice the problem toward which this history seems to lead. We have, next, to turn from history to psychology, and to question our own consciousness concerning the nature of its own experience. If history and philosophy, thus interrogated, combine in any single definition, we have, next, to verify this definition, as far as we may, by the larger evidence of the history of religion itself in its organized and comprehensive forms. If,

*Compare the prophetic passage in the remarkable book of J. J. Tayler, *A Retrospect of the Religious Life of England*, 1876, p. 321:—

"The reciprocal influence of religion and philosophy has been alluded to; but their relation to each other is indistinctly apprehended.... For this end, a more exact psychology of religion is required. We ought also to possess a good natural history of religion. Both processes — a careful analysis of the mental elements involved in the various states of religious feeling and conviction, with an elimination of the fortuitous adjuncts of philosophical opinion; and, secondly, a comprehensive review of the historical development of the religious principle, with a comparison of its various outward manifestations in the rites and dogmas of nations most widely separated in character and institutions — are indispensable to give us a clear insight into the working of the interior sense which connects us with the invisible and the infinite, and to place in the fullest light the worth and beauty of Christianity."

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finally, this added historical verification in its turn confirms our result, we have, lastly, to consider the inferences which the fact we have described compels, the laws which it illustrates, and the relations with other kindred facts of human life which it holds.

F. G. PEABODY.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.*

PART I.

An Augustan age of literature involves a subsequent Augustan age of biographies, table talk, and correspondence,— reading suggestive and stimulating to the young, while it is full of inspiration and consolation to those of waning activity. Some of us can remember, as we look at the shabby little volumes in faded brown cambric, with plain gold letters on the back, how a flood of power seemed years ago to come to us in the varied memorials of Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Lamb, Hazlitt, Hallam and De Quincey, Elizabeth Browning and Margaret Fuller. Then, clustering about our own centennial year, a little later or a little earlier, came the delightful records of lives, like those of the Baron and Baroness Bunsen, the Hare family, Caroline and William Herschel, Dorothy Wordsworth, Mary Somerville, Charles Sumner, George Ticknor, Thomas Babington Macaulay, Eliza Fletcher, Harriet Martineau, Fanny Kemble, and Anna Jameson. These lives locked into those which had been illustrious in our youthful eyes. The individuals visited the same houses, recorded the last scenes in lives which had first become familiar some thirty years before, and the letters addressed to them showed new sides to characters with which we were already familiar. In the three volumes which we have now before us, we find the Appendix to the whole story. The Life of Maria Edgeworth should have been ours at least thirty years ago. Many of her contemporaries had

*A Study of Maria Edgeworth. By Grace A. Oliver. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1882.

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passed away before she drew her last breath in the seclusion of Edgeworthstown. It is evident that Mrs. Oliver owes her material chiefly to the Memoir of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, published in the early summer of 1820, by his daughter, and to the collection of Miss Edgeworth's letters, printed but not published soon after her death by her family. We are so grateful for the work she has done, that we shall not be critical of her method.

It is pleasant to have the memorials of Maria Edgeworth and Lydia Maria Child lying on our table together; for, strange as it may seem to those who have been accustomed to regard the former as a mere writer of novels, and the latter as an abolitionist and a fanatic, these two were chiefly educational factors in the life of their generation. Their lives overlapped for nearly half a century, during the latter part of which Mrs. Child was the ideal instructor of American children, as a little while before Miss Edgeworth had been the teacher of those in her own country.

Into the life of Miss Edgeworth, it is necessary to interpolate a somewhat minute account of the life of her father. He was so very young when he ran away with Anna Maria Elers that he and his older children seem to have matured together; and, much as she depended upon his sympathy and judgment, there never was a time when Maria felt her father to be much older than herself. This marriage was contracted in 1763 (not, as p. 26 informs us, in 1703). The early life of Edgeworth had been one of extraordinary recklessness and selfishness. Arrogant, prim, and selfish he continued to be as long as he lived, and in English society he was for the most part cordially detested, and only endured for his daughter's sake. There always clung to him a painful story of a mock marriage contracted in what might be called his childhood, and this story was malignantly revived after his death by the *London Quarterly*. That it was somewhat more serious than Maria's friends would confess we are compelled to imagine, since his father thought it worth while to enter a suit to annul it. From the time that his daughter first began to talk to him to his

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death in his seventy-third year, when she was nearly fifty, he exercised over herself and her work an influence which was the despair of her readers and her critics, and which proved a sharp irritant to all those who were brought into personal intercourse with either. It is idle to refer this to his daughter's filial infatuation. Such a state of things cannot exist without adequate cause. Miss Mitford was also a victim to filial infatuation. To both Dr. Mitford and Mr. Edgeworth, doubtless, a great deal was forgiven, chiefly on account of a certain light-hearted gayety, which made their homes delightful. These men loved the women of their families, gave them their own place, and never made themselves personally obnoxious in their homes. Women work willingly for such men. In one important particular, Mr. Edgeworth differed from Dr. Mitford. He was essentially truthful and just. These qualities, as well as his keen perceptions and literary skill, his daughter inherited from him; and, to them, she united the ardent and romantic temperament of her unhappy mother.

But, apart from the honor paid to this strange man by the women of his family, he made a firm place for himself in the hearts of many distinguished people,— people who sympathized in the two leading traits of his character, which were the love of knowledge and social simplicity. It was such traits that won for him as a boy the warm regard of Mrs. Dewes and Mrs. Delany, which made him the life-long friend of the eccentric author of *Sandford and Merton*, and the cherished guest of men like Erasmus Darwin and the Wedgewoods. These were persons who valued him for his own sake, before his daughter had become famous. At a time when few Englishmen sought to educate themselves by travel, Mr. Edgeworth fully appreciated its advantages. He was liberal; for he was as much interested in 1770 in diverting the course of the Rhone as he would have been, had that river been the Thames. But the characteristics which endeared him to his family, above all, were his high estimate of the worth of women, united to a most unusual willingness to instruct them as carefully as if they had been

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men, and a marked common sense in all religious matters. Whenever the educational works brought before the public by himself and his daughter became the subject of criticism, it was common to reproach them with being "Unitarian," a term of obloquy much more bitter than that of "infidel" has since become. Nor was there, when Maria first began to distinguish herself, another man in the United Kingdom who would have been content to see his own fame eclipsed by a woman's, however near in blood, unless, indeed, that man were Dr. Aikin. Happy the children who came forward when there was no more seductive reading for the nursery than *Parent's Assistant*, *Evenings at Home*, and the brief classics written at Ongar!

In his inscription written on his daughter's desk, Mr. Edgeworth wrote that in her works "she had never attacked the character of any human being, or interfered with the opinions of any sect or party, religious or political"; and this he assumes to have been done to please himself. This trait, which her efforts struggled to meet, indicates one great source of his personal power.

He was a wilful man, or he would not have carried through his marriage with Elizabeth Sneyd. He had an overweening love of power, or his first thought about Mme. de Genlis would not have been that she was susceptible to his influence. He must have had wonderful insight, or, in giving to Lovell and Maria three successive step-mothers, he would not have lighted on three women whom they could cordially love.

When we remember how many years the family spent in travel, how much serious literary work was done in the library at Edgeworthstown, how devoted Mr. Edgeworth was to the practical education of the seventeen children who grew up out of the twenty-two who were born to him, it is hard to understand where he found time to invent steeple clocks and spires, bridges and mill wheels, systems of telegraphy and agriculture! Yet, besides these, Pictet tells us in 1802 how the same skill contrived to make the household comfortable by turning the doors into screens,

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and winding up the clocks by the movement of their hinges, as well as by easing the drawers of bureaus and sashes of windows. These things indicate an industrious life; and industry is a sure title to respect, even when its results seem inadequate to its expenditure. But Mr. Ticknor, when he comes some years later, is afraid to shut his door, lest he shall never be able to open it: so the "mechanical trifling" in which he asserts that Mr. Edgeworth passed too much time appears to have had its disadvantages. Walter Scott, in criticising the work on education, finds the same fault. He perceives the want of mental perspective in the Edgeworth system, and complains, in writing to Joanna Baillie, that neither a good mechanic nor a good scholar can be made in such a way. The Edgeworth method was, however, much more to the purpose in the seclusion of Edgeworthstown than it would have been in Edinburgh or London. When Maria writes that "one balloon is going up and another on the stocks, that ink and soap are being made from Nicholson's chemistry, and a cake of roses just squeezed in a vise by the rules of Madame de Lagaraye," she only gives a glimpse of a mode of life much more common at all times than Sir Walter seems to have guessed.

Long before the advent of illustrated monthlies, and when nothing but imported "macaroni" had ever been seen in this country, the writer recalls an instance in her own family. The late learned Chief Justice of New Hampshire — simply to gratify his own curiosity, and guided only by some paragraphs in the *Penny Magazine* — made his own machines, and turned out some coils of paste, which he need not have been ashamed to offer to the sultan himself. This, and many similar experiments, never tended to make *him* a "mechanic among gentlemen," nor did it dull the fine edge of a rare scholarship.

Something may be said on the other side for all students. Prof. Woodward's pupils in the school for Manual Labor, connected with Washington University, give two hours daily to the use of tools, without losing anything in other

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departments of education. In fact, the boys work harder at their books that they may get to their "play," as they consider their work with tools; and boys, so taught, are useful and contented in their homes. They have always "something to do."

But the undeniable merits of Richard Lovell Edgeworth do not reconcile us to the moment when he contradicts Mrs. Siddons three times in succession, until that lady rises to change her seat. Nor do they reconcile us to that other moment when, to gratify his own personal love of display, he cuts the beautiful curls from his daughter's head to protect her from vanity. No sharper sarcasm upon his own system ever found its way to the public.

The active mischief recorded of Maria's youth proves that she inherited her father's alert muscular powers as well as his intellectual quickness. She was from the first distinguished for her vigorous thinking and brilliant wit. Mrs. Oliver seems to think it strange that she, who wrote so much, could find such pleasure in the writings of others. But it is precisely from such persons that we may expect vivid appreciation. When Mrs. Fletcher met Maria Edgeworth, she complained of the want of taste and apparent insincerity with which Maria pressed personal compliments upon her; and when we find Miss Edgeworth writing to Macaulay about his history, to Mrs. Inchbald about the *Simple Story*, and to Lady Georgiana Fullerton of *Ellen Middleton*, in the same phrases of exaggerated pleasure, we are half-inclined to sympathize with Mrs. Fletcher. Has Miss Edgeworth no critical power? we ask. And, when she calls her own works "cold," we grow a little impatient, until we remember under what stern repression her powers developed, how her overflowing humor and warm imagination were perpetually crushed. There is probably no greater proof of the strength, variety, nay, the immortality of her genius, than the simple fact that under such a system it "survived" to "tell" any "tale" at all. Not what she read, but what she felt and imagined while she read, gave her the pleasure she expressed. And the same thing is true

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of Macaulay. "Send me whatever you can find," he wrote once, "anything, if it be but a story. A bad story is better than no story at all." But it would not have been so good, had the great historian been anything other than the prince of story-tellers.

Does any one imagine that *Patronage* reads in the least like the *Story of the Freeman Family*, as it fell from Mr. Edgeworth's lips?

In 1841, the Rev. Mr. Dall visited Edgeworthstown. Miss Edgeworth was in London, and they did not meet. He saw, if we remember rightly, some other members of her family, and visited the schools of one sort and another, then open in the town. Two years later, when, as a clergyman, he had charge of the ministry at large in Baltimore, he wrote to Miss Edgeworth of his schools, which were then, as they are now, a matter of intense interest to him. Miss Edgeworth replied; and, as the letter has an important bearing on the existence of "Infant Schools," an institution which has led not only to the Crèche, but to many other excellent things, we give it at length: —

EDGEWORTHSTOWN, April, 1843.

To the Rev. C. H. A. Dall, Baltimore, Md.:

I am glad that Mrs. Plunkett has been so good as to carry to you, sir, my thanks, and to assure you that I had already written them myself, but that, for want of knowing your address, they never reached.

Your account of your schools gave me great satisfaction, not only from the actual and positive good done to the children, but from the benevolent enthusiasm with which you persevere in your vocation.

It is most happy for society as well as for the individuals immediately concerned, whenever this rare contentment, this rejoicing in the state to which it has pleased God to call them, appears. Seldom indeed do we find this in a schoolmaster, who usually bemoans himself as the most hard worked and ill remunerated of all mortals of any profession.

One exception besides yourself I remember to have seen many years ago, introduced to me by the celebrated Mr. Brougham, at the time when he first established an Infant School in "the Borough," as it is called in London. That schoolmaster, a man of perfect simplicity of character and mildest temper and most patient benevolence, seemed to me to have been really Heaven-directed for the purpose.

I believe that the first idea of these *infant schools* was given in print, in a little story of mine called "Madame de Fleury," in *Fashionable*

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Tales. And this I mention to you, not from mere vanity, but to tell you that the fiction was founded on truth.

When I was in Paris in 1803, I saw a school for young children,— in fact, an infant school which had been established by a French lady, the Countess de Pastoret, who is still living.

It took its rise exactly from the circumstance told in the commencement of the story,— of her finding two children shut up while their mother was out, and one of them with its arm broken. The description of Sœur Française, the nun, I drew from the life,— from the nun who took care of these young things under Madame de Pastoret's superintendence. Sœur Française was another of those happy, well-placed persons, exactly fit for their work in the world; happy in doing good perseveringly to her fellow-creatures.

If you had visited Edgeworthstown some years ago, we could have shown you *one school* worth your seeing, then flourishing under the benevolent superintendence of my brother, Mr. Lovell Edgeworth, a school at which boys of different ranks, boarders at £40 per annum, and day scholars at a penny a week, learned together in school hours, and separated afterward to their different homes or to their school apartments. Both Catholics and Protestants were educated at this school, and no disputes occurred; each being attended on different days for religious instruction by the respective minister or priest, Catholic or Protestant, and the books being kept separately. This succeeded under these happy circumstances and under careful superintendence. But, under any less auspicious circumstances, it would not be prudent in these times in Ireland to repeat the experiment, as the national schools seem to indicate. They profess to educate Catholics and Protestants together, but in few instances, so far as I have heard, succeed in practice.

The Protestants give them up to the Catholics, and then complain that they are devoted to Catholic education,— at least, so I am informed, but I do not affirm this from actual knowledge.

Wishing, sir, that you and those joined with you in your endeavor to improve education in your country may be always aided by public opinion, never counteracted by party spirit, political or religious, and repeating my thanks to you for your gratifying assurance that my writings have aided your purpose, and are liked by your young people,

I am yours sincerely, MARIA EDGEWORTH.

This letter, written in a strong, running hand without faltering, was penned in Miss Edgeworth's seventy-seventh year. She does not seem to have understood that her correspondent was a clergyman, nor to have taken in the scope of his schools. At that time, they contained pupils of all ages, from tiny girls taken from parents whose

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industries their helplessness hindered to men of thirty-five who had been the inmates of the penitentiary. A year or two later, it fell to the lot of the present writer to read aloud to some convict classes the admirable stories of *Parent's Assistant.* It was never necessary to impose any more severe punishment on the pupils of these winter evening classes than to send them home before the reading began.

The key to much in Miss Edgeworth's life is to be found in her rejection of the Chevalier Edelcranz, a Swedish gentleman, who sought her hand in Paris, when she was already thirty-six years old. "Prudence and right reason," her father thought, were on the side of this rejection; but for her individually it was a mistake. A woman does not love lightly when she loves at thirty-six. Some criticisms of Lady Morgan bring the two authors into comparison at this period of Maria's life. Paris has always had a welcome for gifted visitors from the Green Isle, partly, perhaps, because so many Irishmen have gone into the French service, and partly because of the warm sympathies of the Catholic communion. It is interesting to see into what different social circles the two women penetrated, and this difference is easily explained by their personal characteristics. Lady Morgan had an imagination easily kindled. She was fond of the society of great men, and talked of politics and affairs. Miss Edgeworth was chiefly interested in education, and fond of studying the individual characteristics of those she met.

Mrs. Oliver seems to think Lady Morgan guilty of ingratitude and presumption, that she allowed it to be said of her that "she created the Irish novel." We assume this to be true. *The Absentee*, the finest thing Miss Edgeworth ever did, is a superb portrait of a state of things only too familiar to her daily observation. Macaulay once wrote that the scene in *The Absentee*, in which Lord Colambre discovers himself to his agent and the tenants, "is the best thing of the sort since the opening of the twenty-second book of the *Odyssey*. It is safe to say that this book, like Mrs. Burney's *Evelina*, will be read so long as the English

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language lasts; but it is a book written by one who was, in descent, education, and taste, an Englishwoman, one who was by residence and affection alone an Irishwoman. When you turn to *The Wild Irish Girl* of Lady Morgan, what a change! The national heart throbs through every syllable; yet Mr. Edgeworth, the stiff critic of his daughter, praises the author for "sound and judicious observations," and then goes on to tell her that, thinking some passages sounded better when Maria read them aloud than when he had read them to himself, he looked over her shoulder and discovered that she had omitted the superfluous epithets. Could anything more distinctly emphasize the difference between the two women? Miss Edgeworth could not even read what Miss Owenson wrote, without toning it down. It would be very difficult for any modern author to understand the tide of enthusiasm which lifted the public heart in London, as well as Dublin, when *The Wild Irish Girl* appeared. Lady Morgan was a far more independent person than Miss Edgeworth. No father's hand could ever have restrained *her* imagination; and the warmth with which she thought and spoke, in unselfish devotion to her country, gave her a strong hold on popular feeling.

It is singular that on this French journey, at the age of thirty-six, Miss Edgeworth seems to accept without question the current judgments upon the people she met. This was especially the case with "De Genlis." The scandals recorded of her and the Duke of Orleans seem to have had their foundation in party malice, and to be no more worthy of credence than the vile charges against Hortense Beauharnais. The modern biographer who repeats either does well to repeat under protest.

The work on *Practical Education*, published in 1798 by the two Edgeworths, bore a certain relation to the beautiful tales which Maria had gathered together in 1796, under the title of *Parent's Assistant;* and it was this work which gave her her place in foreign society. The reviews of both showed great jealousy of this "woman's work,"—a new kind of work to the reviewer, although Mrs. Somerville,

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Miss Aikin, Jane Taylor, Ann Gilbert, Mrs. Inchbald, and Joanna Baillie had already stirred public attention. The authors were again charged with being "Unitarians," and sometimes were attacked as "freethinkers." During her whole life, Miss Edgeworth did no greater service to literature or humanity than in the publication of those tales of her youth, written for children, which have already furnished delight to four succeeding generations, which have gone through innumerable editions, and have been translated into, or imitated in, all the languages of Europe.

But this does not indicate one-half the service done, as any one can ascertain who will look for the traces of juvenile literature before the publication of *Sandford and Merton* or *Early Lessons.*

It seems to us that of all Miss Edgeworth's friends Walter Scott understood her best. Large-hearted and large-thoughted, at once generous and simple, and full of love for children, he was able to meet her on her own ground. He had begun his life as a novelist, by the admission of his indebtedness to her; and no shadow seems ever to have fallen between them. Mrs. Somerville admired her "liveliness and originality," and wore her turban as Maria suggested. Mrs. Farrar detected Miss Edgeworth's "dark frisette," but Walter Scott loved her with his whole heart. It is pleasant in all these memoirs to find the letters of well-known Americans scattered along the pages. Bayard Taylor's letters to Miss Mitford reveal traits that it is delightful to recognize. N. P. Willis appears at his best. Sometimes, our countrymen mortify us a little; but, wherever we meet the letters of George Ticknor, our pride and pleasure go hand in hand. Miss Edgeworth did not hesitate to say that she had known those persons most distinguished in Europe for their conversational power, but felt Mr. Ticknor's ability, tact, and cultivation to equal that of any.

Since the publication of Mr. Ticknor's *Life and Letters*, it is probable that most thinking persons in America have come to the same conclusion. In the stormy days that preceded the civil war, Mr. Ticknor's apparent indifference to

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public affairs, and his personal attachment to Webster, had prevented his countrymen from giving him his proper place; but the publication of the letters written to his foreign friends, especially to Prince John of Saxony, show us how deeply and sincerely he felt in regard to all matters of public interest. It is easy to understand and forgive those who think differently from ourselves, but we cannot forgive those who do not think at all.

Maria Edgeworth was too old at the time of her father's death fully to emancipate herself from his restrictions, but how little she owed to him the wonderful story of *Helen* showed. Very few persons seem to be aware how many terse and epigrammatic sayings have passed into common use from its well-known pages, as they did at an earlier period from the pages of *Shakspere*. Mrs. Oliver quotes a note to Maria's manuscript of *Helen*, in which she says, "Some standing upon the mines cry, 'No mines here,' and depreciate that they may appropriate. End with examining whether time does or does not do justice at last,"—a paragraph which leads us to think that, if Miss Edgeworth had lived in later times, she might have written more than one novel on the theme suggested. It was sometimes thought that Miss Edgeworth wasted her energies in practical affairs. It was rather her knowledge of such affairs that gave her her especial literary power. We cannot help wishing, as we lay the volume down, that it gave us a more vivid idea of her practical occupations, of those especially which took her outside her family and into contact with the Irish people.

A woman's heart cannot fail to throb hurriedly when, after having read Mrs. Edgeworth's admission that Maria wrote *Leonora* in the hope of pleasing Count Edelcranz, and in a "*manner* that *he* liked," we find her submitting the manuscript to her father with her usual docility. And with what result? "You will be surprised to hear," he writes, "that I have corrected more faults of style in this than in anything I have ever corrected for you"; and he ends by recommending her, after *correcting it again*, to send it to her Uncle

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Ruxton. One cannot help wondering whether any accumulation of fame would ever compensate a woman for the domination of such a "critic, partner, father, and friend"? Was it not enough that she had surrendered her happiness? Must she surrender her imagination also?

CAROLINE H. DALL.

CONVENTIONAL LYING.

I suppose the statement that conventional and absolute morality may be widely variant can hardly fail of universal acceptance as axiomatic. Even the admission of the idea of absolute morality implies superiority over conventional ethics: otherwise, its existence even would be impossible. Absolute right, being superior to conventionalism, must be the measure of it; and the latter can in no wise modify the former, else it would not be absolute, but only relative. Hence, the slightest compromise with absolute right violates it.

Conventional usage being powerless to make or unmake right is impotent to palliate wrong. I do not know that an individual sin is any less a sin, though shared by twenty or a community or a State. We are nowhere taught that God holds us to a fractional responsibility. Is the leper the less leprous by the fact that his malady has become epidemic? By what law of ethics, therefore, shall I plead custom the excuse for my immorality?

The truth was spoken long ago, "Though the wicked join hand in hand, they shall not go unpunished."

To it, we respond, "Lord, I believe." Practically, we have utmost need to exclaim, "Help thou mine unbelief."

The facility with which popular custom is accepted as the excuse for sin is more sad than surprising.

The title of this article doubtless expresses one of the sins that most frequently beset the effort toward a religious life, which possibly more frequently than any other defiles a profession that should be spotless. David said in his haste, "All men are liars." I do not know that mature

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reflection would have very greatly modified a hasty conclusion. I believe — I speak but the strictest truth in this — that lying, either of the grosser or more venial type, is almost as much a conventionalism as the forms of salutation.

We commence in the family and at the cradle. Before the child's faculties have developed to that extent that its desires in their denial can be met with reason, its importunities are responded to with deceit and untruth. A lie is the temporary expedient to silence clamor. Even then, the child with unconscious logic attains the conclusion that, if a lie be not wrong in the parent's mouth, it can be no sin in the child's. Can any parent point out the fallacy of the child's logic? If the child's first moral diet be falsehood, why should we affect surprise, if he grow up a moral dyspeptic? When my child's character shall blacken with the crime of falsehood, let me look with trembling therein for the logic of my untruth to him. I should not look to gather grapes of thistles. I have in mind in this connection an occurrence of some years since in my family. My child, when a little more than two years old, was sitting for a picture. His attention was held for the few necessary seconds through the falsehood that a bird was concealed in the camera. The artist attained his object. I was not present at the moment, but, on learning of the falsehood, hastened to disavow it to my child. He was by no means too young to comprehend me. Possibly he may not have been too young to have received the harmful consequences of the lie.

Doubtless, in the great majority of instances, the deceit practised toward confiding childhood is the result, in great degree, of thoughtlessness; but the very thoughtlessness is the betrayal of moral insensibility, fraught with evil consequences.

Moreover, the influence, besides being bad upon the child, is retroactive. Deceit is the prolific parent of deceit. The thoughtlessness which dictates a lie in the nursery will naturally be not less suggestive in the drawing-room and

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outside the family. Thus, falsehood comes to be almost an accepted part of etiquette; and lying as a fine art is no travesty, but a most deplorable fact of societary custom.

For instance, I meet an acquaintance whom I regard with aversion, from the infliction of whose presence I shrink with repugnance. Whether I ought to love him, and whether my dislike is evidence of an unchristian spirit, is not pertinent. I carry to him a lie in my right hand in the very act of greeting,—"I am glad to see you." In my inmost heart, I know that, so far from being glad to see him, I should be only too happy in avoidance of the meeting. Unchristian? Possibly! But wherefore shall I augment that sin with the crime of falsehood? Conventional ethics condemns not, but approves. My language only fulfils the sanctions of courtesy.

Much of the flattery often supposed necessarily to enter into the amenities of social life, besides being directly harmful, is simply, purely falsehood, deliberately uttered as such, placidly accepted as such. Few will have difficulty in instancing numberless cases sufficiently illustrative.

The lie that is interwoven in social life characterizes, save in exceptional instances, the more weighty concerns of business. In the magnitude of the interests involved is the temptation to dereliction from truth strengthened; and they are few indeed who, in the teeth of seemingly conflicting interests, remain steadfastly and always absolutely truthful from motives of policy. Let who doubts it read the advertisements of a single newspaper. Indeed, in certain legitimate branches of business so commonly has falsehood obtained that it has become an almost universally recognized element thereof, so that wares of a certain grade are commonly quoted, bought, and sold by the custom of the trade as of a slightly superior quality. I have in mind, at this moment, a legitimate and very extensive branch of trade, in which large numbers of the most highly respected men in the community are engaged, that establishes, stamps, and maintains its scale of values under the law of falsehood.

Were the falsehood of the trade only individual and ex-

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ceptional, it would receive emphatic condemnation. Its conventional character cloaks it from rebuke.

In very close following indeed upon this form of lying is the black blossom to which falsehood is the bud,— perjury. I half hesitate in applying to it the term conventional. Yet let who will examine, for instance, the sworn statements among the assessors' rolls anywhere; and I am not sure that the result, both in point of numbers and in the social respectability attaching to so large a proportion of the names subscribed to returns which it would require the utmost stretch of that charity which believeth all things, and thinketh no evil, not to regard as most thoroughly false, would justify the appellation. The very excuses by which the less unscrupulous seek to justify themselves for making false sworn returns — that they are obliged in self-defence so to do; that, if they were to make correct returns, they would be subjected to more than their just burden of taxation; that they intend to rate themselves relatively pretty much on the basis of the returns which their neighbors make; and that this is all they are expected to do — itself goes far to show that the crime has received from custom a quasi-sanction.

The more unscrupulous are perjurers deliberately from interest and choice.

The more scrupulous deem themselves the victims of necessity, and so justify themselves to themselves.

The guilt is doubtless very different in degree, but both are guilty of that which, before God and human law, is a crime.

It is wholly unnecessary to follow into almost all the relations of life the falsehoods that have become almost systematized through custom, and receive sanction and encouragement from custom. The vice, if it were only exceptional and individual, would be far less appalling; and the reprobation of society would tend to lessen it. Being general, society extends to it open or tacit encouragement, and the individual measures his guilt by a conventional standard of ethics, and not by the rule of absolute right;

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and, as a result, conscience is debased. This is only natural, — natural with regard to the question of truth and falsehood,— natural with regard to whatever has the sanction of numbers and of custom. The result is baneful in the extreme, and, I fear, very far-reaching; for who shall measure the evils arising from a very general debasement of individual conscience? The license of conventional morality indicates surely the way to unconventional licentiousness. The direction is the same: the one lies only a little way beyond the other. He who learns to disregard the rule of absolute right, and gauges his conduct by the sanctions of custom, verges upon that boundary where not custom even shall restrain him, but only the considerations of expediency. The powerful temptation, then, too certainly presupposes the bad result.

I have hardly attempted to do more than indicate the wrong, and the sophistry that lie at its root. I think not the belief, but the absolute realization of the fallacy of the logic that cloaks individual iniquity with the sanctions of custom, will tend to the abatement of the sin, the realization of the fact that, if I lie, I cannot plead as my excuse the falsehood of others, that my sin is individual, my accountability is individual, and my repentance and reform must be individual.

CHARLES T. JEROME.

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HEROISM AND SACRIFICE.

A SERMON.

"And David longed, and said, Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, that is at the gate!

"And the three brake through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem that was by the gate, and took it, and brought it to David; but David would not drink of it, but poured it out to the Lord.

"And said, My God forbid it me, that I should do this thing: shall I drink the blood of these men that have put their lives in jeopardy? for with the jeopardy of their lives they brought it."—I. CHRON. xi., 17–19.

The work of the great masters of letters and art has mostly come to us unsigned, nor is there any need of signature.

> "What is excellent,
> As God lives, is permanent."

The large design, the perfect rendering of the noble thought, finds its likeness in the heart; and we are satisfied when we see it. There is one legend of Jesus' in the New Testament, the genuineness of which it is impossible to verify; and yet it is accepted without question, because it is so unmistakably the Master's work and word. It supplies the requirements of the heart concerning him, and we no more think of attributing it to another than we do the Sistine Madonna to the unskilled hand of a tyro.

So there is that about the words of my text which is satisfying to the imagination. There are two qualities about it that are very dear to the human heart, undaunted courage and lofty chivalry; and those are splendid qualities, the world over, in man and maid: they cover a multitude of sins. And, though there were passages of qualified magnanimity in the king's life, yet, when we read his action with the water from the well by the city's gate, we cannot but admit that his was the kingly nature after all. That draught of water was too costly a thing to satisfy any mortal thirst. Invisibly to them, they brought back not water only, but fire and spirit. And none but a king in

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nature, as well as name, who had also the poet's eye and touch, would have seen that it was a mortal sin to give those precious drops in any way but as a sacrifice to the Lord of hosts. Heroism, devotion, constancy, are good things to consecrate to God; and it is well for the heart, be it king or common man, which rises to the perception and does it.

The story is a simple one, told without any eye to effect. The day was hot, and the battle was strong. Hard pressed, the king and three of his captains hid themselves in a cave in the rocks. Between them and the city lay the Philistine camp. Weary and spent with fighting, they lay in their hiding-place. Parched with thirst, the leader's mind turned longingly to the shady deeps of the well, where he had so often drunk from the sweet-flowing spring; and involuntarily the words broke from him, "Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well!" The record does not dwell upon the fierce struggle that followed, and therein is shown the consummate art of a master's hand. It simply recites their success in accomplishing the king's desire; but fancy can paint him, as he lay there in his niche in the rocks and watched that glorious three straight through the centre of the Philistine host, their path lighted by flickering spear-heads. Would they ever reach the well? They did at last; and, with two to guard the mouth,— for the well was a cavern at the bottom of which was the spring,— the third went down to draw. And, then, who can tell what emotions must have surged to and fro in the king's heart, as he watched them winning by inches their perilous return? It was a great thing to do, and every drop in that vessel's hollow was worth a prince's ransom. Much too sacred for mortal lips were they; and so it is that we are well content with the king's disposal. His words strike the key-note, and all that is brave and chivalrous within us rises up in recognition of the deed.

The king and his captains went to their own places long ago; but that day's work remains as an inspiration to brave endeavor and noble appreciation. I do not think that

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either quality has perished out of human hearts, yet it is not probable that we feel any special gratitude for that display of the qualities that go to the making of illustrious manhood beyond a slight quickening of the pulses as we read the story. Yet it betrays the possibilities that lie concealed within the heart,—a kind of lightning's flash into the hidden places of the strong qualities of the soul.

The first lesson it has for us is that men may be equal to their fate. I think they usually are. My own experience is convincing me that heroism in our common life is not exceptional. I could tell you of case after case, beside which the conflict by Bethlehem's well was child's play. I have sat by the side of one who had for many a month fought every inch of ground with insidious disease, knowing, too, that he would be hopelessly beaten in the end. And yet he kept the steady front, though so weak that he staggered to his daily work. I never reverenced any human action more than the ideal courage with which he met his fate, and prolonged the struggle to the very last moment, for the sake of the wife and the little ones dependent upon him. It was a struggle with hopeless odds against him, without the king's praise. And I have known of nothing more pathetic or braver than the perfect self-abnegation of his cheerful silence.

I said to a woman: "What are you doing here on the earth, with that face and figure of yours? You ought to have been in heaven long ago." "I shall be," was the answer, "just as soon as I have finished what is given me to do." And I hope the time will come soon; for I do not believe that either of those three men of whom I have spoken would have borne the strain that she has.

I have seen a woman with a smile on her lip send the son, whose strong arm she sorely needed, from her, with a moral certainty that in this life she would never look upon his face again. I can take you into house after house, darkened by hopeless infirmity, but lightened by the lamp of sacrifice. I have seen a young girl deliberately relinquish the fairest hopes that ever enter into a woman's life, with

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what silent tears and inward struggles none but He who seeth in secret ever knew, and bear her heavy burden steadily to the end without complaint. I have known a young man to abandon without a word the brilliant career that was opening before him, and sink into unrewarded obscurity at the call of duty,— he might have evaded, but would not,— but brought the costly sacrifice of his life, and laid it without a word at the feet of the King of kings. I hope the recital of these things does not weary you, because they are common. They are common,— thank God for it! I desire you to make note of them in your own experience; and let it cure you of the distrust of human nature that settles like a mildew upon our middle age, unless we guard ourselves by acquaintance with heroic action and constancy to the highest ideals.

We know something of what King David was. We may suppose that his captains were such as he. Probably, none of them were aware of the capacities that lay dormant within them until the occasion called them forth. And this is the way of human nature generally. It is better than it knows. It is capable of rising to the loftiest heights of sacrifice, unconscious in the mean time that it is doing any thing out of the common way. And there is no emergency of life that is able to break down the powerful allies we find at our back, when we come face to face with necessity.

And the point I wish to make is this: that the gains we achieve through them in life are too precious to be consecrated to anything but the very highest uses. Let me show you how this thought opens itself to me; let me take an illustration in which we all have a common interest. Life, we say, is a struggle; and we say truly. We look back from middle age at the hot contention of the years with wonderment sometimes,— when we think of the press of temptation, the open opposition of the passions, the subtle attack of the senses, the delusion of false ideals, the mirage of worldliness,— that we have got on as well as we have. We meant to do right, to keep faith with honor and

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truth; and, on the whole, we have. There have been times when success was doubtful and the struggle was close and hard, when the enemies were many and the friends were few, and when safety seemed a long way off; but here we are at last. Let us give ourselves the praise of getting through the dangerous places with a fair degree of credit. We have brought out with us no sense of inward disgrace or deep unworthiness, and have a right to congratulate ourselves. It is no foolish conceit, but an honorable pride that we feel.

Now, society is full of men and women who have reached those heights of safety where King David lay waiting for the return of his men. They have got the things that are best in life,—hardihood, a firm temper of mind, tried powers of resistance, justifiable confidence in themselves, knowledge of life: they are the priceless drops that fill the cup of life. We can hardly overestimate their worth. Well, such men and women are likely to feel that to the victors belong the spoils. "Shall I not do what I will with mine own, got amid days of darkness, when the foes of my life were thick about me? Who shall say me nay in the disposal of my knowledge, wisdom, and experience?" Good, my friend. It is simply because your power and wisdom have cost so much of long-maintained endeavor, of persistent resistance of your besetting sins, of tried allegiance to an unwavering purpose, that you cannot afford to use them in any service less than that of the God of hosts. To give the rich experience of life to satisfy our love of ease, pleasure, our thirst for eminence, our personal power and mental force, is, as it would have been if the king, in dull blindness of the valor, romance, and poetry of that occasion, had sacrificed that cup, thick-set with jewels of victory, to the craving of his thirst. It is paying too dear for any earthly pleasure or ambition. Nothing is worth the high qualities of manhood and womanhood, developed by the struggle of life, but the fadeless ideals of the soul. It behooves us, as we are wise, to lay them as an offering before Him who alone hath power to fitly reward the endeavor of a life.

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And let me say one word here concerning the danger of middle life. Said one: "I have had a wide experience of ingratitude and faithlessness. I have trusted many a time: I have many a time been deceived. How can I be otherwise than suspicious?" I can only say one word in answer. Even supposing this were the sole experience of life, leaving out of account the times when our trust has been met with gratitude and trustworthiness, this is not the way to look at life. The consciousness of inward rectitude; the resolute will that, though all the world be deceit and sham, yet shall my soul be a fixed star of truth,—this is to look as we should at life; and, against it, deceit and insincerity are thistle-downs.

But this leads my thought another way. Can anything be a sharper struggle than that which wins material success? It blanches dark locks before their time, carves wrinkles in the brow, loosens the taught nerve, ages men while yet in their prime. I have heard it spoken of as a game of chance in which the few, who have fortune on their side, succeed. Now and then there may be such a case; but the judgment is superficial, and not founded upon facts. It is only another phase of the struggle of life, demanding courage, prudence, foresight. Add to these staying power; and the man who possesses them in the largest degree will win the highest prizes. And, in a greater or less degree, they are developed in all of us. Some get more, others not quite so much, the most of us something; but, be it much or little, we feel that it is ours, not only by right of possession, but by hard earning. "You seem to be getting on," was said to a successful man. "Perhaps so," was the reply; "but, if I am, I owe it to no one but myself. I have had to fight for it." Just so: you have. The pleasant, well-furnished house, the established business, and whatever else of properties you have, are the hard-won accumulation of years of unstinted toil. And, when you think of the anxiety and weariness of mind and body they have cost you, it is no wonder you value them, and resent any implication whatever that they are not wholly yours to do with as you

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please. The protracted industry and unrelaxed vigilance are beyond all praise, extending as they do through the better part of a lifetime; and the world does well in its esteem of the qualities that go to the making of this success, and the winner does well to congratulate himself. But, again, just because it is so good and has cost so much, so heavy an outlay, such hard battling with competition, so many years of anxiety and disquietude, it is much too costly to lay at any shrine but that of the Lord of the whole earth. It is yours beyond a doubt, but you can afford to use it for nothing on earth but the very noblest and highest service. Lay it as an offering at the King's feet, the kingly faculties of the soul, the divine ideals of the Christlike life; and strong man as you are, with brain to conceive and will to execute and power to last when weaker men go down, complete yourself and crown your life by giving your very choicest treasures — yours by right of winning and possession — to the high purposes of life. God forbid that you should do aught but this; for here is that for which your life has been in jeopardy.

Again, is there anything the gaining of which involves more unremitting attention than scholarship, the well-trained, richly stored mind? The studious application of years leaves the young man yet in the rudiments; and manhood comes to him ere yet his faculties have gained that strength of grasp and readiness of apprehension which is the scholar's crown. When gained, it is indeed a reward, than which this world has nothing better to offer. It is the "open sesame" to every door and all societies. His presence is waited for, and his word quoted; his opinion carries weight, because nature and life have no secrets from him. Within the compass of his brain, he bears the culture of all times and nations; and "upon his ideas society rests, not upon stone or iron or brick and mortar." He has kept exhausting vigils by night, and wearying labors by day, and he knows the place where wisdom may be found. And, when he brings the beaten gold of his thought to the service of the truth, words cannot measure the benefit he confers.

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He brings out of the strife of tongues and the tumult of contending sects and factions a gift that can neither be bought nor sold, too eminently precious to be laid at any other feet but those of the supreme ideals of life. No young man can afford to waste the strength and glory of his life in the consuming search for knowledge, except he means to lay it as an offering at the feet of the King.

Ard so it is of any other grace or aptitude or excellence that comes as the reward of patient seeking, power of brain, or skill of hand, which is but the accumulated result of long years of watching, waiting, and working. They stand for so much; they are all we have to show for years that have vanished, never to return; they are the price of our life. "Where did you get your lightning quickness of hand and eye, that perfect mastery of nerve and muscle?" said one to the artist Turner, as he stood by watching him do the most incredible things with thoughtless facility. "That?" was the reply. "Oh, that cost me my life!" It is so. Wisdom, skill, experience, whatever power we have, to conceive or accomplish it costs us our life. And what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his life? as he will, if he devotes it to other ends and aims than those which are of the King's choice, if he casts the pearl of his life into the cup of imperious senses, drinks foolish pleasure deep and long, because he may if he will. What shall a man take in exchange for his life? Nothing,—oh, nothing! The price of it is above all other things in heaven or earth. Let him keep it for the time when he stands face to face with the King, at whose command he has had life and thought and strength to overcome. Only that will pay him, only that will satisfy.

Do you think the three captains were discontent, or thought the water wasted they had borne through that stern fray? Never believe it. The action was fine and high: the world's sense of fitness justifies it, and always will. And so it will be that every sacrifice of the high values of life to generous purposes and humanity-wide ideals will yield a double return, honor and peace.

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And we may go a little deeper and further still, and say that every inherited capacity or faculty, that makes it possible for us to do easily what others do hardly, is a gift out of the wide, silent past, descended to us through long generations of seeking and finding through troubled and dangerous ways. If dust and ashes were voiceful, what things they would tell us of the struggle and the courage, the constancy through sickness of heart and long delay, that we might be what we are! And so I say that, being what we are, the sifted wheat of many a painful sowing, the harvest planted by patience and watered by pain, it is not seemly that we should be given for the feast of the senses or anything but the bread of immortal life. "Render unto God the things that are God's."

Take that strange power of which woman is the appointed keeper, the secret of which God only knows, but which makes her in truth queen of hearts. Its development through the centuries has made her the child of misfortune. The voice of her weeping is the ceaseless echo of history, and the life of the race is the story of her travailing. It is as if she were in some peculiar and deep sense honored of God, his favorite child. Fairer, of finer quality, gifted with sharper vision and quicker intuition, frail, yet strong with a strength none may resist; yet see how much it has cost, how exceedingly great the price of it hath been. And if she does not bring her gift to the King, but gives it to a vacant mental life in light thoughts and frivolous ways, what awful waste it is! What shall compensate for such life-spilling prodigality?

But yet I know that you, who have followed my thought, are thinking of those who have never reached success; who have never gained wealth, wisdom, power, culture; whose will was good, but whose strength was lacking; who went down into the valley where the Philistines lay, but who never reached the well-side, or suffered that hardest fate of all,—reached the well, then turned homeward with their treasure, and, fighting bravely, almost reached the goal where honor and safety waited for them, but not quite.

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The enemies were too many, too strong. On the edge of the battle they fell; and the costly water-drops were spilled and reddened by their own life's blood. What of them, for they are a large company?

There is in every neighborhood enough of silent courage, of patient endurance, of unselfish devotion that never speaks and never will for itself, of heroism too refined and delicate to strike in its own defence or glory,—there is enough of it to make a cycle in Paradise, could it only have trod the few remaining steps that lay between it and complete success. How fares it with them? What gift have they for the King? For the cup is broken and the water spilled, and the offering is lost. I cannot believe it; for, oh! it is clear to me that this is the highest gift of all.

There is a legend that the animals came with offerings to Juno, all but the lamb who was so poor that she had nothing to give. Even her wool had been shorn from her. "But," said she, "although treasure I have none, I will give myself." And so she was laid as an offering upon Juno's altar. And the goddess asked what was the sweet savor she smelled; and, when they told her it was the lamb that had given herself because she had nothing else, she blessed her, and said she had given most of all: for they of their abundance had offered, but she had offered herself. This is the story of those lives that have little that the world values, and yet of them is the world not worthy. Their silent constancy is the choicest gift of the soul to God. And I leave it to you to say if it is not very nigh akin to the spirit of the Lamb of God, who gave himself as a ransom for many, and whose own words we have that "greater love hath no man than this, that he will lay down his life for his friends."

E. C. Butler.

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EDITORS' NOTE-BOOK.

At the close of another financial year of our denominational body, we are disposed to call attention to the principle which underlies the plea, which has to be constantly renewed, for collections from our churches. It would be surprising, were it not for the teachings of experience, that churches or individuals need this persistent reminding of the only condition of ecclesiastical prosperity. In business, in politics, in the administration of a great university, for the success of any social enterprise, contributions must be liberal and incessant. In our body, we have been suffering from a traditional fear of two things, the power of association and the spirit of proselyting; and yet these are the very influences which, in their best interpretation and use, are most essential to the triumph of any good cause. Because they are used to spread false ideas and corrupt measures is no reason why they should not be adopted to establish and spread the highest and truest interests of man. We are finding, as never before, the absolute necessity of every kind of organization among philanthropists, to resist the organization of the corrupters of society.

And, in regard to proselyting, a fatal error has run through much of the liberal teaching altogether too long. Such a false meaning has been attached to the word that we will do nothing to spread views we believe to be nearest the truth and of most comfort and support, for fear we shall interfere with our traditions of individuality and the rights of private judgment. In the dread of proselyting, we are willing to avoid the earnest maintenance or declaration of any religious views. Very often, perhaps, excessive and selfish zeal has led persons in most offensive ways to thrust their views upon others, not because they are the result of thorough and impartial investigation, but because they may give to their supporters success or power or conspicuousness, or enlarge the limits of a certain sect from the most unworthy motives; but, on the other hand, no higher or more helpful views can ever be spread, unless there is some zeal about it, some zeal to make others accept them, and that is always proselyting, or, in its root meaning, having others come to us, to our views, to our doctrines, to our faith, to our

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truth. We do not fear nor criticise any honorable efforts to spread our views upon subjects other than religious. We expect it, admire it, and applaud it, in science, medicine, education, government. The truth is that, while there must be differences of opinion wherever there is real interest in any opinion at all, there will be some effort to win others to it. That effort reveals the deepest concern for the progress and welfare of humanity. Our only care should be to see that our motive is pure, and that we have aimed simply at the highest truth.

But it is said that truth is so strong, it will triumph, that the whole tendency of our times is toward a more liberal and reasonable theology, that a higher than human power will see that the best thought prevails, and that, when persons really want other views, they will seek after and adopt them. This is not the way we do in other things. We do not leave our children unbiassed toward ideas we believe to be the best for them. We do not wait for them to choose whether they shall accept outgrown dogmas, whether they shall be monarchists or republicans, polytheists or monotheists, Romanists or Protestants: we teach them from the earliest what we think is the highest truth upon each subject. Providence waits upon our bidding, and is very patient and long-suffering with our indifference; but the best things conquer only through our active interest in them. It is not the leader, but the army, after all, that wins the battle. The epochs of deepest interest in religious matters have always been the epochs of greatest activity in proselyting, in organizing to give permanency and triumph to views held to be higher: indeed, we seriously question whether any man can be deeply impressed by the power or truth of any doctrine without desiring to impart it to others. Why not far greater zeal in spreading higher views of God and his divine laws than in those long since outgrown? We do not want our truth quietly folded in a napkin, but emblazoned on a banner and never out of the warfare of life until it becomes entirely triumphant.

It will gratify the readers of Rev. Joseph H. Allen's *Fragments of Christian History* to know that the book is soon to be republished with additions, and that it will form the first volume of a connected work, of which the second, on the Middle Ages, is already in press; and the third, to be entitled *The Reformation*, is nearly completed and soon to appear. Portions of these

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later books are already familiar to our readers as lectures or article in this *Review* and elsewhere; and it is not too much to say that Mr. Allen's collected writings on these topics will form one of the most noteworthy contributions to ecclesiastical history of this generation, and a most conscientious and able series of pictures of the leading movements and parties of the Christian Church. Further than that, we are sure that it will be even masterly in its description and analysis of the philosophic tendencies and movements of thought which have underlain the outward course of events in the Church, and attended the growth and the changes of religious dogma. The volume already published, and such papers as those on Calvinism, the Mystics of the Middle Ages, and the late interesting one on Port Royal, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, assure us of vigorous, candid, and scrupulously thorough treatment of his theme, whatever it may be. What to the average reader may seem to be an excess of analysis and balanced generalization will help the careful student to wider and more catholic views. In Mr. Allen's later writings also, his readers are frequently surprised to note the increasing vividness of conception and strong grasp on reality which temper the tendency to refined distinctions and to abstract quality of thought. He has most of the intellectual qualities that make the successful historian, and his moral and religious sympathies are as wide and genial as his critical temper is acute and unflinching. Perhaps his impatience of dogma makes him distrustful and too unhopeful of finding any settled intellectual basis in religion, but no faith could be stronger in the permanence and supremacy of the ethical and devout sentiments. The failure of Harvard University to retain among its instructors an historical scholar of Mr. Allen's ability is the most unaccountable portion of her recent remarkable policy in the conduct of the Divinity School, and it appears more lamentable with the publication of each new volume of his works. The latest of these, *Our Liberal Movement in Religion*, for writing which Mr. Allen possessed as singular aptitudes as facilities, is a closing course of lectures given at the Divinity School, and published at the request of the students.

AN INTERNATIONAL ART EXHIBITION.

A recent letter of a young artist, now studying in Paris, gives a vivid description of an exhibition lately opened in that capital.

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We are certain that the readers of this *Review* will enjoy these spirited sketches of the latest pictures of some of the most progressive and conscientious of contemporary painters. Nor will they find less interesting the critical dialogue at the end, and the charming bit of illustration of the home life of American art students abroad.

TO LOUISA, FROM PARIS.

You told me to tell you about the pictures I saw; and I am sure I shall see no modern exhibition this year, not the Salon itself, which will please me, or which would please you, better than the collection which is exhibited now in the Rue de Séze.

You know how we hear about such an exhibition. We neither see it advertised on poster nor in *Figaro*. But our fellow-students tell us about it, and say there never was anything so glorious; and as they all agree in this respect, though in few details, we go on the first fifty-centime day which offers, and take with us as candid minds as we can.

It is the exhibition of the International Society of painters and sculptors, and signs of nationalities other than the French can be seen in some of the pictures. Nevertheless, you feel sure that, if it had not been for Paris and the Paris painters, not a Finlander nor Hollander nor Spaniard nor American of them would have painted as he has done; and I suppose that Paris is the one place in which these pictures could have been brought together. They are in Petit's rooms in the Rue de Séze, those pretty rooms where the Water-Color Exhibition was,— do you remember? The walls are hung with dull red figured stuff, there are plants in the centre, and some beautiful works of sculpture among them. There are such comfortable chairs and sofas, and one of the very best lights I ever saw.

It's easy to tell you about this kind of thing; but how impossible it is to put down in black and white the wonders which can be told in one language alone, and that a language which few people can speak! If Dagnan's picture and Edelfelt's and Sargent's could be calmly and circumstantially described like the woodcuts in the Rollo books, they probably would impress us in a not dissimilar way. As it is, we admire; and we do something better than admire in the Rue de Séze. Don't you remember how people feel in the woods in the late spring or the early summer? Don't you know how very clear the sunlight is then, and how it pierces through the young tender leaves, so that the forest

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is not dark, but light and bright, and so that you can still see the slim, straight trunks of the trees, which will be hidden soon? Fancy a wood like that, and two girls in it, as happy as Northern people always are in a summer which comes late and goes early. One of them is a very little girl, and she has nothing better to do with her holiday than to lie on her back in the warm grass and bite a straw with all the mysterious joy which little children find in that amusement. Her sister is beyond such simple pleasures. She must be at least fifteen; and she has brought a story-book with her, and is sitting with her little back against a tree, deep in the adventures of some other young people who are not half so delightful as she is herself. How good it is to be young! the picture seems to say; and how sweet the wind smells in the northern woods, when the sun shines warm on the new green leaves in the beginning of June! Only instead of saying that in stupid black and white words, it is Edelfelt's good luck to say it in words of such colors as nobody else can use,— as strange and penetrating as music is, suggesting all sorts of happy thoughts and recollections which are too delicate and evanescent for any other expression.

Dagnan-Bouveret's largest picture is unlike Edelfelt's, but it is quite as well worth looking at. In execution, as you know, we think Dagnan ahead of almost all the younger men here. Do you remember that delightful "Marriage Benediction" he had in the Salon last spring, and how very far it was carried, as we say in the studios, and yet how the whole thing hung together? His picture in the Rue de Séze is like it in those two ways, and in its charming feeling; but it is unlike it too, because it is a new thing, and stands by itself. This is a big, light room, in a country *mairie* I should think, with the window open into a bright summer church-yard, full of sun and green vines. In the room are half a dozen young mothers, with their babies in their arms. The mothers wear the ordinary French countrywoman's dress, which we have both seen hundreds of times,— the Madras head-kerchief, the jacket, and petticoat, and blue apron, which don't pretend to be picturesque, but which we used to find so. They are good, serious young women, and their fair hair makes me think them from Normandy or the east of France. But such babies as theirs are! They are as fresh as the fair weather outside, or as the straggling wild flowers one of them has insisted on bringing in his fist. Their big arms and solid cheeks went

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straight to the hearts of our two experts in that line, who saw the picture together. I don't think you consider yourself an expert in regard to such tiny boys and girls, but I know you'd have liked Dagnan's babies.

Down on his knees beside one of them is the country doctor in his black coat, a dark figure in this gay company. The baby is regarding him with a good deal of curiosity, the mother with some resignation. The truth is, he is vaccinating the baby, and all the others have come to wait their turn. So has the little girl of six, with the thin arms which belong to that age, and with the early gravity of an elder sister. "Vaccination" is the name of the picture. I don't think such a charming idyl was ever made out of that subject before. For, I assure you, it isn't the possibilities of small-pox which it puts into one's head. It's the quiet safety and happiness of neighbors in a little French town such as you and I know. And it's the calm feeling you have in a spacious room in summer, where the leisurely sounds of noon come in from the fields outside; and you know that plenty more of the long country day is still to come. There is more in the picture too; but Dagnan has said it once for all in his own fresh language, and there's no repeating it. You can't see this picture without liking its painter; and when you have found the little portrait of him, by his friend Courtois, you like him better than ever, and take great pleasure in seeing that he is a very young man.

So is Sargent a young man, and his work is perhaps the most striking in the Rue de Séze. You and I saw together his two Salon pictures, and were proud to think of him as our countryman, as we shared the general amazement and delight which they called forth. His principal painting here pleases me better still. The artist seems to have just taken you to the door of a room where four children are at play, in their clean white aprons and dark frocks. A voice behind you is saying, "Speak to Mr. Sargent, my dears"; and one of the little maids has boldly come forward to make her manners. But the youngest of them all, who is sitting on the floor with a big, pink-faced doll, is too shy to do more than look at the strangers from under her eyebrows; and the two elders are hanging back under the protection of two tall blue and white china vases. The child on the floor in front is of the size of life. As the other figures recede, they of course grow smaller. But it is not merely this common bit of per-

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spective which makes the room look real and deep, and the dainty little ladies look distant. The management of light and shade is so masterly that one is tempted to think that no other painter in France can do so much with the air and distance of a common room. We can't say that here, however; for Dagnan's picture hangs behind us, as we look at Sargent's. Neither can we say that there is no such colorist in France. But there seems to us to be no better, and there is no other colorist who solves the problems which Sargent has solved. The only painting I ever saw of which this reminds me is the "Maids of Honor," by Velasquez, at Madrid; but that is only because it is a real room, with real children looking out from its dark background. The work of the hand, though free in both, is of course entirely different in each; for Mr. Sargent has plenty of work of his own to do, without imitating even Velasquez.

These three pictures are the three I remember best in thinking of the Rue de Séze. You will wonder that I have not sooner spoken of a more famous painter than Edelfelt, Dagnan, or Sargent. Bastien-Lepage exhibits a number of pictures here. The finest of them, we thought, was a twilight evening at Damvillers, his own town. It is a wide street at the edge of the village; and, between two of the houses, you can see a bit of field with delicate bare trees in it against the violet sky. There's a little moon up above. Two country folks are hurrying home, not so fast that they can't snatch a minute's chat over their shoulders, as they pass each other. You can see the young girl's face quite plainly, if you like to look. You can't see the man's, for it's growing dark. Soon, we shall no longer make out the old cart yonder, nor the stone walls and dark roofs of the low village houses, only the bright blaze in one of the windows, and the rough gutter in the road reflecting the pale upper sky.

Cazin, too, has some beautiful landscapes. He shows us nothing very large or important, but gives us ten or twelve charming glimpses of country under the evening sky, or in that gray weather which we used to like in Normandy.

Duez has some fine things; and Courtois, besides his little portrait of Dagnan, has some admirably skillful ones. He and Dagnan are not so unlike in technique as they are in feeling. Your old friend, Jan van Beers, has a great deal of work there; but I don't think you'd have liked it. Well, there are plenty of other painters exhibiting in the Rue de Séze, but I've told you now

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of the men who made the whole world look different when we came out of the show. The commonplace people, gesticulating over their lunch in the smoky Duval, with the green bushes behind them, became as interesting as if Mr. Sargent had put them in a gold frame for us. What greater kindness can an artist do than to give our eyes, for a little while, the magic of his own; and to teach us to have what we like to see, by liking what we have to see? . . .

When I read this aloud in a studio you know of, up seven flights and looking out on the Seine, the company were not disposed to be contented with my observations. We had been making coffee there in competition with a neighbor of ours, who thinks he can do it as well as we. The guests were too kind and too diplomatic to decide whether his twelve-franc copper were more efficacious than our ninety-five centime tin. Miss Adams thinks ours was the better, Prosper thinks his was the more powerful. When it was growing dark, and we had lighted our colza lamp, and the candle in your candlestick, and the other candle in the bottle, I read them my letter.

"Oh, how horrid!" said Prosper. "How could you have left out Sargent's Venetian sketches, the most beautiful things I ever saw! They were far more interesting than his big portrait. I should already have spoken of those, if I'd left out everything else in the exhibition!"

"And you might have spoken of Bastien-Lepage's 'Forge,'" said Mary. "It's as fine a piece of painting as I ever saw of his. Nobody ever did anything like it before; and yet it's what we've all seen and wanted to paint all our lives."

"You might," said Miss Adams, in a gentle but severe voice, "have said more about Cazin."

"And you never said anything at all about Stott," said Mr. Harley.

"Nor about those beautiful pieces of sculpture," said Mrs. Lawrence.

"Dear me!" said I. "Louisa will never read such a long letter as it is now, and the main point of it she knows already."

"I suppose you mean," said Mary, "that the future of art in France is now in the hands of some very strong young men, who are likely to carry it higher and farther than most people think. Yes, she does know that. But we see it more plainly than ever before at the exhibition in the Rue de Séze." E. D. H.

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THINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

OUR WORKERS.

The Rev. D. W. Stevens, at our request, has kindly sent us an informal letter, giving some account of his work, and a few of his many letters from seamen, in order to bring us face to face with his mission and the men whom he is trying to serve. One sentence in his letter is worthy of being recorded in our memories, as we go forth to redeem the world: "*Continual personal interest in the every-day welfare* of our fellow-beings is worth more in the regeneration of the heart than revival songs or Sunday prayers." The italics are ours. This does not imply that songs and prayers are not good, but that the love, earnestness, and personal sympathy of the worker is what wins men and women to the truth. This we believe to be the secret of Mr. Stevens' power among these seamen. But we will let him speak for himself: —

VINEYARD HAVEN, March 12, 1883.

. . . Many changes have taken place here since I first began my work in behalf of seamen. One new town, Cottage City, has grown into being within the time. When I first came here, most of this new town on the opposite side of our harbor was nothing but a barren soil, fronting Vineyard Sound. The rapid increase of population so near the mission under my charge has changed the nature of my situation, and my work to a great extent. During the summer months, Cottage City is a watering place; and many of the thousands of people that flock there take short drives to the Unitarian Mission, some days two barge-loads at a time. Occasionally among these visitors are missionaries from remote places in the United States, at one time three women from Georgia. All of these have to receive due attention from time to time. Nothing of the sort connected with my work twelve years ago.

I have collected many relics of the Vineyard and elsewhere, which contribute pleasure to visitors and add an interest in the mission, not only to summer visitors, but also to seamen from our harbor. It requires something more than dry tracts and dry preaching to interest sailors, as well as other classes. Continued personal interest in the every-day wellfare of our fellow-beings is worth more in the regeneration of the heart than revival songs and Sunday prayers. Mere words of any sort are not distinguishing characteristics of Christianity, as I understand it; but good works unalloyed with selfishness are. Bodily relations must be observed as approaches to spiritual verities. As a living existence, body and soul are inseparable in this world. In order to benefit the soul, the

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body must not be ignored, otherwise missionary work is nearly futile. A temporary effusion of religious feeling may awaken a similar state of mind in others; but, as a general thing, the emotion soon fades away. Religious newspapers report conversions and reconversions, but seldom or never hopeless backsliding, where the physical and moral basis of Christianity was grossly neglected. A vile body is no dwelling for a pure spirit; and a union of immorality and religion constitutes a villanous compound, which has frequently disgraced the Christian name, and deceived the soul as to its true relations to both God and man. Hence, I try to apply to seamen and others Christianity as I understand it, without making a great fuss about it. How I have succeeded or failed others must judge by results.

I continue to hold two religious services in the seamen's chapel every Sunday, when bad weather does not prevent. The reading-room is supplied regularly with between twenty and thirty newspapers, as in years past. The seamen's library is still the largest in the county, and the only free one. Magazines, tracts, and other reading matter are distributed to sailors and others, as opportunity offers. For several years, I have acted as agent for the Shaw Asylum for Mariners' Children, the funds of which are used to aid children outside of the Asylum, which is located in Boston. Its whole support is derived from the income of a fund left by the late Robert G. Shaw, a good Unitarian. Out of this income, I distribute among poor children of sailors over eight hundred dollars yearly.

This month closes my sixteenth year of missionary work in this place; and I have several reports to write at the close of the year, besides attending to my usual work.

At your request, I enclose some extracts from sailors' letters, which I hope will be acceptable to you.

I believe I have been longer engaged in missionary work in one place than any person in America under Unitarian auspices. Brother Dall has been longer in India. Many thanks for the interest you have taken in my work. Yours most cordially and fraternally,

D. W. Stevens.

FROM BOSTON.

Mr. Stevens,— I think that your reading-room is a beautiful place. I have always found it the best Bethel place yet, although I have visited a number of them.

From Boston, I take pleasure in writing you a letter, showing you that I appreciate your friendship and kind regards to me, as never seeing me before. That little book called the *Homeward Path* I have read a great deal. It is a grand good book. I love to read such books, and hope I will profit by it. I am well aware that you are doing a good work, the interest you take in seafaring men, and hope you will be amply rewarded in heaven.

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FROM RICHMOND, VA.

Dear Sir,— I take this opportunity to express my thanks for your kindness in furnishing me with reading matter while I was at your house a short time ago. All on board have found it interesting; and I think, if there were more free reading-rooms, there would be less dissipation among seamen in general.

FROM COHASSET.

Mr. Stevens: Sir,— I take my pen in hand to write you a few lines to let you know that my family was very much pleased with them books you gave me when I was to your reading-room. My wife was much pleased with your Bible you gave me, and my little boy sends his thanks to you for his little book you sent him.

FROM SALISBURY'S COVE, ME.

Mr. Stevens: Dear Sir,— As I am at home this Sabbath day, and can find nothing more interesting to me than in writing to you to let you know that I still think it is a great institution, and worthy of much praise from the seafaring men; and I think it gives your people a good name, for I hear it talked a great deal about in different places. Those papers and tracts that you gave me when I was there was interesting for me to read. I spent a great many minutes that was useful to me in reading those tracts, which otherwise would have been spent in idleness. I now thank you and your people a thousand times, and hope you will prosper in your good work. I am now at home enjoying myself right well, and am now going to school.

ON SHIPBOARD.

Mr. D. W. Stevens: Dear Sir,— I have been in nearly all havens or ports between Maine and Texas, and I feel it a duty to say that I have not found a place so nearly to the wants of seamen as yours; and I believe that those that contribute to it will do much good. I hope they will see such encouragement that they will continue their good work.

From the widow of a sea captain who was in the Marine Hospital here, but died soon after leaving: —

Your work is one of great good to the seamen, and my husband spoke of it as being just what was needed at that place. It was a work that his heart and hand was always in, while he lived. It was his delight to praise his God, and live and do for others.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

*Mozley's Reminiscences of Oxford.**

The introduction to this book is original, to say the least. We will venture to say that none but an Englishman could have written it. We can see in our minds this rector, breezy, muscular,

* Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

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blunt, active, and scholarly, as he may have been in his young days; now with the sight of one eye gone, his friends dropping away around him, dashing away a tear, and then alert, up to the mark, writing out these little memories, touching you by his plain truth and candor, and convincing you in a second, by the quiet force of his own unerring assertions, and, what is better far, best instincts. These reminiscences are scrappy, but he tells you so beforehand. Pen photographs they are, struck off in the sunlight and shade of old memories.

The writer is not always fair, however. We do not like the way he talks about Maria Edgeworth. How easy it is to call anything a failure, because it suited another age than yours, or does not suit the mood of your own mind! But many of his off-hand judgments are good. In speaking of an old master, Churton by name, he says, "He did not say much; but he said it gently, and in a way to reach your understanding." Thackeray exclaimed: "I do love that man. Tell me where he is that I may fall down and kiss his toe." The old teacher was dead, however, before this book was written. Some of the subjects are still living, but the writer is generally good-natured toward them. Many of these men are unknown to us; but their lives help out the patchwork of reminiscences, and give the writer a chance in his garrulous way, to make portraits at a stroke of the brush, and also to keep up the continuity of the history.

Some of these Churchmen do not give us an exalted idea of the piety of the Church. What sort of a Churchman is our annalist? In good standing, unquestionably. He talks free and easily about evangelicals and Low Church and dissent and Oxford heresies, but what is he at the bottom of his heart? We know not yet.

J. H. Newman runs like a fine beautiful thread through the book. He appears to have faintly objected to Mozley's reminiscences of himself, and questions his correctness; but Mozley informs him that he remembers things better than he (Newman) does, and goes on his way. Some of his touches of character are truly charming and forcible. One man is like those "sons of the gods who care for everything and everybody. There is no wealth like sympathy: it is inexhaustible." His ecclesiastics do not always show much devotion to their parishes, but he attributes this a good deal to the state of the times and livings. The sketches of the Wilberforces are very interesting; the four

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sons hanging around their aged father, the great philanthropist, with such affection and veneration. We come again upon Newman and the first faint dawnings of the Oxford movement. Yet Newman was as yet only a beautiful, pious soul, weary of the earthiness of the college, not dreaming what results would grow out of the choice spirits he gathered around him.

The contrast which the writer draws between the "High Church" pastor and the "evangelical" is in strong colors, but in the main, we suspect, correct,— the former living modestly, and ministering in the homes of his people; the latter getting up meetings, having his name in the papers, and shutting salvation in to a very few. We are coming to a consciousness in this country that these very ritualistic people, with their trappings and ceremonies, so unwelcome to Puritan stock, are really doing Christ-like work among the poor and unfortunate. Here, we get at the writer's own mind in a delightful way, which is what we have been wanting. He says: "This [other] system [the evangelical] puts the character of Jesus Christ entirely out of account. . . . All that is tender, touching, all that appeals to our higher and nobler feelings, . . . was thrown aside from the real point at issue; namely, whether we ourselves are personally saved." Our writer is plainly of neither party, but of the broad universal Church of Christ. In another place, he says kindly, as if half reproachful of his own judgments, "Yet I know well, there are men who stand on the Prayer Book, and yet are untrue to it; and in like manner there are men who can be happily untrue to the most foolish dogma ever invented by man."

The *Tracts for the Times* appear. Newman is smothered almost under his own inferior disciples, who multiply treatises. Our young preacher loves him, and helps scatter the tracts through a smiling country, on horseback, giving us many rural scenes and portraits of sleepy parsons and wide-awake farmers.

One extreme begets the opposite. The liberal church party springs up, and talks about abolishing the "thirty-nine articles." So the ferment goes on. Newman does not proselyte in any narrow way, but quietly draws those young men around him who were serious. The sprigs of nobility were hard to get hold of. They loved racing and fox-hunting better. Mr. Mozley says dryly of them: "They must be treated as exceptional and foreign by the most courageous law-makers of the country. But they have hearts. A time arrives when they are no longer young. A

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bitter experience has reduced them to the level of a common humanity." It is impossible not to admire Newman as Mr. Mozley does. Newman always expected the best of everybody. He was unworldly, simple in his tastes, yet not unpractical. When he built a church, he would not spend a cent more than he had, and let the ornaments go. He did not push noisily, and yet he managed to send his tracts all over the kingdom. In defending Hampden, who in his Bampton lectures was accused of borrowing from Blanco White, etc., Mr. Mozley says, "There is no such folly . . . as the silly pride of doing things quite by one's self, without assistance." We have some *naïve* pictures of this same Blanco, also of Whately, whom the writer likes to give a poke occasionally. Tolerant as Mr. Mozley means to be, he cannot help talking about a "greasy-faced dissenting minister"; but he hits pretty squarely all around. There is a realism about the whole book quite attractive to all except probably to the subjects or their relatives. Keble chimes into the book with a sweet rhythm; and the elder Froude appears early, sinking by the way. The aversion of Gladstone and S. Wilberforce to Hampden, the Bampton lecturer, and their apologies afterward, show how the best men join the cry against a book without having really read it. Much of the talk in these *Reminiscences* has interest chiefly for the men and society concerned in that epoch, but the book is full of sentiments which are well worth possessing for their profound truth or simple beauty. In speaking of the importance of what is called "good manners in society," which many never learn, the writer says, "All that is required is to be quick of tongue, simple, and kind." He has some forcible words about "voice, look, and manner" in public speakers. "Strange," he says, "that, when voice is such a power, it should be so little cultivated." But, after all, although cultivation is important, it is the natural voice we think that charms the world. Here closes the first volume of this attractive book, and space will not allow us at present to enter on the second.

We have received the Tenth Annual Report of the Association for the Advancement of Women, which held its last meeting in October last at Portland, Me. As usual, the authorities of the place put themselves, in Spanish style, at the disposition of their guests. The associated and local press did all in their power to report the meetings to the general public. The ladies were asked

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to visit the "Old Ladies' Home," a musical entertainment was given them, and they were invited by the directors of the Portland & Ogdensburg Railroad to visit the White Mountain Notch. About eighty ladies availed themselves on Saturday of this agreeable invitation.

Many interesting reports of woman's development were read by ladies representing a large number of States in this Union, and the regular papers offered and discussed were able and interesting. The subjects were "The Rights of Children," "Women in the Industrial Arts," "The Chinese Question from a Woman's Stand-point," "Women in Utah," "Political Economy," etc.

The reports were all very valuable. Mrs. Martha N. McKay, in her report of the Committee on Art, quotes a fine passage from a letter of Mrs. E. D. Cheney, in which the latter says: "The work of the artist remains to me the expression of the eternal in life,—that which we shall never lose in all the ages of future being. The decorative art of our time is full of follies, but still if we could go through them to a real decorative art, based upon fitness and the expression of noble thoughts and beautiful feelings in the surroundings of common life, what a great step we should have taken!"

Miss Mary F. Eastman says, among other things, in her report of the Committee on Education, "One can, nowadays, go into scarcely a city or town without finding young ladies—graduates from colleges and other institutions of learning—and women of maturer years, who are organizing themselves for study in the lines of their several tastes or aptitudes; and the earnestness with which this work is often pursued makes their achievements a valuable part of the educational growth of the country as it is a stimulus to those who follow."

Mrs. Colby, of Nebraska, in speaking of women's organizations at the West, says, "One who has been engaged in this work may readily discern the increase in mental strength, and the better disciplined powers of the women who have been active in their various societies."

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union seems to be looked upon as a powerful educational agency; and one lady from Colorado pays it a fine tribute, saying that "it is a school in which women learn to combine influence, how to work together with judgment and earnestness, and how to express themselves readily

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and precisely, how to conduct meetings after approved methods. It is, in short, a training school for future citizens."

Mrs. K. G. Wells', the Secretary's, general report is compact and comprehensive, touching upon all these valuable papers. The association seems to be growing more and more in public favor each year.

The recent No and Yes vote in regard to temperance and the license question, has called out some of our ministers to speak words which have the right ring to them. Such is the pamphlet which Rev. E. J. Young, of Waltham, Mass., has sent us, being a vigorous address delivered before the Temperance Union in that place, on Feb. 18, 1883.

GLEANINGS.

For some years past, Ash Wednesday has been celebrated at the King's Weigh House Chapel, London, by a gathering of a hundred persons or more who are engaged in what is called the Theatrical Business. This seems truly a Christian work without any patronizing or condemnatory criticisms of the stage. The majority of persons at the recent occasion were young men and women and children, and are of course drawn from the humbler walks of the theatre, and the ones most needing attention. A tea was served, and each one received a pretty bouquet from the flower mission of the chapel. This tea was provided by the generosity of Mr. George Williams. After supper, a religious service was held. The Earl of Shaftesbury was expected to preside; but he was kept away by illness, and Mr. Williams took his place. The addresses appear to have been of a cheerful order, emphasizing the fact that there was no gloom in religion; and, in order to make the occasion a bright one, some ladies and gentlemen, fine amateur singers, contributed to the entertainment of the company, which applauded heartily. Other gentlemen spoke about Mrs. Siddons, of her splendid voice and manner, of her reverence for religion, and how she once went into a little rural chapel and melted the people to tears by her manner of reading the Scriptures. The English people are feeling more and more the importance of all these side influences for winning the unchurched to religion.

The "Blue Ribbon" temperance movement has created some narrow sectarian feeling of exclusion from petty religionists; but the greater part who have joined it show no such party feeling,

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and it numbers among its members all classes, from the highest nobility down to the humblest day laborer. Canon Farrar has come out strong on the subject of temperance in his public address, which was applauded for its ringing, manly words. Mr. Rylands, member of Parliament, has also expressed earnest views on the subject.

The Dress Reform movement, emanating from high circles in England, through Lady Harberten, to which we have alluded a year or more ago, appears to have come to the front again. The papers make great fun of the "divided skirt," which is advocated, saying that it is only a milder term for trousers; but the ladies and gentlemen physicians connected with the movement will probably not be frightened, and may bring about some beneficial changes in woman's dress. Their great hope, we believe, is to give permanency to some simple, healthful styles, and thus prevent that constant change of fashions, which is so alluring and yet harassing to many women.

The proposed memorial to the good Archbishop of Canterbury, we believe, is to be a recumbent statue in the cathedral, and also the inauguration of some religious houses in his name. The meeting to carry out these projects seems to have commanded the sympathy of all sects of Christians, so genial and fair-minded was this honored prelate.

The friends of Mr. Ruskin seem to be much pleased at his return to a professorship. The general impression appears to be, that he has worried himself out and vexed the public in things which he does not know much about, or at least is not fitted for, and that now he has returned to his early love. The reports say, that his crowded lecture-rooms show that he has more influence than ever with the students at Oxford.

MARTHA P. LOWE.

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REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

Bible Myths, and their Parallels in Other Religions. Being a Comparison of the Old and New Testament Myths and Miracles with those of Heathen Nations of Antiquity, considering also their Origin and Meaning.

The above rather cumbersome title introduces a volume of nearly six hundred pages, published by J. W. Bouton of New York, but without the name of the author. The author ought to wish that his name may never be discovered, or, not until he shall be able to issue a corrected edition of his present work. It is matter of sincere regret that so much good time and honest labor and large reading should have gone to the elaboration of so interesting a theme, and, its product be a medley of quotations, and rash comments upon them, which destroys the usefulness of the book for the very class for whom it was intended, those who are not able, through lack of time or opportunity, to make research through this field of literature. That the book is meant for the ill-informed is shown by the voluminous foot-notes which define common terms and explain the simplest references. It is difficult to determine a starting-point from which to enter upon the examination of such a work in a brief notice. Its defects are so many and its theme so large, that it would be easier to pronounce it useless and pass on to more important works; but, it is the sort of book which will fall into the hands of young men inclined to doubt everything which comes in the name of authority, and for whom such works as this contribute a few bits more of disconnected fact for their kaleidoscopic minds, making new combinations possible, and no combination more than accidental.

Perhaps the first consideration ought to be whether such a work as this proceeds scientifically to consider the subject. If this cannot be shown, the whole process is vitiated. The first thing, then, which impresses the reader is the unscientific temper in which it is written. The attitude of the writer is that of one absolutely *incredulous*, when he faces the literature contained in the Hebrew Scriptures and the Christian Scriptures, and *absolutely credulous* when he faces any other way. To examine his subject, he must be fair to all documents from all sources, and

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subject all to the same canon of criticism, abiding simply by the facts. The moment such a scientific inquiry takes on the tone of a special pleader, that moment it becomes unscientific and sectarian. The author falls into the trap which is set for the "credulity of the incredulous."

The literary furnishing of this writer seems incomplete. He is scrupulous in referring his quotations to their authors; but this care, and "the list of authors and books quoted" which introduces the discussion, show how far from exhaustive his research has been. In the controversy upon the Scriptures (Hebrew and Christian) now in progress, this writer seems never to have considered the contributions of Ewald to the subject of Biblical criticism. Kuenen he mentions in a foot-note as the author of a *Religion of Israel.* In this foot-note, names are brought together, as confirming the position of the writer, in a manner wholly uncritical. Otherwise, he seems not to know of Kuenen except as connected with *The Bible for Learners*, as on the other hand he recognizes Delitzsch (whose name he even misspells) only as associated with Keil in the commentary which bears their name. His list of authorities makes no mention of Wilkinson, Lenormant, Brugsch, Lepsius, Ebers, Rougé, and many others. And, among those who are named, the chief stress is laid upon the least important,—in most cases, men who have not made original research at all. For instance, in the discussion of *The Religion of Israel*, Knappert's little manual is appealed to again and again. Now, however good a book this may be considered, it is a compend, a manual, and so is of no account as ground of appeal, all its statements requiring verification first, if they are to be used as authoritative. "Verify your quotations," is an item of advice which the author of *Bible Myths* seems to think adopted, when he has given the name of an author and the page in his book, without any estimate of the author's standing among experts in his department of research.

This is notably seen in the way in which the writer flings himself upon the conclusions of Ernest de Bunsen, as of authority, quoting voluminously from the works of this author and putting forward Bunsen's learned romances as unquestionably of scientific accuracy and final ground of appeal. Bunsen certainly did write two very earnest and learned works, *The Angel-Messiah* and *The Hidden Wisdom of Christ;* but he worked as a newspaper editor might, who would gather together all the "asso-

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ciate press despatches" from all over the world, and produce from them an entertaining and brilliant "fiction based on fact." The conclusions of Bunsen have no standing among critics of the New Testament literature. They constitute, therefore, a very insecure reliance for the author of *Bible Myths.* Of the Chevalier Bunsen, father of this interesting and brilliant advocate of the development theory as applied to Buddhists, Essenes, and Christians, our author seems to be unaware.

The dependence upon Ernest de Bunsen is only one illustration of the reckless way in which the writer gathers his information. The literary standing of his authorities, their accuracy as searchers in archæology and kindred fields of inquiry, the chronology which is so important an element in the genesis of myths, and the records which preserve them, the argument in favor of the view which he opposes,—all these things are almost wholly ignored. But this sort of recklessness reaches a climax when he quotes "Epiphanius, a Christian bishop and writer of the fourth century," followed by "Thus, we see that, according to Christian authority, the Essenes and Therapeutes are one, and that the Essenes espoused the cause of Jesus of Nazareth, accepting him as an Angel-Messiah, and became known to history as Christians, or believers in the Anointed Angel." This is really too bad. It is, however, perfectly consistent with the whole method of the volume, that the ignorant, vindictive, and heresy-hunting Epiphanius should have been brought to bear upon the theories of the author of *Bible Myths.*

These are a few among many defects in a book which is like a bog, having here and there a tussock on which you get good footing, but leaving you rather in doubt, how deep you will go in, if you should step beyond it.

It is a useless book to the scholar, and an unreliable and dangerous guide to the unlearned. The theme is a good one: the treatment only embarrasses and obscures the theme.

T. R. SLICER.

*An Introduction to the History of Religions.**

One of the needs of the hour in English religious literature is a compendious work on the study of religions, as candid scholars are now studying them. A satisfactory brief exposition of the methods followed and the principles held by the distinguished

* *Prolégomènes de l'Histoire des Religions.* Par A. Réville. Deuxiéme edition. Paris, 1881.

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students of man's religious development, whose voluminous works on the various faiths of the world fill many shelves, has not yet been written in English; while we have several small volumes on the separate religions, of excellent merits. Mr. Rhys David's little book on Buddhism, indeed, is a model. But Max Müller's *Science of Religion* by no means meets the need I have indicated, of a work traversing the whole ground of man's religious history briefly and scientifically. The title of the book is a mistake, there being no such thing as a science of a sentiment; and Müller is not a trustworthy guide, in spite of his gift of popular exposition. Until the right book is written in our tongue, it is a pleasure to commend to all who can read easy French a volume of some three hundred and twenty pages by the eminent Dr. Réville, now Professor of the History of Religion in the Collége of France at Paris. Published in 1881, the book is "the reproduction in a condensed form" of lectures given in 1880, as an "exposition of the principles and of the tendency which direct" Dr. Réville's "researches in a domain where the confusions of ideas and of words are as easy as frequent." He does not think that the very real sympathy which he professes for the subject is any hindrance to the treatment of it in a strictly scientific spirit. "On the contrary," he says,—and his words may be commended to all who wish to teach theology scientifically,—"I believe that the love of religion in itself, like the love of nature to the naturalist, like the love of art to the theorist of the beautiful, is indispensable to the historian of religions." In the first half of the volume, the author reviews the phenomena of religion in the most general way, seeking at the outset for a definition which shall include the multitude of diverse forms under which it has appeared. He follows Servius and Augustine in deriving the word itself from *religare*, "to bind back," rather than from *relegere*, "to recollect" or "to read over," and defines the thing as follows: "Religion is the determination of human life by the feeling of a bond uniting the human spirit to the mysterious Spirit, the mastery of which over the world and over himself man recognizes, and to which he loves to feel himself united." This definition, justified at length by an appeal to history and to consciousness, seems far better than Schleiermacher's bare "sense of dependence," even when qualified by Schenkel as "ethically induced," though it lacks the merit of brevity. After declaring the reason for rejecting the notion of a primitive

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revelation and a primitive tradition and other *a priori* ideas as contrary to all sound conceptions of development, and after tracing the main lines of the religious evolution, Dr. Réville classifies all religions as either polytheistic or monotheistic, and proceeds in the second part of the work to expound with great felicity of illustration the offices of the "Myth," the Symbol and the Rite, Sacrifice, the Priesthood, Prophecy (meaning the free preaching of morality and religious faith), and Religious Authority. These six chapters are followed by other six, discussing with rapid keenness the relations of Religion to Theology, Philosophy, Morals, Art, Civilization, and Science. Under all these headings, readers of the author's previous works will expect and will not be disappointed in finding the plain evidence of wide scholarship and philosophic candor. Let these three sentences exhibit this latter quality. Speaking of fanaticism, he says (page 234): "The butchers have been no less teachers than the victims. That men, incapable of crime of any other kind, should have let themselves be carried away even into frightful cruelties, practised against those whom they accused of denying the truth, proves the value they set upon it; and we may with good right ask if the passionate love of truth in every direction, which has made modern science, would have been possible, or at least would have become very common, if Europe had not passed through centuries of intolerance. The fact is that antiquity knew this noble passion in a much less degree than we." (Dr. Kuenen makes the same observation in his late volume of lectures.) Pregnant remarks like this abound: "Catholicism is the expansion of the Christian idea: Protestantism is its concentration."

One cannot but wish that a manual so scientific and philosophic in its tone, so reverent and sympathetic in its treatment, and written with the enchanting clearness of exposition which seems a native gift in the French mind, may soon be translated into our tongue, and find a wide circle of readers. It represents most admirably what is to be the abiding thought and temper of instructed Christians. N. P. G.

The Laws of Life after the Mind of Christ. By John Hamilton Thom. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. London.

This volume of discourses is dedicated "To Rev. James Martineau, LL.D., D.D., and William B. Carpenter, C.B., F.R.S., M.D., LL.D., as respectively representing the ministers and laymen at whose desire it has been published." The dedication

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is quoted here for the benefit of those who may turn aside from "only another volume of sermons," and to remind them that what Dr. Martineau prizes cannot be wanting in philosophical acumen or Christian spirit, and that what seems strong and true to Dr. Carpenter cannot be inconsistent with scientific research, as sermons, and theology generally, are too often considered. The volume of sermons thus introduced is worthy of its inscription. "The laws of life" are here most practically enforced, and "the mind of Christ" reverently disclosed. It is a genuine contribution to Christian theism. Free enough for the most liberal, unless they are "the slaves of their own liberty"; and Christian enough for those who cling most tenaciously to that name. It would be as unfair to quote from these sermons, where all is worthy, as to read them continuously, where so much is suggestive of meditation and brooding review. It is a book to keep by one. The layman who reads it, when he cannot hear the spoken word, is exceptionally fortunate in his preacher, if he be not the gainer by absence; and the preacher who can read it without being stirred to better speech must be an enlightened man beyond the lot of most. That such a volume should be desired in England by Unitarian ministers and laymen is as much a proof of discernment in those who ask as of strength in him who answers. T. R. S.

The Life and Times of St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Primate of the Britains. By Martin Rule. 2 vols. London: Kegan Paul & Co., 1883.

Next April commemorates the eighth century of Archbishop Anselm, equally honored as a theologian, a churchman, and a saint,— equally remarkable for sweetness of spirit and independence of act, for transparent simplicity of character and inflexible adherence to duty. Briefly alluding to his memorable contributions to Christian doctrine, especially to his change of the atonement from a payment to the devil into a discharge of the sinner's debt to God, Mr. Rule's long labor of love is devoted to the manifestation of Anselm's unaffected lowliness, the unflinching fidelity of his convictions, the energy of his self-sacrifice, the attractive elements of a real saintship.

The severity of early discipline nearly cost him his life; and his mature view of such training has come down to us through these eight centuries, in his interview with an abbot who com-

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plained that whipping only made the boys worse. Anselm converted him to milder discipline by saying, "Were you to wall in a tree so that it could not spread its boughs at all, and years after you should find it crooked and useless, whose fault would it be? So would it turn out with boys with the same severity."

His mother had devoted him to the Church as another Samuel, but his father could not bear the thought of giving up a son of such promise to a cloister's obscurity. So the young canon fled from a princely home to the poverty, silence, seclusion of a Benedictine convent in Normandy. But, as years develop his combined sweetness and power, the brethren want to make him their abbot. He resists with all his strength. At last, they worry him to surrender, refusing to hear his objections and remaining upon their knees hour after hour in prayer.

The next proof of his humility, still more protracted, was justified by the condition of affairs. Obliged to visit England on business for his convent, the vacant Archbishopric of Canterbury is pressed upon him not by the king alone, not merely by bishops lamenting the desolation of the Church under a half-heathen oppressor, but by all ranks and conditions of men,—because his acceptance would stop the confiscation of church property, save Norman abbeys from royal persecution, end the degradation of the English clergy, and bring the Christianity of the kingdom into sympathy with the Church Universal.

Though Anselm makes the sick king repent of his church spoliation, he absolutely refuses year after year to become the spiritual head of England, even when the bishops force the crozier into his hand and drag him through some ceremony of consecration,—against his expostulation that they were yoking an untamed bull with a weary old sheep. At length, the seeming penitence of the king and the increasing distress of the English Church overcame his four years' resistance; and the sixteen years of succeeding struggle justify all his foreboding. His very first offering of five hundred pounds is rejected scornfully by the needy king, who visits upon his devoted head insults which no other bishop was brave enough to share, and exile with peril of life. Loyalty to the Pope was part of his religion. He was willing to hold his church lands in subservience to his sovereign, but his investment in his sacred office must be from the head of the Church alone. So he determined to visit Rome for Urban's counsel in reconciling his obligation of homage to William with

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his earlier duty of obedience to the Pope. His back was hardly turned before church reform was turned backward, the tenantry were starved, the forests were sold, all that seemed to be gained was lost. Was it to be expected that these Norman despots would surrender part of their administration to foreign ruler as grasping and as feeble as Urban?

Anselm triumphed only to renew the struggle with the Red King's brother, and to conquer after another exile by the terror of excommunication, winning to himself the right of receiving the crozier from the Pope alone, while the king's right of appointment was admitted.

One cannot but admire the sweetness of temper with which a man worshipped by all England, sought eagerly by scholars of all lands, revered even as a worker of miracles, endured every kind of insult from a barbarous court and ruthless kings. His dauntless persistence in what was only partly a just cause shows that "power itself hath not half the might of gentleness," that the greatest of heroes is sometimes the saint. His patient firmness was too much for the choleric Henry I., whose crown Anselm at one time saved by an appeal to the assembled barons, who at last welcomed him back to the summit of spiritual power, as he had been sixteen years at the summit of episcopal sanctity in England.

Among many dramatic touches by this new biography, one of the last is the representation of this palsied ascetic of three-and-seventy facing the choleric Norman in the fulness of brute strength, and overcoming him by a patience that was sublime, and a sweetness that was angelic.

Dorner on the Future State. Being a Translation of the Section of his System of Christian Doctrine, comprising the Doctrine of the Last Things, with an Introduction and Notes. By Newman Smyth, author of *Orthodox Theology of To-day*, etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883. pp. 145.

This full title-page well describes the volume. All who are interested in knowing what Dr. Dorner believes respecting the future life, and cannot read German, will welcome the book. Dr. Smyth writes an introduction of forty-four pages to enable the reader to understand the essay of Dr. Dorner, which covers but one hundred and ten. This proves that Dr. Smyth thinks Dr. Dorner is very obscure. Perhaps it is of much less consequence what Dr. Dorner believes than some writers appear to think. He hopes for the best, though he thinks the worst is possible. This is about what is inferable from this book.

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This REVIEW aims to serve the interests of religion in presenting the best and broadest views of Liberal Christianity, and meeting the demands of current scholarship and criticism. Its position is that of reverent discipleship to Jesus Christ, positive affirmation of the being and parental character of God, recognition of his perpetual working in nature and history, and the culmination of historic revelations in the Hebrew and Christian line. While hospitable to all thoughtful and reverent conviction, the REVIEW will discuss the topics of modern thought from the stand-point of theism and rational Christianity. Giving no bonds to utter any sectarian shibboleth, and speaking as the mouthpiece of no ecclesiastical body, it will emphasize the conviction that the interests of religion, as its essential truths, demand the development and extension of more spiritual and practical, and less dogmatic and ecclesiastical forms of religion, from the simple basis of the faith and life of the New Testament; and that the most hopeful direction for its advance and adjustment with human intelligence is marked by the main positions of Unitarian Christianity. At the same time, it recognizes the necessity of enlarging the outlook, broadening the sympathies, deepening the religious purpose, and making more spiritually alive, devoted, and aggressive our Unitarian Liberalism, if it is to become the refuge and helper of an age in which religion is tossed between the extremes of Agnostic indifference or hostility and the discredited assumptions of Orthodox traditionalism. The REVIEW will welcome and promote every movement looking to the harmony of scientific thought and Christian faith, and seeking to promote the co-operation of all who can stand together on the simple basis of Christian theism and discipleship. It will strive to quicken interest in moral themes, in the culture of the religious life, in the enterprises of philanthropy and wise reform, and the Christian activities of the age.

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Reviews of important theological and religious publications, and notices of current literature, will form an important department of the REVIEW; and all books or magazines received will be promptly acknowledged in the list of publications received.

Mrs. Charles Lowe will continue to prepare Notes on Things at Home and Abroad.

A Sermon on some living topic of Christian faith or duty will usually appear in each number.

Under the head of CHURCH AND MINISTRY, current movements and events of denominational interest will be briefly summarized.

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UNITARIAN REVIEW,

141 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON.

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MAY 8 1883

UNITARIAN REVIEW

AND

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX. MAY, 1883. No. 5.

THE ART OF RAPHAEL.*

If there is hereafter any lack of understanding or appreciation of the personality or art of Raphael on the part of English readers, it will not be because the literature of the subject is not sufficient for their needs. The *Raphael* of M. Eugène Muntz, the Librarian of the Ecole Nationale des Beaux-Arts, has been translated by a competent hand. It is a quarto volume of six hundred and twenty-one pages; and there can be little worth our knowing in regard to Raphael, his life, his art, or his environment, that is not here set down. M. Muntz is diligence personified. He is not a brilliant or suggestive writer. He inclines to be conventional and academic in his admirations. For criticism that is thoughtful or penetrating or exasperating, we must go to Clément or Taine or Rio or Ruskin or Poynter. But M. Muntz gives us all the facts. The order of Raphael's development, the chronology of his works, the circumstances

* *Raphael, his Life, Works, and Times.* From the French of Eugène Muntz, Librarian of the Ecole Nationale des Beaux-Arts. Illustrated with one hundred and fifty-four engravings in the text and forty-three full-page plates. Edited by Walter Armstrong, B.A. Oxon. London: Chapman & Hall. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Co. 1882.

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under which they were produced, their composition and more obvious external qualities,—all of these things he sets forth in a flowing and engaging style. Moreover, his text is fortified by some two hundred illustrations,—one hundred and fifty-four in the text and forty-three full-page photographs, and other reproductions. The full-page illustrations are the least satisfactory, with some remarkable exceptions, —notably, the frontispiece, a line engraving after one of Raphael's drawings, which is a dream of beauty, and several reproductions of drawings in red chalk and sepia in corresponding tints which bring us very near the heart of the great master. The illustrations in the text make up a world extremely novel in comparison with that of the photographs and heliotypes which are a majority of the full-page illustrations, and it is not more novel than it is suggestive and inspiring. Many of these illustrations are representative of Raphael's sketches for his greatest works, some of them of sketches which were never taken up into the completed pictures that we know. The genius of Raphael is nowhere more impressive and alluring than in this dim half-world of shadowy suggestions. His immense fertility finds exactly here its amplest demonstration.

America was not the only world that was discovered as the fifteenth century drew near its close. A world of art, before unknown and unimagined, then began to lift itself into men's wondering and astonished gaze. The Columbuses and Cabots and Vespuccis of this great event were Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Raphael, Giorgione, Andrea del Sarto, Correggio, Fra Bartolomeo. It was a continent of beauty that they brought to light. "In New Hampshire," said Emerson, "the mountains are lofty, but the men are mean." The opposite was true of the new continents which Leonardo, Angelo, and Raphael sought and found. The mountains, and indeed the aspects of nature generally, were of slight importance. But the men and women were a race of almost more than mortal strength and beauty. The most splendid period of the art which had this human glory was not of long continuance. If, as

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Taine does, we reckon it roughly at fifty years, we must allow that such a morning star as Luca Signorelli might well have been mistaken for the rising sun, and that the afterglow, illuminated by such names as Veronese and Tintoretto, was almost as bright as day. Indisputably, the four greatest masters at the point of liveliest incandescence were Michael Angelo and Leonardo and Titian and Raphael. To three of these was granted length of days. Leonardo, born in 1452, died in 1519. Michael Angelo, born in 1475, died in 1564. Titian, born in 1477, died in 1576. For Raphael there was no such temporal opportunity as these enjoyed. Born in 1483, in the same year with Martin Luther, as if the Omniscient Power foresaw what barrenness of art the Reformation would entail and hastened to redress the scales, he died in 1520, aged thirty-seven, his birth and death occurring on Good Friday, the latter on the 6th of April, the former on the 28th of March. But such was the diligence of this happy spirit, looking upon whose almost girlish face we should expect no such persistency as from his glorious peers, that he has left to us a sum of work which would have seemed astonishing, if he had had the nine and ninety years of Titian. Judge how astonishing it is in view of the pathetic brevity of his career.

My purpose is to give some little indication of the outward course of Raphael's experience, and incidentally to draw out some conclusion as to the relative significance of the different phases of his development as an artist, and of the whole to that great movement called the Renaissance, of which he was the softest-shining star, and one of four in that great constellation which can never set.

Raphael as an artist was to the manner born. His father before him was devoted to "the admirable art of painting," as he called it, and has sometimes been pronounced an artist hardly inferior to Perugino, the leading representative of that Umbrian School from which Raphael drew his earliest inspiration. But, in this judgment, we have, I am persuaded, some reflected radiance of Raphael's fame illuminating the pallid tints and wooden contours of his father's

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art. Urbino, which is now one of the squalidest of those Italian cities from which life has ebbed away, was populous and rich and famous in the fifteenth century. Like Jerusalem, it was "beautiful for situation," high set among the Apennines on a bold cliff above a brawling stream, with glimpses of the Adriatic visiting its eastward view. The ducal governor was emphatically a man of the Renaissance. He kept a crowd of artists and of learned men about him. He built a sumptuous palace, and filled its rooms and corridors with statues and with paintings. So to the surroundings of Raphael, as the son of the artist and poet Giovanni Santi, were added those of the beautiful mountain city as an artistic inspiration.

When Raphael was eight, his mother died; but the domestic vacancy thus made was quickly filled. The father died in 1494, and the new mother and a paternal priestly uncle fell to bickering over the property. Thereupon, Simone Chiarla, a maternal uncle, sent him to Perugia, not far away, to study under the eye of Perugino. This event did not, however, take place till 1499, when Raphael was sixteen years old. What he was doing in the interval between his father's death and his studies under Perugino is still undiscovered. One of the notions is that he was studying with Luca Signorelli, but we may be very sure that he was not. He was exceedingly impressible, and the manner of Signorelli, only less terrible than that of Michael Angelo, would certainly have left its mark upon his early work. But there is no such mark. It is interesting to imagine how different the work of Raphael would have been, if his youthful studies had been with the great pagans, Signorelli or Mantegna, instead of with Perugino, the least pagan artist of his time, only less tender in his Christian sentiment than Fra Angelico.

The art of Perugino cannot easily be made to harmonize with the received idea of his character or with our knowledge of his social and political environment. It was quite possible for a man who had broken with the religious tradition of the fifteenth century to go on painting ecclesias-

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tical pictures, and give to them a more religious accent than the art of his more orthodox contemporaries had commonly to show. I find no incongruity between the holy calm, the innocent sweetness of Perugino's faces, and his refusal of a confessor on his dying-bed. "I wish to see," he said, "how it fares with a man who has not been confessed." But the pictures of Perugino do not suggest a man who was not merely sceptical, but selfish and grasping, revengeful and malicious. This "noble, gracious, quiet laborer," as Ruskin calls him, was insanely jealous of the growing fame of other men, and could waylay an enemy with fell intent as unscrupulously as Cellini or a Borgia. Turner was miserably sordid; but he did not, like Perugino, prostitute his art for money. When Raphael entered Perugino's studio, he had well-nigh reached the limits of his power. He had lost the freshness of his early inspiration. Henceforth, he was a manufacturer of saints. He knew what people liked; and he went on producing certain stereotyped forms of meek-eyed loveliness with "damnable iteration." But the contrast is not more remarkable between the art of Perugino and his personal life than between his art and the political and social circumstances out of which bloomed its pale and scentless flowers. Perugia was a city given over to the most characteristic animalisms and ferocities of the Middle Age. The Baglionis murdered their enemies in its spacious squares and noble churches, and, issuing from their high and rocky eminence, made a wide track of desolation. Slaughter and pillage were as necessary to their happiness as sleep and food. But the art associated with these brutal manners was an art so placid and serene that it suggests an era of conventual purity and calm. No drop of all the blood let out by the fierce Baglioni stains the white radiance of Francia's martyrs and Madonnas. It is not otherwise with Perugino. "What this artist seems to have aimed at was to create for the soul amid the pomps and passions of this world a resting-place of contemplation tenanted by saintly and seraphic beings. No pain comes near the folk of his celestial city. No longing poisons their repose. They are

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not weary, and the wicked trouble them no more. Their cheerfulness is no less perfect than their serenity. Like the shades of Hellas, they have drunk Lethean waters from the river of content, and all remembrance of things sad or harsh has vanished from their minds." *

Such was the art to which Raphael at the age of sixteen submitted his impressible genius. For five years (not nine, as commonly reported) he remained in Perugino's study, with only occasional sallies into a larger world. All that the art of Perugino had to give he took with an ungrudging hand, its technical skill equal to any of the time in drawing and in color, its sweet solemnity. Such works of his as have come down to us from this period of pupilage are painted as if the thrifty master held his boyish hand. All through his Tuscan period, which succeeded in 1504 to his long Umbrian apprenticeship, whatever mingling there may be of other methods in his work, the dominant method is that of Perugino. Something of this remained with him unto the last. In the Vatican frescos, in the Kensington cartoons, we are not infrequently arrested by a saintly or angelic figure that seems to have stepped out from one of Raphael's pictures of the Tuscan period or from one of Perugino's, sometimes from one of those belonging to his period of ebbing force and painful iteration. If Raphael had died at twenty-five, at which age he ended his four years in Florence and went up to Rome, we should have known him as the most consummate flower of Umbrian pietism unfolding to the light his inmost petals in the noble Tuscan city. But we should have discovered something in the pictures of his earliest period of independent work that differentiated him from Perugino and his Umbrian School at first by almost imperceptible degrees, but more and more decidedly as time went on. The difference was hardly noticeable in the direction of that passionate admiration for the human body which was the most characteristic feature of the Renaissance on its artistic side. That Raphael was not untouched by this, we have abundant evidence. But

* Symonds, *Renaissance*, "Fine Arts," p. 294.

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the evidence, if we except a picture of the Three Graces painted on the eve of his departure for the papal city, is to be found in certain sketches that have come down to us from his Tuscan period. At first, the vigorous paganism of Leonardo and Michael Angelo seemed to have for him no attractions. A painter of a very different quality, Fra Bartolomeo, the friend of Savonarola, the artist monk, the painter of adoration, was the man whom he sought out while making no attempts on the acquaintance of Angelo and Leonardo. But, when these painted their great rival pictures on opposite walls of the council chamber of the Palazzo Vecchio, the heart of the young man was deeply stirred by their robust and joyous inspiration. The cartoon of Angelo, representing a troop of soldiers bathing in the Arno, was a magnificent variation of his favorite theme: —

> "Nor hath God deigned to show himself elsewhere
> More clearly than in human forms sublime."

From this time forward, Raphael's studies of the nude were infinite in their variety. But, throughout his Tuscan period, they declare themselves but little in his completed works. What, then, is there in these to differentiate them from the pictures of his Umbrian apprenticeship? Something that came from Fra Bartolomeo's system of symmetrical grouping. Something also that came from his love of noble draperies. Something that came from a system of color warmer and richer far than Perugino's. We must see the original pictures, to make sure of the last thing for ourselves. But, of the others, a set of photographs from his pictures is at once convincing. Look at the pyramidal form made by the group in "La Belle Jardinière" and the "Madonna del Cardellino." Look at the draperies of these gracious beings. But all that differentiated the Tuscan work of Raphael from his Perugian style was not the gift of Fra Bartolomeo. Part of it was the gift of his own native sensibility. Look at Perugino's "Marriage of the Virgin" and then at Raphael's treatment of the same subject, and which

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is the master's work and which the pupil's you cannot quite make out. This is the first impression. The arrangement of the two pictures is remarkably similar. But look a little closer, and you see a difference, a grace and freedom in the work of Raphael that is not in the work of Perugino. But "The Marriage of the Virgin" was one of the earliest of Raphael's Tuscan pictures, painted before the Tuscan influence had affected him. The inference is that the stiffness, the woodenness, of Perugino's manner was so foreign to Raphael that he began to slough it off the moment he was free from Perugino's personal supervision. The work of Perugino and of Raphael's earliest manner was rigidly circumscribed by the ecclesiastical tradition. Raphael's four years in Florence were years of growing freedom from this oppressive tyranny. The climax of this growth was in "La Belle Jardinière" and in the "Madonna del Cardellino." The name of the former picture, The Beautiful Gardener, is said to come from the fact that his model was a flower-girl of Florence for whom he had a passionate regard. There came a time when this lovely type was subordinated to a stronger and less lovely,—that of the Fornarina; but, ever and anon until the last, its recurrent sweetness steals upon our grateful sense. That which principally differentiates these Madonnas from those of the earlier period is their increased humanity. The Madonnas of Perugino and of Raphael, still completely under his control, were not more than human. They were less. They worship the divine child with an abject, ecclesiastical homage. But there is no abjectness, there is no worship, in the faces of Raphael's "Jardinière" and "Cardellino." "These virgins," says M. Charles Clément, one of the most thoughtful critics of the many who have attempted to elucidate the genius of Raphael, "are not the mothers that seem divine by dint of tenderness and beauty, as that of the Holy Family of Francis I. or that of the Madrid Museum. Still less are they the triumphant Madonnas, the glorious queens of heaven of the Sistine or Foligno, but are pure, chaste young girls, such as are dreamt of at the age that Raphael

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was at that period, and whose sole aureole are innocence and virginity. They are the elder sisters rather than the mothers of these strong, lovely children. Chaste, happy, smiling, these are the ideal forms that answer to the first impressions of life. Never did the ardors or cares of maternity trouble their limpid looks, nor the presentiment of the destiny of the divine child mark with the impress of fatal grandeur the candour of their charming brows." Whether these beautiful creations were or were not as religious as the dehumanized Madonnas of the Umbrian pietists is a question the answer to which depends very much upon our definition of religion.

Sensitive, impressible, willing to hear the other side, of the various elements that mix in Raphael's Tuscan work not the least noticeable are the groping, the tentativeness, the lack of a serene self-confidence. Nevertheless, in 1508, his last year in Florence, the desire was strong upon him to measure himself against Michael Angelo and Leonardo in the Palazzo Vecchio; but, while endeavoring to compass this result, an opportunity was offered him than which his fondest dream could not have pictured anything more ardently to be desired. That he hastened to embrace it, it were superfluous to say. September, 1508, found him in the Eternal City, in the employ of Julius II., the fighting pope, the ablest and most willing patron of the arts in Italy, and therefore in the world. The spirit of the time is indicated in a line of Michael Angelo: —

> "Now, helms and swords are made of chalices."

But even this was better than the things that had been only a little while before,— than the intrigue and simony of Sixtus IV., than the baser simony of Innocent VIII., who said, "God wills not the death of the sinner, but that he shall pay and live," a premium on assassination, which was so understood. In the last weeks of his vicegerency, there were two hundred assassinations, an average of fifteen a day, among the better classes. But, if Innocent was worse than Sixtus, he was not the worst of all. It was

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reserved for Alexander VI. to find the deepest deep. Here was a man who amused himself with murder in the short intervals between his profligate adventures, but whose zeal for orthodoxy consigned Savonarola to the flames. One day, he drank a glass of poisoned wine he had intended for a friend, and with the happiest result. Rome had not seen so good a sight for many a day as his swollen and blackened corpse exposed to public view. Julius II. was midway of his ten years' reign, when he summoned Raphael to Rome in 1508. He was a very different pope from his immediate predecessors. "Restless, turbid, never happy unless fighting, he drowned the peninsula in blood." The "saviour of the papacy," he was "the curse of Italy." But his pontificate was never stained by simony, sensuality, or connivance with individual slaughter. A man of hot, imperious temper, the irritability of genius was provocative of his frequent wrath. To Michael Angelo, who had much of this irritability, he said, "Do you want me to throw you from this staging?" To Raphael, who apparently had none of it, he showed himself less irritable. The painter is not better known in any of his larger works than in those which he proceeded at once to execute,—the frescos for the "Stanza della Segnatura,"—the room where the pope affixed his signature to important papers. There were four of these. In the first, "The Dispute of the Sacrament," he fell back noticeably on his Umbrian conventionalities, as far as the general arrangement of his picture was concerned. The old mosaics, it may be, had fascinated his impressible mind, now that he came into close contact with their best examples. His second fresco was "The School of Athens." It is an introduction to another world. Those of us who care nothing for "The Dispute of the Sacrament" care enough for this. It is as if Raphael, who had clung so tenderly to his Umbrian tradition, who had reverted to it almost passionately in his initial fresco, had emancipated himself at a bound from that tradition. Later on, he will recur to it in moments of languor and in his gentler moods. But here it is as if it had not been. He had come into

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a city rich with the memories of classic art. Beautiful forms, beautiful draperies, had delivered on his heart their indefinable but perfect charm. He had had no time as yet for patient study. By swiftest intuition, he had come upon the heart of classic strength and grace. Taine, who has often dared to laugh at Raphael, has nothing here but admiration. "These figures belong to the same family," he says, "as the divinities on the ceiling. You must remain before them full half a day. Once realize that they are walking, and the scene strikes you as transcending all things here below. The youth in long, white robe, with angelic features, ascends the steps like a meditative apparition. The other, bending over the geometrical diagram, and his three companions, are all divine. Time does not pass away with them. All is well with them. Their being is complete. They appear at one of those moments which Faust indicates, when he exclaims, 'Stand, ye are perfect!'" The other frescos of this room were "Poetry" and "Jurisprudence." In each there was a multitude of figures. One feature of the "Poetry" is ludicrous. Apollo, sitting at the centre of the beauteous throng, handles a fiddle instead of his conventional lyre! Here was a compliment, suggested by Pope Julius, to a brilliant *improvisatore*, the same whose portrait Raphael has painted in the most beautiful of all his portraits. This fiddling Apollo is suggestive of the most painful side of Raphael's art-production. Eliminate from this the compliments to popes and princes, and the conventionalities demanded by the special circumstances of this or that painting, and the net result would be much less and vastly more than the gross result as known to us to-day. The disposition of Raphael was much more compliant than that of Michael Angelo; but infinitely galling to his artist-soul must have been much of this. I sometimes wonder if the sneaking look of the contemporary persons whom he introduces into the sides and corners of his pictures is entirely subjective on my part, or was through Raphael's mind communicated to his hand.

So great was the success of Raphael with the "Stanza

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della Segnatura" that he was at once commissioned to paint another room, the "Stanza d' Eliodoro," so called because "The Scourging of Heliodorus" is the grandest fresco in the room. The face of the Fornarina appears for the first time in this picture. The so-called Fornarina of the Uffizzi Tribune, which has created the popular impression of Raphael's favorite model, bears no resemblance to Raphael's Fornarina, and is not Raphael's work, but Sebastiano del Piombo's. Many times from 1512 to 1520 did Raphael reproduce this face, idealizing it freely, till in the Sistine Mother there is little to suggest the authentic portrait which makes known to us the actual appearance of the woman whom the painter loved not wisely, but too well.

While Raphael was at work upon the "Stanza della Segnatura," only a few steps away Michael Angelo was at work, much of the time alone, upon the Sistine chapel. In 1512, when Raphael was beginning the room of Heliodorus, the Sistine frescos, which had been jealously secluded from all eyes except those of Julius and occasional assistants, were thrown open to the public view. No one was more profoundly moved by them than Raphael. He bared his spirit to this flood of power. Henceforth, his work shows unmistakably the influence of Buonarotti. There was no conscious imitation; but he yielded to the "terrible manner" of the mighty Angelo a spontaneous admiration which bore no unripe fruit, but in due time quickened his latent possibilities to exercises of more virile strength. There is no sign that Raphael ever strained beyond his sphere. There was in him an admirable principle of self-regulation. Impressible, assimilative, as few men have ever been,—in these respects like our own Shakspere,—the law of his own individual genius subordinated all things to itself, and made everything he did his own. At first, he was, perhaps, another Perugino; but, after that, whatever debt he owed to Fra Bartolomeo or Leonardo or Michael Angelo, he was always Raphael. He pounced upon his own wherever he found it. He made his own what would not else have been so by some subtile interfusion of

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his inmost soul. "Be bold! be bold!" said to him Michael Angelo's prophets and sibyls from the Sistine walls. "Be not too bold!" whispered the genius in his breast, and he was never disobedient to the heavenly voice. The opinion of Clément that, had he lived longer, the influence of Angelo might have proved fatal to him, deserves attention, and then reprobation. This influence was great and lasting. It declared itself in the figures of Fortitude, Justice, and Temperance, in the Jurisprudence of the "Stanza della Segnatura," painted by Raphael immediately after the unveiling of the Sistine frescos. It declared itself in hundreds of figures, existing mainly to display their muscles, tense in action. It declared itself in the sublimity of the sibyls of Santa Maria della Pace, creatures of the immortal Sistine race, and in the "Vision of Ezekiel." My astonishment was never greater than when I learned that this was one of Raphael's smallest pictures, some two or three hands' breadth. Seen in the smallest photograph, it dilates for the imagination to colossal size. What force and motion in these terrible brute beasts, with eyes upturned to catch the will of the Almighty, who rides triumphant on their strength, his arms upborne by "young-eyed cherubim"! But, in every instance, there is vital assimilation. Michael Angelo brought nothing to Raphael Santi that was not his own.

There has been much exaggeration of the rivalry between these illustrious men. The most careful studies indicate that neither underrated the genius of his fellow. Raphael is reported as saying "he was glad that he had lived in the lifetime of so great a man." It is evident that he looked up to Angelo, and that he was less fretted by his greatness than Angelo was by the *éclat* of Raphael's condition. "Raphael did not live like a painter," says Vasari, "but like a prince." The story is well known of their meeting one day in the Vatican court, Raphael surrounded by a cortège of pupils going to the Stanze, Angelo going alone to the Sistine chapel. "You are marching like a general with a great suite," said Angelo. "And you are going alone like

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the executioner," said Raphael. Michael Angelo was not the personification of sweetness and light. He called Perugino a blockhead. He took up Sebastiano del Piombo, and lent him secret aid when he was competing with Raphael. "I rejoice at the compliment he pays me," said the latter. "It proves he thinks me worthy of competing with him, and not merely with Sebastiano."

If Angelo had taken thought a little, it would very likely have occurred to him that Raphael's cortège of pupils, his living like a prince, was not an enviable circumstance. It was in fact his most considerable misfortune. "Raphael is not merely a man," says Addington Symonds, "but a school. Just as in his genius he absorbed and comprehended many diverse styles, so are many worthy craftsmen included in his single name. Fresco painters, masters of the easel, workmen in mosaic and marquetrie, sculptors, builders, arras weavers, engravers, decorators of ceilings and of floors, all labored under his eye, receiving designs from his hand, and executing what was called thereafter by his name." And it cannot be doubted that our impression of his genius would be more profound, if other men had entered less into his labors, if they had come down to us, like Michael Angelo's, unmarred by the impertinence or triviality of any artisan artist. We know that, from 1512 onward, much that is called his is not his, save in rude outline or suggestive sketch. But we cannot easily define the limits of his personal work or supervision, and his charm is less for us because of these conditions.

The "Stanza della Segnatura" was the work of Raphael's individual hand, and hardly less so was the room of Heliodorus. But, in the room which takes its name from "The Burning of the Borgo," only this picture is Raphael's own handiwork. For still another room, he made the designs only; and they were carried out by Julio Romano and others of his pupils after the master's death. Indeed, it had been for some years quite impossible for Raphael to do with his own hands more than the smallest fraction of the work he undertook. The frescos in the famous Loggia, or gallery,

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in the Vatican, commonly known as Raphael's Bible, were painted from cartoons made by his pupils from his sketches. The number of works projected by Raphael and executed by himself or under his direction is simply amazing. We can readily believe the statement of Vasari,—that, when he went to court, where he was groom of the chamber, a company of fifty artists, his pupils and assistants, went with him. Such industry and versatility as his the world has seldom seen. For, in addition to the populous frescos designed or executed by him for the rooms and galleries of the Vatican, he designed or painted many others, together with many easel pictures, which never ceased to be his predilection. There was a microcosmic as well as a macrocosmic side to his activity. For work called decorative in the narrower sense, —in the wider sense, all of his frescos in their subordination to architecture were decorative,—he had a marvellous genius. He invented innumerable arabesques, an infinite variety of dancing, swinging, frolicking, and tumbling Loves, displaying their delicious contours in divinest innocence. Upon the walls of Agostino Chigi's Farnesina Palace, he retold the legend of Cupid and Psyche with an accent of unrivalled sweetness. There is a statue of Jonah from his hand, with the suggestion of something not so "very like a whale," to indicate the prophet's personality. The principles of architecture were familiar to his mind, and he designed and superintended the erection of various churches and other buildings. Leo X. made him the chief architect of St. Peter's. And still the beautiful Madonnas came to him in visionary hours; and, in fresco and on canvas, he essayed to fix their unimaginable tenderness and grace. His invention did not flag. Some of them reproduced the charm of "La Belle Jardinière" and her gentle sisters of the Tuscan period. But how different were others! The "Foligno," how noble! The "Della Sedia," how completely human! The Sistine, how divinely calm and pure!* It was of the

* And to this period belongs the beautiful Madonna of the Candelabra, now to be seen in New York at the Metropolitan Museum; and happy they whose pilgrim feet have carried them already to her dear and sacred shrine!

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"Della Sedia," the Madonna of the Chair, that Theodore Parker, who was not given to conventional admirations, said, "My God, what a picture!" as well he might. But the Sistine rises as far above it as it, in turn, rises above the rest. The Sistine was painted in 1518. "The Transfiguration," begun the following year, was not completed when the artist was himself transfigured by the touch of death. In its unfinished state, it hung above him as he lay awaiting burial in the beautiful and bad old city he had done so much to glorify.

George Eliot says that happy women have no histories. It is as true of happy men. Raphael's life has no interest for us apart from Raphael's art. It was a busy life,— so busy that it is impossible to believe that any considerable fraction of it ever ran to waste in reckless dissipation. Vasari makes this damaging assertion; but the multitude and character of his successful occupations make it seem absurd. No man was ever more completely identified with his artist work. In it, he lived and moved and had his being. His intellectual appreciation of its technical significance was the result of an unwearying assiduity. The galleries of Europe are enriched with a multitude of his studies and sketches, showing how patient and persistent was his study of forms and draperies and all things appertaining to his art.* Hardly do we expect the life of genius to be happy, but the life of Raphael seems to have been as happy as he could desire. Certainly there was no lack of honor and success. The practice of his art made him a man of wealth, as wealth was counted then, when as yet the stock-market was not, nor the "nickel-plated road," nor any "futures" of our modern sort. A cardinal's niece was his to marry, if he would; a cardinal's hat was his to wear, if he would like

*The wonder is that so much enthusiasm for the technical aspects of his work did not enable him to see his limitations in the use of oils. To the last, he was a draughtsman who colored his drawings nobly and beautifully. "I have no hesitation," says Hamerton, "in saying that, from the technical point of view, Raphael never came to maturity as a painter." No more did Leonardo, the most restless experimenter of his time. But painters, in the strict sense of the word, were close at hand,— Giorgione, Titian, Correggio. What would not the art of Raphael have gained in visual effect, if he had learned the secret of these men, the deeper secret of Velasquez and Rembrandt!

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to be a cardinal. But we know that Raphael was happy by much better signs than these. Only a happy life could produce an art so happy. There is a story of a man who, when he complained of hopeless melancholy to his physician, was advised to go to see Carlini, who was convulsing Naples with laughter, and answered, "I am Carlini." I can believe "a face that's anything but gay" is hid by many a jester's mask. But Raphael was no jester; and I cannot conceive that such art as his, so bright, so calm, so joyous, was not a fair exponent of his habitual mood.

But that it was a fair exponent of the time in which he lived — as the critical ideas of Taine would make it necessary for us to believe, if we accepted them in their entirety — I cannot well make out. It was a fair exponent of the Renaissance in its relations to the world of classic art. The love engendered by that art for noble forms and noble draperies and noble action burned in no other breast than Raphael's with a purer flame. He was not content with what he could himself lay hold of. He sent his pupils upon arduous journeys to make drawings of ancient marbles, the fame of which had reached his ears. But, apart from this, the art of Raphael was by no means what the circumstances of the time, bringing forth fruit after their kind, would have produced. Of course, we must beware of taking our ideas of the time from a few individual monstrosities, such as Cæsare Borgia and Benvenuto Cellini. But gather them as widely as we can, and the impression is irresistible that the time was furious and feverish in its intellectual manifestations, hot and tumultuous in action, uncontrollable in its baser passions, cruel in its revenges, lascivious in its imagination. If we only had the art of Raphael to measure by, what should we ever guess of all these things? Not an iota. We should guess that Raphael's time was wholly placid and serene.

"There is no joy but calm."

These words of Goethe seem to part the lips of his Madonnas, to wreathe the foreheads of his saints. That there are eager, stirring, and dramatic elements in some of

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his important pictures is not to be denied. But over all there is a glad serenity, a brooding peace, as if the artist's life were never touched by any of those intellectual or political convulsions with which, for the sake of an old warrior pope, he rallied an æsthetic sympathy which was never fundamental to the man.

What shall we say to the disparagement of Raphael's Roman period, to which the excited rhetoric of Ruskin has given its widest currency, but in which Rio and many others have united with Ruskin, more or less vehemently? Speaking of the Vatican frescos,— those of the "Stanza della Segnatura,"— Ruskin says, "From that spot and that hour, the art of Italy dates its degradation." "To this day," he says, "the clear and tasteless poison of the art of Raphael infects, with the sleep of infidelity, the hearts of millions of Christians." "Whatever they could have fancied for themselves about the wild, strange, infinitely stern, infinitely tender, infinitely varied veracities of the life of Christ, has been blotted out by the vapid fineries of Raphael." "He could think of the Madonna as an available subject for the display of transparent shadows, skilful tints, and scientific foreshortenings. He could think of her, in her last maternal agony, with academical discrimination; sketch in first her skeleton, invest her in serene science with the muscles of misery and the fibres of sorrow, then cast the grace of antique drapery over the nakedness of her desolation." And he sums up the *gravamen* of his charge in two sentences as follows: "In early times, art was employed for the display of religious facts: now, religious facts are employed for the display of art." What shall we say to this disparagement?

That it contains a certain element of truth. The cartoons of Raphael and his "Bible" of the Vatican Gallery do not give a realistic representation of the scenes they nominally depict. For example, in "Christ's Charge to Peter" in the cartoons, note the handsomely curled hair and neatly tied sandals of the men who had been out all night in the sea mists and on the slimy decks. "Note their convenient

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dresses for going a-fishing, with trains that lie a yard along the ground and goodly fringes all made to match, an apostolic fishing costume." As with the dress, so often with the grouping. In "The Death of Ananias," some one has compared the apostles coming forward to a group of ballet dancers approaching the footlights in the fifth act of the opera. It may be doubted whether Raphael would or could have had any great success, if he had attempted to paint the Bible history with archæological exactness. But Mr. Ruskin is unquestionably right in saying that he employed the facts (or no-facts) of religion for the sake of his art, not his art for the sake of the facts. He was not remarkably religious, certainly not according to the conventional standards of his time. If he spent his strength mainly upon ecclesiastical subjects, it was because the circle of his activity was circumscribed for him by the conditions of the time. His visions were not those of Fra Angelico. He did not paint upon his knees. If he hesitated to retouch a picture he had painted, it was not from any superstitious fear of thwarting a divine intention. The comparison with Perugino is a different matter. Perugino painted religious pictures for the love of money, Raphael for the love of beauty. Which was the higher inspiration?

Raphael is certainly very different from Fra Angelico. Raphael was the great exponent, Angelico was the great opponent, of the Renaissance. Raphael admired and loved the antique. Angelico feared and hated it. Nevertheless, it had done something for him also, because it had done something for Cimabue and Giotto who were emancipated from "the mummified monstrosities" of Byzantine and early Roman art by Pisan sculptors who had studied the antique on the sarcophagi in Pisa's Holy Ground. But of this debt he was unconscious. From men of his own time, infected with the pagan spirit,— Masaccio was the greatest,— he drew himself apart. "For the mild, meek, angelic monk"— I quote from Mr. Vernon Lee's *Artistic Dualism of the Renaissance*—"dreaded the life of his days; dreaded to leave the cloister where the sunshine was tempered and the noise

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reduced to a faint hum, and where the flower-beds were tidy and prim; dreaded to soil or rumple his spotless white robe or shining black cowl; a spiritual Sybarite, shrinking from the sight of the crowd seething in the streets, shrinking from the idea of stripping off the rags of the beggar to see his gnarled limbs, shuddering at the thought of seeking for muscles in the dead body, fearful of every whiff of life that might mingle with the incense atmosphere of his chapel, of every cry of human passion which might break through the well-ordered sweetness of his chants. No, the Renaissance did not exist for him who lived in a world of diaphanous form, color, and character; unsubstantial and unruffled, dreaming feebly and sweetly of transparent cheeked Madonnas, with no limbs beneath their robes; of smooth-faced saints with well-combed beard, and placid, vacant gaze, seated in well-ordered masses, holy with the purity of inanity; of divine dolls with pallid flaxen locks, moving noiseless, feelingless, meaningless, across the flowerets of paradise. . . . Thus Fra Angelico worked on, content with the dearly purchased science of his masters, placid, beatic, effeminate, in an æsthetical paradise of his own, a paradise of sloth and sweetness, a paradise for weak souls, weak hearts, and weak eyes; patiently repeating the same fleshless angels, the same boneless saints, the same bloodless virgins. . . . Sweet, simple, artist-saint, reducing art to something akin to the delicate pearl and silk embroidery of pious nuns, to the exquisite sweetmeat cookery of pious monks; a something too delicately gorgeous, too deliciously insipid for human wear or human food."

Certainly, Raphael was not another Fra Angelico; and, if any one should say that the social vices of the former were preferable to the mewed and cloistered virtues of the latter, I should hardly care to tell him nay. The man was different, the life was different, the art was different. If you are well satisfied with the art of Fra Angelico, you will not care for Raphael after he had cut the leading-strings of Perugino. By that spirit of the Renaissance, from which Angelico secluded himself, Raphael was first confronted,

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notably, in the "Bathing Soldiers" of Michael Angelo in the cartoon of the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence. He did not yield to it at once a perfect homage, for he was loyal to the mannered pietism of the Umbrian School. Bu once in Rome, where the exhumed remains of antique art were multitudinous and marvellously noble, pure, and sweet, that in his own soul which was most central to his individuality went out to meet it with a transport of immeasurable delight. It was Greek meeting Greek, but in no tug of war. It was the love of beauty coming to its own, and silently enfolding it in such a glad embrace as that of Psyche's lover when her expiation was complete.

That Raphael's art was paganized by Roman influences — the direct action of the antique sculpture on his mind, its indirect action through Michael Angelo — is a common affirmation, the scope of which is frequently misunderstood. Raphael was never powerfully enamoured with the Greek mythology. In a complete list of his works, the proportion of mythological subjects is not one in twenty, in all less than a score; and in only one of these, "The Triumph of Galatea," does the sensuous element arrive almost or quite at sensual suggestion. That in pagan art of which Raphael was enamoured was not the sensual, it was not the sensuous; it was the beauty of the unobstructed human body, the beauty of noble draperies, the beauty of magnificent and godlike action. Let us rapidly retrace the path which led up to his attainment. When Europe was reborn in the eleventh century, architecture was the first expression of the new life, then the sculpture which, as it were, detached itself from the capitals and porches of the cathedrals of Pisa and Siena. The new era of painting took its departure with Cimabue and Giotto from this sculpture, which was directly inspired by the antique. The followers of Giotto made no advance upon his work. Theirs was an art of mere outline, existing not for beauty, but to suggest a Bible story or an ecclesiastical tradition. Again, the deliverance came through sculpture. The painters of the fifteenth century, who were the natural precursors of Michael

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Angelo and Raphael, were almost without exception workers in marble, gold, or bronze. Hence, their dissatisfaction with mere outlines. They would have relief, modelling, in their pictures as well as in their sculpture and in their beaten gold. These men were also students of nature at first hand. But to study the human body at first hand under the conditions of the time was not an enterprise likely to eventuate in anything distinctly beautiful. From corpses brought from the lazar-house or stolen from the gallows, or from the living bodies of emaciated beggars, the anatomy of the human body might be learned, but not its beauty. Hardly if any better were the conditions under which the drapery of men and women must be directly studied. The clothes worn by the active classes were stiff and scanty, those of the merchants and the magistrates were shapeless and puffy, those of the women were starched and prudish, those of the ecclesiastics were either coarse and lumpish, or gaudily magnificent. Nor was the opportunity for studying man in action any better than the opportunity for studying his form and clothing. The result is proof of this, for intellectually there were giants in those days; and, if Masaccio and Signorelli could produce only strained or awkward gestures in their pictures, it was because they could find only strained and awkward gestures in the bruisers or the beggars or the strutting idlers who furnished them with the materials of their realistic art.

That which was most fundamental to the soul of Raphael — the love of beauty — shrank with instinctive horror from the main result of realism as it appeared to him in the earlier artists of the fifteenth century. But, side by side with this result, he found the wonderful remains of antique art: beautiful marble forms, shaped by the stadium and palæstra, in living tissues first, then in the immortal stone; draperies, simple and refined enough for such to wear; action, that reproduced the living gestures of the perfect physical man of the Olympic games. But Raphael was no servile imitator of any of these things, no conscious amalgamator of them with the forms and draperies and action of contem-

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porary life. Only they delivered on his mind their perfect charm, and he proceeded spontaneously to blend them with the actual spectacle of human life, as by him apprehended: with what result we know. A world of noble beings in divine nakedness, or wearing such apparel as might least obstruct the action of their glorious bodies, obedient to his shaping spirit of imagination stood revealed.

"Now, religious facts," says Ruskin, "were employed for the display of art." No, not for the display of art, for the display of beauty. The ostensible subject of the picture might be this or that. The underlying motive was the same in every case,—the manifestation of the beautiful. I do not care to show that Raphael had any moral or religious motive ulterior to this. If Wisdom is justified of her children, Art is no less.

> "If eyes were made for seeing,
> Then Beauty is its own excuse for being."

Raphael is the representative artist, because he of all his kind has an eye most single to the beautiful. What he is always bent upon is not the doing of something difficult because it is difficult, not the enforcement of a lesson or the telling of a tale, but some addition to the world of beautiful impressions.

Such is the unity of life, however, that such an art as Raphael's could not be devoid of moral and religious implications. What is it but a translation into form and color of those words of the Old Testament's most glorious Psalm, "I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well"? What is it but a translation into form and color of the modern phrase, "If God made us, then he also meant us"? Fra Angelico did not believe this. Like Plotinus, he was ashamed of his body. But Raphael was not. At any rate, he was not ashamed of the human body in its ideal symmetry. It was to him of all things the most beautiful. So, then, if there is any truth in the saying of Prof. Seeley, "Religion is worship, and worship is habitual admiration,"

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Raphael was a worshipper. I find his glad acceptance of God's handiwork far more religious than the contempt for it of the invirile pietist.

If I am not mistaken, Raphael has something to say to modern art which it cannot too patiently and resolutely heed. For modern art has a predilection for the painful and the horrible. It does not understand that to make life brighter, happier, pleasanter, is a function of art, second in importance to no other. As if life had not enough of grief and pain, it must go on multiplying joyless and ghastly situations. In Raphael's time, many were doing this. Many had been doing it from the time when Orcagna or Lorenzetti painted "The Triumph of Death" in the Pisan Campo Santo, and John of Pisa sculptured "the devils who leer, writhe, crunch, and tear" on the cathedral of Orvietto, and the disciples of Giotto had multiplied crosses hung with "green and macerated Christs." How different was the haunt and the main region of Raphael's cheerful and invigorating song! He painted no last judgment and no martyrdom, no crucifixion save one while Perugino held his hand. It was not because he lacked the power. His "Christ bearing the Cross" touches the height of his attainment. But his painful subjects can be counted on the fingers of one hand. There was enough painfulness in the world already. He would not increase the sum. He would increase the sum of happiness, of peace, and joy. And so it happened that his Mind, beautiful as his Sistine Mother, as gentle and serene as she, presents to us his Art as she presents to universal man her glorious child, a radiant creature, pure and sweet and calm, its eyes dilating with the wonder of God's peace upon the earth and his good will to men.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

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THE TRUTH: WHAT OUGHT WE TO BELIEVE?

The Christian world has been, almost or quite from the beginning of Christian history, deeply or supremely interested in the question, What ought we to believe? It is unnecessary here to enter into any review of the history of passions excited over this question, and of the public and private atrocities engendered by it. We call to mind that no wars have been longer in continuance, more wide-spread in region, more cruel in deeds than religious wars. And the times of such interest and passionateness have not yet passed away. If, in the present more enlightened and more moral communities, the flames of public war and of private animosities have mostly ceased to rage, still a vast amount of unhappiness is created by the interest felt in the question, What is the truth? — an unhappiness, too, of a moral character, the unhappiness of personal dislike toward others, of opposite opinions, and of worldly attempts to give prevalence and power to opinions held to be right. Indeed, scarce any characteristic of society is more deeply marked than interest in religious opinions.

Yet it is something more than commonplace to say that opinions are not truth. Opinions may be true: they may correspond to facts, physical or metaphysical, yet they are not truth. They are only ideas of the truth. By the fact that a person acknowledges an idea, a conviction, a doctrine of his to be his opinion, he admits that he has personally formed it. It is the result of his argument, his reading, his reflection; but he has never seen it to be true. With how much soever of earnestness and determination he maintains it, still he admits the possibility of its incorrectness.

It is true some opinions may have a great practical value, and we may be compelled for our life, our business, and many most important interests, to place an absolute dependence on our conviction of the truth of them. Still, whatever our sense of the value of them, they always admit of review, as much as the ignorant man's conviction that the earth is a plane and not a sphere, and that the sun and stars

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revolve around the earth as a centre. Theories of natural science, theories of religion held as clearly and felt as deeply as the mind well knows how to hold, have in the course of time been slowly renounced, and to the general or universal satisfaction.

But if opinions are so firmly held, and are of practical value, what shall be said in contravention of the idea, that we ought to hold as supremely true and with great firmness our religious doctrines, and urge them with great force upon the world? This, at least, is to be said: that minds of apparently equal power, of equal moral worth, of equal accomplishment in learning, differ upon points of doctrine. If your views are thought by you to be of great practical value to yourself, how comes it that they seem to me to be of no value toward my conduct, my inward experiences, or my happiness? How comes it that some thousands of persons agreeing with you, and some thousands of persons averse to your ideas, are equally good people, equally devout toward God, pure in heart and benevolent toward man? If it is urged, as it is urged, that religious opinions all have a moral influence, or that as a man thinketh so is he, shall we conclude then that the influence is necessarily slow in making its appearance? Or perhaps that we must judge of the influence not by individual instances, but by societies or nations of men? If the influence should be admitted to be so slow in work and manifestation, it would seem that it is not of the importance we had expected to find in it. If it corrects one's habits only in the course of some long years of life, instructs one with higher principles, and inspires one with more devout and kinder affections, and affect's one's happiness to no great degree until he passes from youth to age, one would think there must be some other more important truth elsewhere to be found. If extensive societies of men show so near an approach to the same moral, social, and religious characteristics that a difference between them is not striking in its appearance, nor is so clearly manifest that no fairly true mind would fail to see it and readily admit it, we should argue again that the differing religions held by them were not the fundamental principles of their lives.

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The very common statement urged by sectarians in defence of their opinion — that as a man thinketh so he is, or that opinions are of supreme importance to the formation of character — may be admitted to be wholly true, and necessary to be held before the mind. Yet it is important only under certain conditions; and, though the statement is urged with great plausibleness, it is greatly deceptive. Doubtless, if one believes in the "immaculate conception" or in "transubstantiation," these ideas may affect his moral and religious character, but how or when? You will not say, immediately, and in all respects. Though influential upon him, the influence may be counteracted by many other thoughts and many circumstances. The scientist says that the weight of a human being attracts the earth as well as that the earth attracts the weight of a man, and that a stone in falling draws the earth up as much in proportion as the earth draws the stone down. The mystery of the Trinity may seem to some minds to be necessary to be believed as a means of impressing the heart with awe; but may not one who is confounded by its apparent opposition to the laws of thought be more curious than devout, or be driven more to unbelief than to believing it? The doctrine of the atonement is thought to soften, purify, and elevate the heart; and many think there can scarcely exist a religious sentiment in the heart that does not dwell upon the sacrifice of the Lamb, whose blood was shed to atone for the sins of the world. Yet if the doctrine is widely efficacious, if it is associated in many minds with the warmest admiration and the tenderest love, is it not apparent that others are devout, filled with love for the character and admiration for the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, who yet renounce every form of belief of the atonement ever put forth by theologians? If, upon considering Unitarian doctrines, we ask concerning the real efficacy of them upon character and conduct,— though we by our nearness are scarcely competent as judges,— yet we can scarcely say that a Unitarian community is better morally and religiously than one of evangelical doctrines. Or if, in some locality, we should find one evangelical and one

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orthodox community side by side, we should with difficulty see much difference between them, and would shrink from claiming that our hundred families were better than the hundred families of the church across the way.

Certainly, opinions have an influence; but what opinions? If I have an opinion that the Democratic or the Republican party is better than its opposite, my opinion will influence my conduct. I shall vote with the party I believe in. But I shall not be a more honest man, a kinder husband, or father, or more generous in my doing and giving, because of my political associations. I may think that women ought or ought not to vote; shall I certainly be better at home in consequence, have more tenderness of heart, be more devout in service at the family altar? One may doubt that the stars are fire, doubt that the sun doth move; but what influence will such doubts have upon his conscientiousness or his affectionateness of disposition? Opinions on one subject will not affect the character in its relation to some widely different subject; and we deceive ourselves, we work great wrong to ourselves and the community, when we urge the close and immediate connection between sectarian doctrines on the one side, and character, experience, and conduct on the other.

Yet do we not admit the value and the efficacy of religious opinions? No: not the great value of opinions, not of religious opinions. We admit the value and the efficacy of religious sentiments, not especially or supremely of sectarian views. Theology, which constitutes the greater part or the whole of our creeds, the greater part or the whole of our difference of belief from that of other denominations, is simply a science,—as cold, as dead, so far as religion and morals are concerned, as astronomy, chemistry, or geology is. A little child loves flowers, is delighted to gather them, to smell them, to show them, and while it has them is made greatly happy by them: an older person studies them scientifically, and perhaps "all his botany is Latin names." A mother of a sick child is heart-broken with anxiety or devout with faith: perhaps a medical man comes in, who

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has little sympathy for parent or child, but considers the case as something most remarkable for his scientific consideration. The undevout astronomer is mad: many who are not astronomers may be filled with awe and adoration in contemplation of the starry heavens, even if they know nothing of a single theory of the solar system and the skies. And it may be that the great interest of some astronomer will be far from a religious one: it may be intensely curious, wholly intellectual. The pleasure he derives from the telescope and mathematics may be precisely the same as any other intellectual interest,—as the botanist's, the chemist's, the anatomist's.

So it is with theology. A man may study the *Bible for Learners*, *Reasons for not Believing*, Conybeare *On St. Paul*, or Renan's history of that apostle; and what, necessarily, will be the influence on his heart and conduct? Is there any closer connection between him as a man and his studies on these points than between him as a man and his studies of astronomy, conchology, or herpetology? A man concludes to believe in the miraculous birth of Jesus, his miraculous resurrection and ascension, or to disbelieve them: does he in consequence love money any the less or more, become more patient, more considerate of others' wants and difficulties, more or less a lover of the poor, more high-minded in his partisan relationships? Or, considering his capacity for religious sentiment, does he feel more deeply the ever-present God, because he believes or denies these interesting doctrines? Does his belief or disbelief open his heart more readily in prayer? It would be difficult from personal experience or from observation or from theory, to show that theological doctrines are religious sentiments. A school of theologians is not necessarily an association of good men. A sect of believers is not necessarily devout and moral. A Sunday-school, which teaches theology especially, may fail altogether in fitting children for the responsibilities of life: a divinity college, which teaches theology as its chief work, may wholly fail to make good ministers. No science is colder than theology: all sciences

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are cold, and ought to be so. All religion is warm, all sentiment is effective.

Two instances of confusion of mind work toward the substitution of scientific theology for the religion of the heart; namely, in the use of the words "faith" and "belief" as synonymes, and in the ambiguity attending the word "doctrine." The word "faith," we have come very largely to admit, applies, properly speaking, to spiritual conditions; the word "belief," to intellectual conclusions. Faith is spiritual confidence. We have faith in justice, wisdom, love: we have faith that these principles constitute the ruling spirit over the world. The good man has faith in moral qualities, and is willing, through his confidence in them, to stake life, fortune, honor, in order to observe them. The use of the abstract word "faithfulness" gives us a clear understanding of what faith is. The faithful man is not a man who is most thoroughly persuaded of the truth of any sectarian views whatever. The earnest believer in Roman Catholic doctrines, in Trinitarian creeds, in Unitarian speculations, is not thereby a faithful man; and a man might be faithful, or full of faith, if he had never heard of any Christian denomination with its speculative ideas, and even if he had never heard of Christianity. The pagan or the heathen certainly might be faithful to all the principles of righteousness; that is, he might be full of faith in the spiritual nature in himself, in obedience to its demands as the only way of good, and in the spiritual nature of the Creator and Ruler of the universe. But such a man would have no Christian *belief*.

We have *faith* in doctrines, as doctrines are rightly spoken of; but we have *belief* in speculative conclusions. It is true the word "doctrine" is sometimes used with this latter signification; but, when the Church or the sect demands belief in the doctrines it maintains, it transfers the word "doctrine" from its application to metaphysical speculations, and applies it to religious sentiments. It is just, it is reasonable to demand faith in doctrines, meaning thereby moral or religious sentiments, and to denounce as unfaithful

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all who fail in such a faith. But there is no reason and justice in denouncing one who fails to draw intellectual conclusions in the way the Church pronounces correct. When Jesus bade his disciples beware of the "doctrine" of the Pharisees and Sadducees, it was not especially of the speculative ideas those sects maintained, but of those moral principles which made them unfaithful to God's commandments; when he said that whoever should will to do God's will should know of the doctrine, whether he spake out of his own mind or as instructed by God, he meant not that the obedient man should know about the Trinity or the atonement or total depravity or the contrary of these; nor that any one faithful to God's commandments should know about miraculous birth or resurrection, but should know whether he, Jesus, taught purity, goodness, obedience, such as God required to be taught. When the people were astonished at his doctrine, they had not heard one word that corresponded to the Nicene Creed, the Athanasian, or that of the Westminster Catechism, nor had they heard a word that was intended to deny them; but they had heard moral and religious teaching,—the way of living, not of thinking; the way of being, not of opinions. When he denounced those who taught for doctrines the commandments of men, his denunciation was on account of the substitution, as acceptable to God, of trifling observances in the place of justice, mercy, and truth. So Paul speaks of commandments and doctrines of men in one breath, so to speak,—the touch not, taste not, handle not of human ordinances, a morality that made a show of goodness, but had nothing of its reality. It is not necessary to quote more largely from the New Testament. The word "doctrine" has its own meaning,—namely, "teaching"; and "teaching," under the demands of the Christian religion, will hardly be thought to mean rather instruction in speculative ideas than in a pure and good life.

But the word "truth," as it is used in Scripture, is for the most part greatly misunderstood. Truth in religion is something very different from *truths:* it is of such a nature as

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not to admit of being pluralized. It may be too much to say that it is never used in Scripture in the singular number, as expressive of intellectual conceptions or statement of external facts or conditions; but, in its more common and important uses, it seems to have much the same meaning as holiness or purity, which also cannot be spoken in the plural as holinesses or purities. When Jesus said, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life," we understand him as speaking of his character, his correspondence to the will of God, his faithfulness. The spirit of truth is not a spirit which instructs us especially in ideas that admit of controversy; and, when it guides us, it does not give us assurance concerning the Trinity or transubstantiation, nor acquaint us concerning human destiny, whether any of the race are or are not doomed to eternal misery. The Only Begotten, full of grace and truth, was full of love and justice. When Jesus came to bear witness to the truth, he bore witness, apparently without a word of testimony in favor of sectarian theologies. When he prayed that the world might be sanctified by the truth, he apparently did not mean sanctify the world by acquainting them with sectarian doctrines, sanctify them by making them good Presbyterians or Episcopalians or Unitarians or Universalists. There is certainly a truth higher than the distinctive conceptions of any Christian denomination. And every Christian denomination, however earnest in defence of its own peculiarities, often and distinctly admits the superiority of certain elements of Christian truth above the articles of its peculiar creed. It is plain apparently to all, that sectarian creeds do not sanctify; for the best people and the worst may be found alike professing and believing every creed of the churches. A slight examination of a Concordance enables one readily to see that "truth" in Scripture has little connection with the peculiarities of theology, statements of belief, forms of faith, as they are called.

But truth, the sanctifying truth, is righteousness, it is conformity to God's law. The fact that we use the word "truth" in the common relations of life as meaning faithful-

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ness, conscientiousness, conformity to the law of God as written in the heart, should acquaint us more clearly with its use in regard to the ideas of religion such as we ought to entertain. We speak often of a true man, and the language is that of high approbation. People in life generally tell the truth. In common social and business life, lying is somewhat uncommon. Yet people that only habitually tell the truth in social intercourse and in trade often fail to be thought of as especially true. We may call them honest, respectably honest, good or good enough; but we reserve the approbation of "true" for something very high in character and in life. The true man is one whom, as the expression is, we "always know where to find." He has no secret arts, no suspected purposes. As an official, he has no favors for any beyond equal justice for all. He appoints none to place because they are kindred, gives out no contracts for cousinship, for favors shown or money lent or work done for himself, or in any other form of favoritism. He is free from prejudice. Early education, domestic circumstances, partisan ties, sectarian associations, do not warp his judgment. He is not afraid of ideas because they are new, nor determined to adhere to old ones because long maintained by him. He has no passions to gratify. He is not such a lover of money that he cannot see his neighbor's interests in a bargain as well as his own, nor so eager for official distinction that he cannot admit the superior worth of other candidates. And he cannot be tempted to believe that public honors can satisfy the conscience and answer for all demands of the soul. He judges men truly, not according to outward appearance. He is not dazzled by the wealth or station or talents of any; and he is not made thoughtless of the respect due to any, because they may be poor, unsuccessful, or humble in position or appearance, or because they may be little endowed with intellectual ability. He is patient, kindly, genial. He makes allowance for human temptations, such too as he has never felt himself. He is considerate toward the young in their weaknesses and follies. He meets all with an open heart. He has courage to meet

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all, to speak the truth even to the powerful, cunning, and violent, who do not mean to allow the speaking of it, who mean to deceive the world, who for the most part succeed in making people believe good to be evil, and evil to be good. He has no personal affectations. In intellectual labor, in study, in the writing of books or the making of a public address, a charm is found in his pages and on his lips, because he is felt to be sincere. He uses no artifices of eloquence to deceive, no force of declaration to overpower, nor uses a word, a gesture, a smile, or a frown to secure personal admiration. People believe in him more than in his arguments, and his life is a better proof of religion than the texts that learning might produce.

But nature is always true to its own intrinsic laws, and a conviction of the truth or truthfulness of nature is essential to human thought and human existence. Let storms and earthquakes ravage and destroy, auroras blaze and comets rise to strike the nations with awe, morning and night still interchange with grateful vicissitude, the seasons are punctual to human expectation, the atoms of chemical analysis are faithful to their discovered principles, even light, which no man can see while all see by means of it, is found to proceed on its inconceivably rapid course with never a failure and with never delay. Nature is true. Truth is not a statement, it is not a creed: it is correspondence with law, faithfulness to eternal law.

Religious truth makes true men. It does not make men orthodox or heterodox, Trinitarian or Unitarian, Romanist or Protestant, nor instruct them to assume any other theological position. Religious truth is not knowledge about the deluge and the ark, nor about Joshua and Daniel, nor about miracles of earlier or later times. It gives us no theory about the Scriptures, as inspired or uninspired. Only, it helps the mind that is animated and elevated by the conduct and words of other men to recognize that that is inspiration by which they are themselves inspired. Religious truth has no theory on the subject of "free religion." It recognizes wisdom and goodness within or outside of

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the limits of the Christian name, but is not concerned to assign a name to them, neither stigmatizing them because they may be found in heathen lands or ages, nor suspecting them because found in the Christian Church.

Yet are not our various theories, speculative opinions, or creeds important? Many opinions, many scientific conclusions, are of vast importance, and work in with operations which go to improve mankind and human hearts, while yet they are not the sanctifying truth. They are to be taught, yet only with a proviso, and not as the essential truth about which the pulpit is to engage its attention. The error of accounting sectarian convictions as the important truth has not only in past ages led to indescribable confusion, crimes, and miseries, but still corrupts individual minds and the Church at large. It satisfies the conscience with empty words, the mind with strange imaginations, the heart with cold affections. It substitutes ideas for principles, speculative views for aspirations, ingenuity of argument for correctness of life. It makes people call themselves and others religious, while they are without generosity, without integrity, without purity, and without the experience of devoutness. Controversy is full of interest. Speculation upon the various branches of theological inquiry is full of interest. It is easy to amuse, easy to excite ourselves with the study of theology, easy to swell our pride with the apparent knowledge of so elevated and so important a science. But let us not delude ourselves with thinking that such an amusement or excitement or pride, or such a reasonable satisfaction, is religion; nor let us urge theology, not Unitarian nor radical theology, upon the world, and delude men into thinking that our instructions in that department will make them devout, will comfort their sorrows, will strengthen them in temptation, will purify and sanctify their souls. Does the moral condition of society, as shown in trade and ways of making money, of saving and of spending, as exhibited in the shows of fashion, the rivalries of station, the distance between the rich and the poor, the waste of the one and the destitutions of the other, the subjection of office to personal greed, and, upon the whole, men's virtues and vices,— do

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these show that theological positions, sectarian creeds, deserve the attention that is given to them? or show rather that the studies and labors of students and believers are comparatively wasted upon them, and that there is a Christianity of goodness, of life, which is far more important than that condition of belief which theological churches, sectarian denominations, appear to count supreme?

EDGAR BUCKINGHAM.

THE SPIRIT OF PLATO.

It is a suggestive fact that, in each of our various histories of Ancient Philosophy, Plato occupies seldom less than a tenth, sometimes nearly a quarter, of the entire work. It is perhaps even more suggestive that, in these works, nearly all which follows the history of this great thinker, under whatever name, is but a repetition or perversion or criticism of his thoughts. So far does he tower above not only all of his contemporaries, but all who went before or were to come after him. He convicts his ancestors of folly, and condemns his successors to hopeless imitation. Before his day, speculative thought was but a series of gropings, partial guesses toward that which he set clearly in the light. After his day, it was his shadow. Without Plato, ancient philosophy is a volcano, given to spasmodic eruptions, but without steady heat, truncated above, hollow at the centre, and for the most part, even upon the surface, barren and cold. With Plato, it is the solid mountain, whose sides are clothed in perennial verdure, whose centre is filled with the richest ores, and whose summit is bathed in perpetual sunlight. He is the highest round in the ladder of Grecian speculation. Toward him we climb, from him we descend. We study Thales, Heraclitus, Pythagoras, and the Sophists, as a preparation for him who was at once their interpreter and master. We read Ammonius Saccas, Plotinus, Jamblicus, and even St. Augustine, to trace his influence upon ardent but less comprehensive minds. Indeed, in place of the title

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"Ancient Philosophy" upon the backs of these histories, we might almost substitute the words "Plato, with Introductory and Explanatory Notes."

This is, we believe, no extravagant praise. It is a simple fact. It is not the judgment of one man, but the judgment of the ages. The immense superiority of this philosopher is acknowledged alike by friend and foe. Before most of our best thinkers, he is too great to excite even envy. "The philosophy of Plato," says William Archer Butler, "rises before us as the mightiest and most permanent monument ever erected by unassisted human thought."

And perhaps its very permanence is the highest test most of us can receive of its greatness. It requires rare merits in a book to keep it alive through two thousand years. We say to keep it *alive*,—not merely to preserve it for its sacred associations and hallowed memories, but to bring it to each new generation as a new book, a present revelation, a present awakener of intellectual and moral life. These merits are possessed by few of the ancients; by none, with the exception perhaps of Homer, to the degree that they are by Plato. As a writer, Plato is immortal. Here is one man at least whom the world cannot afford to let die. He has but few readers in each generation, but he always has a few. We doubt if his works were ever a "financial success" to any publishers. They never, like a meteor or erratic comet, confound or dazzle us; but, like the stars, they shine on forever. They are there for our study whenever we are equal to them. They exist not for our diversion, but for our deepest moments. They work on through the ages, silently and in secret, but, for that very reason, all the more permanently and surely. In fact, if we consider it closely, we shall discover that Plato is the source from which, in every age since his time, many, not only of the largest minds, but of the sweetest spirits, have drunk their lasting inspiration.

Such, then, being the depth, richness, and fulness of our subject, it is almost needless to remind the reader that we make no attempt to compass it as a whole. To claim for this essay the merit of being anything more than the merest

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fragment would be pretentious and false. We shall not analyze the Platonic philosophy, its doctrine of Pre-existence, of Immortality, of Reminiscence, of Divine Immanence, of the Sensible and Supersensible world. We seek, rather, humbly to call attention to the *Spirit* of Plato, to mark a few of its leading characteristics, and turn our thoughts for a few moments back to a philosopher whom in this age of hurried action and hurried thinking we are, to our own detriment, in great danger of neglecting, and to whom we are certain, sooner or later, to return.

Now, Plato is peculiarly a *spirit*. He is to philosophy what Jesus is to Christianity: he has given to it few fixed forms, but he has given to it a life. In the Dialogues, we read more between the lines than in them. It is the spirit here and not the letter which is teaching us most. It is not so much the theories we have imbibed as the character with which we have communed which helps us. We may differ from Plato's arguments, dissent from his conclusions; but we cannot differ from *him*. Here is a soul to which we are drawn in spite of all superficial differences, by which we are made to feel, as by few others, that union of spirit is everything, and that differences of opinion and agreements may alike be made useful in leading to this.

In reading Plato, among the first things which impress us is his *companionship*, his intimate relationship, with the reader. Plato is in love with all his pupils; and this love has ingrained his writings with a kindness, forbearance, simplicity, and perfect naturalness seldom found even among professional authors. Like a lofty mountain, he is so great that, however distant, he always seems near. He never repels, never grows formal, stilted, and cold. Now, this, I believe, is the perfection of style, that a man should write as though he were present and speaking to us; that his books should be the most perfect copy of himself. Plato has this perfection; and we cannot but feel that this is with him not so much an art acquired as a necessary result,— the outcome not of his special cultivation, but of his whole character. His Dialogues are crowded with the

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deepest thoughts, the loftiest sentiments; but they are never *labored.* Thought follows thought in the most natural order. It is as though you and I were earnestly conversing upon the streets. Plato takes us at once into his confidence. His conversations seem all alive. We feel the speaker's presence in every page. In reading these Dialogues, I can at times hardly free myself from the illusion that Plato himself is here sitting at my side. Time and space do not separate me from him. I talk with that Greek sage of so many centuries ago, so many miles away, as though he were in Boston to-day, and my own private tutor.

A second mark of his spirit is his *humility.* Socrates — the Platonic Socrates, Plato objectifying himself in his former teacher — is the old man knowing nothing, going about seeking everywhere of whom he may learn. It is true a deep irony is often mingled with this spirit. Socrates is not so blind as not to see that he is wiser than those who think they know it all; and he lets no occasion pass where he can use his own confession of ignorance for levelling the conceit of others. Sometimes, as in the Euthydemus, he lays aside every mask. Here, he at first prostrates himself before his opponents that he may at last put them wholly beneath his feet. Yet we are certain that this humility is more than a mere subterfuge: it is a deep reality. Socrates is a man among men, but before the Great Mystery he is a little child: —

> "An infant crying in the night,
> An infant crying for the light,
> And with no language but a cry."

Perhaps, aside from the general tone of all his writings, no better special proof of this humility can be given than the deeply felt need which he in several places evinces of a revelation from the gods. He uses reason as the best instrument he has, but he recognizes how very imperfect and uncertain it is.

"For I dare say," says Simmias in the Phædo, "that you, Socrates, feel as I do, how very hard or almost impossible,

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in the present life, is the attainment of any certainty about questions such as these. And yet I should deem him a coward who did not prove what is said about them to the uttermost, or whose heart failed him before he had examined them upon every side, for he should persevere until he has attained one of two things: either, he should discover or learn the truth about them; or, if this is impossible, I would have him take the best and most irrefragable of human notions, and let this be the raft upon which he sails through life,—not without risk, as I admit, if he cannot find some *sure word of God* which will more surely and safely carry him." The same thought may be found in other Dialogues, and this perhaps had not a little to do with turning many later Platonists to Christianity. They believed they found in the authoritative statements of the Church Fathers what Plato was all his life groping after.

But Plato himself had never found this revelation. And this leads us to notice another characteristic of his nature, his *originality*, or, shall I say, his intellectual selfhood, his personal, primitive, face-to-face way of coming to every subject. If we would get a just idea of his character, we must consider this originality in connection with his humility, as in a sense balancing it and never allowing it to degenerate into self-debasement. He believed in the human reason. His famous doctrine of Reminiscence includes this as a fundamental conception, that all learning is remembering and that nothing can be revealed to us which we do not already possess. He was blessed in this, that he had an instinctive conviction that truth was before as well as behind him. Therefore, he was here to inquire, not merely to commit to memory. He quotes, but he is not afraid to criticise. Homer was the Greek Bible, so far as the Greeks can be said to have had a Bible; yet how mercilessly he deals with Homer. He must be expurged, his immoral myths cut out, or he shall not enter the ideal republic.

No: Plato will not be trammelled. He was no iconoclast, no despiser of what had gone before. He was a deep student of others. But he also is a God-inspired man. He

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possessed that rare but almost sacred gift of being able to absorb the best thinking up to his day upon all deep subjects, and yet coming, at last, to these subjects with his own mind, unhindered and as it were for the first time. Plato stood to philosophy as Homer stood to poetry. The latter learned to sing, not from others, but from the fields and woods: the former learned to think from direct personal reflection upon thought itself. He could use the past, it must not use him. He could at any time move the original question. All were his teachers, none his masters.

"O Solon!" exclaims the Egyptian priest in the "Timæus," "you Greeks are ever children. There is not an old man in Greece! . . . You are all young in soul, you have no tradition venerable through ancient report, no doctrine hoary with years!"

We ask to-day, What said Luther, Calvin, Wesley, Channing? It is not egotism, but a sacred duty, to begin to ask, What do we say? What gave these men their force was just this: that they asked and answered this question personally, and abided by the answer. They are chiefly strong where they do not quote. Instead of running over the world to find themselves, they stayed at home and did their own work.

The child is blessed in this, that he has no traditions. He takes it for granted that he is here to ask questions, and he never doubts his right to query about everything. This is his nature; to this everything invites him. But his misfortune is that he is too easily satisfied, he has too much trust. He takes words for things. He is too ready to be put off. He goes away, and tries to be satisfied, thinking he is answered, when, in fact, he is not answered. "Who made the world?" "God." "Who is God?" "The Great Spirit." "Who is the Great Spirit?" "The Creator of the world." Later, these words, to which the child has never been able to attach a definite meaning, become the watchword of parties and sects. The child begins in the most open, simple inquiry, but by a process of half-answers wakes up in later life to find himself almost hopelessly dogmatic. He

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has grown up in the midst of the most confused, but as he supposed, most settled convictions.

Now here is just where all true philosophy begins. It is the honest effort to render intelligible to ourselves our half-instinctive, half-traditional beliefs. It is the effort to account for our most common and most sacred words,—matter, mind, force, cause, time, space, nature, God. It breaks up this hard, stupefying dogmatism, and brings us back again to the questions of our childhood. Here, Plato begins. He asks what is truth, what is justice, what is virtue. He perplexes, exasperates us, and generally leaves us convinced that we know as good as nothing about these subjects, after all. And yet we cannot help but love him. We must admit that, while he has humiliated, he has also served us. He has the root of the matter in him, and he has been honestly seeking to transplant it into us. He has brought truth home to us, and freed us for once from the tyranny of empty phrases.

Another thing strikingly significant of Plato is his incomparable *breadth*. Here is a man upon the summit; a man who looks over the whole landscape and can comprehend it as a whole; a man who can divest himself of prejudice and deal directly with laws and principles; a man who is in bonds to no theory, party, or sect. He is not in bonds even to himself, is never troubled about what he has said, is never on the defensive, but, professing only ignorance, is always looking for truth as though it were something still ahead of him and of all men. In fact, what are the Dialogues but Plato talking upon all sides. These different characters are but the adverse questionings of his own mind. He can state your view as strongly or more strongly than you can yourself. In politics, he can speak for the monarchy and for the republic; in religion, for faith and scepticism; in the world, for action and reflection, for society and solitude. In reading this master, we find at once ourselves and our opposite, our pleader, our opponent, and our judge.

Truth with Plato is the key-stone of an arch. It is the union of opposites, of opposites which seem to threaten;

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but, when properly united, really strengthen each other. It cannot be crowded into a single statement. Everything which can be affirmed can be denied; and thoughtful men and good men may — yea, must — differ, if they remain independent and sincere. Here is a man who hears all you have to say, and will help you to say it, and then will show you how partial, how narrow, how inexcusably positive you are.

Now, this is a primary mark and test of culture,— that a man can listen patiently and sympathetically to opinions which contradict his own; that he is not put out, nor disheartened at the other side; that he has no Chinese wall around his soul; that he recognizes that some questions are forever open, and that he must keep himself forever open to them; that he is always in the condition of a learner, and will go farther and pay more to hear himself refuted than to hear his echo. The man who is over-positive, however much he may please the multitude, only proclaims his own ignorance before all thoughtful men. He is self-excluded from the fellowship of those who know this, at least, that there are some things in this universe which they do not know.

We take to ourselves great airs for having in these days reached this climax of culture. But Plato reached it more than two thousand years ago, and that, too, to a degree which is hardly equalled even to-day.

Again, an intense narrowness seems necessary to immediate success. The world seems determined to drive every man into a groove. A man to make any impression must be ground down to a point. It is a sad reflection, yet one which the more we consider it the more true it appears, that most men of mark are so by reason of their excessive partialness. It is some hobby pushed to the extreme at the expense of everything else.

From all this, Plato was singularly free. He was not oppressed and cramped by the illusion of success. He was satisfied to *be*. To most men, his life would seem a failure. He was too complete a man to make a great mark in his

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own day. His very name, Plato (broad), given to him at first because of the size of his chest, was significant of his inner nature. We see from the very grain of his writings that he was a whole man, a cosmopolitan, a citizen of the world, as broad as humanity itself. He belonged to Greece and to Athens, to the fifth and fourth century B.C. But he belonged also to

"The world and the ages."

You cannot call him monarchist or republican, a Christian or Pagan. He is simply a universal, all-sided man. And, as he was broad by nature, he became pre-eminently so by education. He was at once the historian and prophet of his age. He travelled East and West, to Egypt and Asia Minor and to Italy. He unites within his own mind the dreamy, synthetic spirit of Asia and the analytic spirit of Europe. He has heard all that Pythagoras and Zeno and Euclid and his master Socrates and Homer and Hesiod have to say. He imports into his Dialogues Asiatic myths. He is at once a severe reasoner and a profound mystic. He holds the balance for all earnest minds. He sees unity and he sees diversity, and he sees also how these two sentiments may be blended into a higher truth. So, while others contend, Plato reconciles. He is the sky above the battle-field, which includes all factions and lends its sympathy and silent love to all.

Of such universal men, the world has preserved the record of but few,— Plato in Greece, Shakspere in England, Goethe in Germany, Emerson in America,— perhaps a dozen, all told; men whom we cannot patent, who belong distinctively to no party, sect, or age, but who, dwelling perpetually in the region of universal and immortal truths, belong to the human race for all time. But the record is no measure of the reality. There is a greatness which is above greatness. Some men are too great to be known. Beyond a certain limit in the ascent of the soul, one grows simple and retiring; and, if he is ever found out, it is as by accident.

As a result of the combination of these qualities, humil-

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ity, originality, breadth, it follows that you can father upon Plato no *system*. Some conclusions he seems to have reached,—as his doctrines of Ideas, Pre-existence, Immortality,—but nothing approaching to a system, properly so called. For all his conclusions he holds with the modest grasp of a true scholar,—not so much truth as possible hints at the truth. As if he should say: "This is the best I can do now; but probably some time, in a farther development of my being, I shall see deeper and do much better. I shall then discover that I have all along been talking like a child."

In this respect, Plato stands in striking contrast to Herbert Spencer. It would be false to say that Herbert Spencer is not a thinker, for he is. He is a man of a wide outlook. He possesses a rare gift for grouping facts, of taking these perfected fragments as they fall from the hands of the pure specialist, and combining according to some idea. But he is narrow, in that he can only group facts in one way. With all his apparent freedom, Mr. Spencer is the slave of a system. He has a theory from which he dare not move. With this theory, he stands or falls. He has mounted an express train, which he must run straight through this universe at all hazards. His system is at once his inspiration and his misfortune. As he admitted in private to a personal friend, had he not caught the idea of evolution he would have lived and died the laziest of men. You cannot read him without feeling that you are in the hands of a specialist,—that, with all the breadth of his inductions, and his seemingly encyclopedic mind, he has a blind eye to all facts save those which go his way. He pledges himself at the outset, and labors his whole life through to keep the pledge. For him, nature, society, mind, morals, and religion must be all crowded into the groove of a single Q.E.D. It is really refreshing, after wading through the *First Principles*, the *Psychology*, the *Data of Ethics*, to breathe once more the simple atmosphere of Plato; to divest ourselves of this whole armory, and begin once more to inquire; again to enter the kingdom of

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the soul as we must the kingdom of heaven as a little child. But, as a natural result, there is a lack of definiteness and fixed conclusions about Plato, which will always render him dull and dispiriting to many minds. Those who can worship only at the shrine of blessed St. Certainty will find here no oracle. In many of his Dialogues, we leave off where we began, only with a deeper sense of our own ignorance. Plato, as a whole, rather tends to unsettle us. Questions are asked, but not answered. We thought we had answered them long ago. But we find we have not, neither has Socrates, nor any man. If we become impatient at this, we have our permission to go our way. We can turn to the Sophists. They know it all. For a slight consideration, they will give us ready answers to all our queries. But, for one, we prefer Plato. We prefer the teacher who convicts to him who only flatters and deceives.

A strange figure would this Plato seem in a modern school of positive philosophers. On the deep problems of the soul, he would agree with these men in the fact of our ignorance; but he would not agree with them that we ought never more to inquire. Plato held strongly, and we shall yet come back to him in this faith, that on some subjects there is a value in thinking for its own sake, wholly irrespective of whether in this life we reach an end of this thinking or not. "Better," he would say to the Positivist, "ask my questions than answer yours. Better think *about* the human mind, its origin, powers, and destiny, than think clear through the bodies of snakes and tadpoles." Whatever we may think of Plato's reasoning, however much we may quarrel with him over his conclusions, there is a somewhat in his spirit which finds an echo in the universal reason and heart; a somewhat which suggests "that even his errors, if they exist, are, from their peculiar complexion and character, likely to be better worth investigation than the truths of narrower theories."

Finally, Plato is characterized by his *moral earnestness*, the union of deep intensity and a lofty elevation; two qualities which, when overflowing and yet proportionately

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combined in the soul, form the basis of the highest human inspiration. This is, I think, the crowning grace of his spirit. It is easy to seem broad, while we are absolutely indifferent: it is easy to seem original, while we are flippant and careless; but to unite both breadth and independence to an intense and elevated earnestness is not easy. While a reasoner, a doubter, an all-sided man, we have in Plato no faithless, heartless, lazy victim of denial and despair. He felt at times the burden of the great and infinite mystery, but still he persevered as a genuine intellectual hero. His hopefulness and determination breathe through all his writings. He is ever summoning his disciples to faithfulness and courage.

"Yes, that is very likely," he replied: "not that in this respect arguments are like men,—there I was led on by you to say more than I had intended; but the point of comparison was that when a simple man, who has no skill in dialectics, believes an argument to be true which he afterward imagines to be false, whether really false or not, and then another and another, he has no longer any faith left. And great disputers, as you know, come to think at last that they have grown to be the wisest of mankind; for they alone perceive the utter unsoundness and instability of all arguments, or indeed of all things, which, like the currents in the Euripus, are going up and down in never-ceasing ebb and flow."

"That is quite true," I said.

"Yes, Phædo," he replied; "and very melancholy, too, if there be such a thing as truth or certainty or power of knowing at all, that a man should have lighted upon some argument or other, which at first seemed to be true, and then turned out to be false, and, instead of blaming himself and his own want of wit because he is annoyed, should at last be too glad to transfer the blame from himself to arguments in general, and forever afterward should hate and revile them, and lose the truth and knowledge of existence."

I know of no sweeter yet truer rebuke to universal scepticism than is contained in these words. Plato, in fact, had none of that intellectual sickness which so often overtakes universal students; for he balanced that confusion likely to arise from a knowledge of the conflicting opinions of others by hard labor to form his own. "Every competent beginner in philosophy," says Herbart, "is a sceptic; and, on the other hand, every sceptic is a beginner in philosophy. He

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who has not been at some time in his life a sceptic has never experienced that radical shaking of all his early and habitual ideas and opinions, which alone can enable him to separate the accidental from the necessary, the increment furnished in thought from the bare reality given in fact. But he who persists in scepticism shows that his thoughts have not come to maturity: he does not know where each thought belongs and how much follows from each. Oppressed by the weight of others' thoughts and by the conflict among them, they almost always become sceptics who have been industrious readers and lazy thinkers." Socrates, Plato's model, courted truth as the proper bride of the soul. To it, he gave his life. He was willing to be boiled and eaten, that he might be taught. He chose poverty, hardship, and death rather than the least disloyalty to his convictions. Witness too the inspiration which Plato gave to his pupil Aristotle, such that he chose for his life work the acquisition of universal knowledge for its own sake.

But this moral earnestness displays itself most fully, perhaps, in the all-pervading aspiration for the good. The central impulse of the Platonic philosophy is not speculative, but practical. Plato seeks truth primarily as a guide to action and a moulder of character. With him as with Lotze, the ultimate of ultimates is love. "The spirit of the Platonic philosophy is the contemplation of and the tendency to the Absolute and Eternal Good." Philosophy with him was mainly useful as the purifier of the soul.

"But, when returning into herself, she (the soul) reflects, then she passes into the realm of purity and eternity and immortality and unchangeableness, which are her kindred, and with them she ever lives. When she is by herself and it not let or hindered, then she ceases from her erring ways, and, being in communion with the unchanging, is unchanging. And this state of the soul is called wisdom." Such thoughts as these burst upon us everywhere throughout the Dialogues. We have passages here which remind us quite forcibly of the New Testament. Here is one opposite which I find I marked several years ago, James iv., 1: "For whence come

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wars, and fightings, and factions? Whence but from the body and the lusts of the body." It is hard to see how one can read Plato without feeling a sublime elevation of his whole spiritual nature, and being permeated with the deep determination to be a better man.

Now, it is the union of these qualities, humility, kindness, breadth, originality, and moral earnestness, which, in these days, makes Plato especially dear to the student of religion, to the liberal, open religious mind everywhere. For religion is something of which we can neither affirm too much, nor deny too much, nor yet grow indifferent toward. It has its roots deep planted in our inmost being, and will live there while we live. Yet it will not be all unfolded in a moment. It expands with the expanding soul. We must grow to the revelation, as the revelation grows to us. Do we seek to bind religion in hard formula, it becomes too great for its bonds and destroys our intellectual peace until we loose it and let it go; but no sooner is it gone, dismissed from us as if forever, when, lo! it returns with renewed force. Think upon these great subjects we must; solve them all in an hour, perhaps in a lifetime, we cannot. Some of the most earnest and persistent thinkers upon religious themes I ever knew were young men who were trying to dismiss these themes forever. The history of religion is faith followed by scepticism, scepticism by indifference, indifference by the renewal of faith. It is peculiar to religious thoughts, Immortality, God, Freedom, that they touch us deeply, that they must be thought about, but that they cannot all be solved at once. To be able to do justice to these great subjects, to think sincerely upon these themes yet not be overthrown by our thoughts, nothing will, I believe, more fully prepare us than to be thoroughly permeated with the spirit of Plato.

Doubtless there is much here which is at first obscure and repellent. A deep man cannot lie wholly upon the surface. It is the penalty one pays for being more than his fellows, that his teachings shall be perverted, misunderstood, neglected by them. Plato, like all universal men, has worked

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with the tools which lay nearest at hand. He speaks the language and deals freely with the customs of his time. In some things, he is not so far as we might wish above the morals of his age. But these are the exceptions. To one who views his philosophy as a whole, they are no more than spots upon the sun. And as well might we turn our back upon this source of light and heat because it has spots, as upon Plato because he is not without his blemishes. The question is, Are we up to him? If not, the things he treats so coolly and never brings in but as leaders to higher reflections will remain with us as the main ideas. We shall stop at the introduction and neglect the argument, and so be hindered rather than helped. We shall think in the Symposium only of the dissolute Alcibiades, not of the divine Socrates he so unwittingly but beautifully pictures before us. But, if we are equal to the whole task, many of us will, after many digressions among lesser minds, return to this prince of philosophers, this prince of moralists, as the source of perpetual inspiration, the highest human representative of the spirit in which as humble inquirers we ought continually to dwell.

J. FREDERIC DUTTON.

SOCRATES.*

It is unhappily too often true that the contents of a book do not bear out the promise of its title. To find much of value that the title gives no hint of is comparatively rare, but it is a pleasure which we can promise the purchaser of this modest volume. It is surprising that the fact of an Introduction by Prof. W. W. Goodwin of Harvard should not be indicated on the title-page. But the volume contains also a sketch of the life and character of Socrates, together with a body of brief but in the main very useful notes on the translation.

The name of the author is not given; but the work is said to be that of a lady, and we hope the report will prove

* *Socrates.* A Translation of the Apology, Crito, and parts of the Phædo of Plato. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1883.

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true. Such an evidence of high scholarship as well as mastery of the resources of English as this book offers ought to be especially welcome to those who are most interested in the higher education of women. It is a strong argument for giving them a fair chance. It is a proof of capacity in the sex for the best culture that there is no refuting or denying. It ought, too, to give heart and hope to many a bright girl who is striving for the best attainable education. The too general assumption that the relative inferiority of women in the higher departments of learning is the necessary consequence of inferior natural endowments, rather than the result of conditions that are slowly disappearing in the progress of society, must operate as a powerfully depressing influence on many young women who are ardent for knowledge, and capable of attainments that would be honorable to themselves and useful to others, but who are timid, sensitive, inclined to self-depreciation and self-doubts.

It is true that the number of women who have gained distinction as classical scholars is not large. Lady Jane Grey, Queen Elizabeth, Madame d'Acier, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, Lady Chatterton,— whom shall we add to this list? Perhaps the unknown author of this translation. It is certainly a distinction to be among the first of one's sex to produce a scholarly English version of important works of Plato. But when we consider the obstacles that have been put in the way of women, not merely by exclusion from the best and most ancient seats of learning, but still more by the general dislike, among men, of learning in women, it cannot be denied that they have made a fair showing. And the world does move. There must be many young women in Boston now who can read Homer. But only a hundred years ago, Sophy Streatfield, who used to be a visitor at the Thrales', was regarded as a prodigy of learning, because she had acquired Greek enough to read eight books of the *Iliad*.

But to return to our volume. The translation is not designed primarily for scholars; nor, on the other hand, is it

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intended as a pony for college students. The translator had in mind rather the general reader, who may or may not be acquainted with Greek: perhaps we should say that large class who, like Mr. Riley, in *The Mill on the Floss*, have a comfortable sense of understanding Greek in general, while their comprehension of any particular Greek is not ready. The first question therefore to be asked about this translation is, is it readable? We agree entirely with Professor Goodwin in his Introduction, that "the translator has avoided successfully the harshness of a strictly literal version on the one side, and the inexactness of a mere paraphrase on the other." The translation is eminently readable. We have read it through carefully, expecting to find, as a matter of course, here and there a lapse into ungraceful or unidiomatic English, or the more serious fault of occasional obscurity; but we have been disappointed. Awkwardness and obscurity are entirely absent.

But a translation may be readable, though the characteristic note or spirit of the original be in a measure missed. What in the case of a person we call the bearing, something including, but at the same time more subtle than, manners,—this indefinable something may prove too illusive for the translator to catch and convey through the medium of another language. This is the prime difficulty in translating Plato; and success in this respect is the great merit of Jowett's version,—a merit that places it high above all other English translations of Plato. In this particular it cannot be said that the translation before us is entirely successful. Probably it would be an impossible task to make a version combining all the vivacity and ease of Jowett's with all the fidelity and exactness of this. Vivacity and ease must sometimes be won at the cost of liberties with the original in the way of insertion and suppression. Let us illustrate. In the *Apologia* Socrates appeals to the personal knowledge of his judges in refutation of certain old vague charges against him, and bids them tell each other if they have heard him say what is alleged, and they will then know that these stories are false. Jowett renders the passage thus:—

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Speak, then, you who have heard me, and tell your neighbors whether any of you have ever known me hold forth in few words or in many upon such matters.... You hear their answer. And, from what they say of this part of the charge, you will be able to judge of the truth of the rest.

Here the supposed pause of Socrates, followed by the words, "You hear their answer," undoubtedly gives a good deal of dramatic life and reality to the scene. It is so good that we cannot help wishing there were something corresponding to it in Plato. We may say, as Bentley said of Pope's Homer, it is very pretty, but it is not Plato. So, a few pages further on, Jowett makes Socrates say, "I will tell you the tale of my wanderings, and of the 'Herculean' labors, as I may call them, only to find at last the oracle irrefutable." Here the word "Herculean" adds point and piquancy; but it has no equivalent in the text. From these temptations to be too sparkling, our translator has kept herself free, without, on the other hand, it should be added, falling into the dulness of a too literal rendering. Perhaps the best way to give a clear notion of the characteristic differences of these two translations, which we have found great interest in comparing minutely, will be to place side by side the two versions of a short passage, chosen at random.

So much, then, about the poets I learnt in a short time: that what they did was done not by the help of wisdom, but by a certain natural gift and inspiration, just as the soothsayers and diviners say many beautiful things, of which, however, they understand not a word. Under some such spell as this, it appeared to me, were the poets; and yet at the same time, because of their poetry, they thought themselves, I perceived, the wisest of men in regard to other things, as to which they were not at all wise. So I went away, thinking that I was superior to them also, just as I was to the politicians.

Then I knew without going further that not by wisdom do poets write poetry, but by a sort of genius and inspiration; they are like diviners or soothsayers who also say many fine things, but do not understand the meaning of them. And the poets appeared to me to be much in the same case; and I further observed that upon the strength of their poetry they believed themselves the wisest of men in other things in which they were not wise. So I departed, conceiving myself to be superior to them for the same reason that I was superior to the politicians.

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We leave the reader to judge which is superior in point of ease and naturalness. The classical scholar will be able easily to determine which is the more faithful rendering of the Greek.

We turn now to the question of the accuracy of our author's work, and on this point we venture to say that competent critics will not disagree. Mistakes may be detected, but they must be very few in number and unimportant. We have not compared the whole of the translation with the original; but we have compared large portions, and, though we had marked a number of passages in which there seemed to be a deviation from strict accuracy, upon re-examination these faults appear so slight as hardly to be worth notice.

In one passage, indeed, in the *Apology*, we believe the translator is wrong; but we are bound to say that she has the authority of Prof. Tyler of Amherst, who follows Schleiermacher, in support of her rendering. Jowett translates differently; and his version in his new edition differs, if our memory is not at fault, from that of his old one. But we think his rendering, too, is erroneous. The passage occurs in the twenty-second section. Socrates was trying to find out what the Delphic Oracle could mean in saying that no one was wiser than he. After trying men of one class and another, who were reputed wise, but who did not stand the test of his cross-questioning, he turns to the poets, but with no better results. "Nearly all *the bystanders*, I may say, *used to talk* better than these very poets did about what they themselves had written." This is the lady's version, the italics being our own. Jowett translates, "There is hardly *a person present who would not have talked* better about their poetry than they did themselves." In our opinion, each of these translations is partly right and partly wrong. There happens to be a double ambiguity in the Greek. Did Socrates mean to say those who were present *when he conversed with the poets*, or those who were present *at his trial?* Clearly the former, we should say; but this opinion rests upon a question of grammar, which we must leave, as

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too technical a point for this paper. Again, did Socrates mean "used to talk" or "would have talked"? The Greek will admit again of either rendering; but to suppose that, when Socrates was impaling some unlucky statesman or poet on the point of his remorseless logic, the bystanders were in the habit of interposing and joining in the dialogue, is contrary to what we know and can judge from the *Memorabilia.* We would therefore render, "Almost all the bystanders, so to speak, would have talked better about their poetry than did the poets themselves."

We have spoken of having compared our author's translation in detail with Jowett's, and the query naturally arises whether it is not largely indebted to that excellent version. We should say not. The author may have compared her translation when completed with Jowett's: her object being different,— her translation not being designed as a rival translation,— it would have been unwise, or rather inexcusable, not to do so; but it bears abundant evidence of being an original, independent version. This is shown by the different cast of almost every sentence, by the infrequency of verbal coincidences where we should most expect them, and, above all, by the differences in indicating the transitions of thought.

Summaries are given of those parts of the *Phædo*, constituting about one-half of the whole dialogue, which are not translated; and these summaries show, quite as plainly as the translations, a firm and confident grasp of the thought. "Our business, sir," said an Oxford professor to a student too curious about the meaning of his author, "is to translate Aristotle, not to understand him." Our translator has not only translated Plato, but understood him.

Good judgment is shown in determining what to translate and what to condense, saving, we should say, one instance. We are at a loss to understand why sections ninety-six to ninety-nine were not given *in extenso.* The long conversation in the prison between Socrates and his friends was drawing to its close; the argument on the nature of the soul and its existence after death was nearly ended. Cebes,

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Simmias, and the others who had borne a part in the discussion, had acknowledged that Socrates had solved their difficulties and removed their doubts; and he now proceeds, in the hour that remains before he is to drink the hemlock, to give them an account of his experience from his youth up in searching into the deepest questions of philosophy,— how he tried by ardent devotion to physical science "to discover the cause of existence," but sought in vain; and how, at last, he "had recourse to the world of mind." The whole passage is one of exceeding interest, and we are sorry that the readers of this volume have it presented to them only in outline.

We have referred to the notes, no mention of which is made on the title-page. They occupy about thirteen pages, and add to the usefulness and value of the book. Though designed for the non-classical reader, and consisting in the main of biographical notices and remarks explanatory of points in the text of the translation, there are several striking parallelisms of thought or expression cited from the Bible and from Greek and English poets, which will please and interest scholars. We notice an error of some importance in the first note on p. 148. The translation in the note, intended to be a citation from the text, is made up of two sentences, quite similar in purport and form, but separated in the text by eight or ten lines.

We have left ourselves but little space to speak of the sketch of Socrates which is prefixed to the translation. We have remarked one passage in which the language of the author seems to us inaccurate, or at least misleading. She says:—

> Under plea of seeking information, he [Socrates] would enter the workshops of mechanics and sculptors, or converse, whenever opportunity offered, with poet, philosopher, politician, and citizen, always exciting in his hearer the same wonder at his intimate knowledge of each one's specialty.

We do not know on what authority the latter part of this statement rests, but it may be presumed that the author had in mind incidents related in the *Memorabilia;* for ex-

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ample, the tenth chapter, narrating the talk of Socrates with the painter Parrhasius, the statuary Cleito, and the corslet-maker, Pistias. But whoever reads this and similar accounts will see that what Socrates shows is not "intimate knowledge of each one's specialty," but a general knowledge of the underlying principles,—in a word, the philosophy of the art or trade; nor is there any indication that he excited "wonder" in his hearers as if he were a kind of magician.

We hope the author will pardon us for wishing that she had omitted the two concluding sentences of her introductory sketch, though it may seem a little unfeeling to object to one solitary burst of eloquence, when so much good sense and good taste have been shown. The author thus concludes:—

> In his dying request is embodied the great principle of immortality, meet subject for a philosopher's last words. Exultant in the belief that through death the true life of health and activity was just opening before him, he desired to present a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, not only to the God of health, but through and beyond him to the Supreme Healer and Restorer of Life.

The word "exultant" strikes a false note. It jars upon the feelings, when we recall that last prison scene, in which Socrates appears, not "exultant," but calm and thoughtful, awaiting with serene hopefulness the great change that is soon to come. And his dying request that "embodied the great principle of immortality," what was that? "Crito, we owe a cock to Æsculapius. Pay the debt, and do not neglect it." Of course a German commentator discovers in these pious and simple words a profound and mystical meaning, a meaning which has caught the fancy of some subsequent editors, but which the masculine sense of Grote rejects as unnatural and improbable.

W. C. Collar.

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DOUBT.

BY REV. GEORGE PUTNAM, D.D.

"Neither be ye of a doubtful mind."—LUKE xii., 29.

Our Saviour's particular reference in this passage was to a distrust of the care of Providence. But doubtfulness of mind has a wider range. It is a broad and manifold experience of mankind. Consider now the nature of doubt, its rightful province,—when it is a healthy and necessary state of mind, and when it is a disease, the foe of religion, and of the soul's peace and dignity; in what cases it is a necessary attendant of the imperfection and limitation of our mental faculties, and in what cases it is a bad indulgence and a symptom of spiritual decay and paralysis. Doubt is a necessary and rightful stage through which the understanding must pass in its pursuit of truth and its escape from error. It is a middle point between the true and the false, where the mind must pause and suspend its judgment till it can investigate facts and weigh the reasons that are presented on both sides. All the doctrines of all the physical sciences have had to pass through a phase of doubt. Doubt is one of the conditions of all intellectual progress. There is no advance of the mind from ignorance to knowledge, or from one degree of knowledge to another, without passing through an experience of doubt. No truth of history gets settled, no judicial cause gets adjudicated, no species of worldly wisdom gets settled into indisputable maxims for any mind until that mind at some point of the progress has poised itself on the pivot of uncertainty, and put itself in the position to be swayed one way or the other, according as the facts or reasons shall be found to preponderate. Never to doubt—if such exemption were possible—would be an abdication of mental independence and the mind's judicial privilege, to be a mere creature of prejudice, a slave of first impressions, of silly conceit, or wilful dogmatism. In all healthful intellectual operations there is a place and a time for suspense. Hasty decisions, or a mere taking for granted without any decision at all, shows a mental childishness which is beautiful in its time, but contempt-

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ible if it is continued beyond its time. There is a rightful doubt at every step in the acquisition of knowledge. Sometimes, it is but momentary, and the mind is quickly satisfied and passes almost unconscious or forgetful that it doubted at all. Sometimes, it continues long, and the mind is poised painfully on a question, and waits wearily, and labors long and hard to solve it. And it is in this long, hard grapple and struggle of difficulty, doubt, uncertainty, that the understanding finds its appointed and noblest discipline, and in the final conquest over them its highest satisfactions, its most exultant sense of growth, victory, and acquisition. And, in some directions and some stages of the pursuit of truth, the mind can never get beyond a state of doubt. To some questions, no definitive answer is attainable. There are limits to human knowledge. Uncertainty, like a thick sea-bank, skirts the whole horizon of the intellectual field, receding farther into the distance, but never lifted, and the mind can only pause in reverence and humility, and turn away to more accessible paths.

Such is the rightful province and use of doubt in our intellectual dealing with matters of science, and of worldly knowledge and wisdom. But how is it in spiritual matters? Is there a time or place for doubt in regard to the truths of religion and morality? Is doubt admissible in the Christian sphere of thought? Yes, it must go wherever the human intellect goes. It has a rightful place wherever the intellect has a right to investigate and decide. The understanding reaches no stable conclusions except by crossing the bridge of doubt. And just so far as the understanding has to do with religion, so far it is no disgrace, no sin, to be troubled with doubts, and no permanent misfortune if they be honestly dealt with; and there is no one way in which it is imperative they should be settled, nor is it absolutely imperative that they be settled at all. The intellect is forever, and in all circumstances, entitled to absolute freedom; and, if it is free, it will doubt some things some time. If it is honest, it will doubt, now and then, this or that. Doubt is its discipline, its process toward a solid and ra-

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tional conviction. But, then, doubt is the great enemy of faith. Doubt chills the religious emotions, cripples the moral energies, tends to give the senses a fatal supremacy over the soul, tends toward earthiness of mind and spiritual death. Doubt was the one adversary with which Christ contended in the world, in speech, in prayer, in tears, in blood. What shall we say then? This is the dilemma. The intellect must doubt about the things within its province, and must accept such issue out of its doubts as it can obtain, if any, whether that of belief or of denial. And yet in religion doubt is spiritual death, fatal to the soul's growth and repose. How reconcile this contradiction? What shall we say?

We must say this,— and it is the whole purpose of the present discourse to say it,— this: namely, that there are plenty of things connected with religion which it is legitimate to doubt about, to doubt for a while and settle as we can, and yet the great primary truths of religion are no fit subjects for doubt, and that because they do not lie within the province of the understanding. By the primary truths of religion, I mean such as these: the being of God and his parental guardianship and providence over mankind; the reality of human virtue, its infinite value, the sacredness of the law that commands it, the blessedness of the heart that keeps it; and, as incident to these truths, that of the unending existence of the soul.

These are not truths of the understanding; that is to say, they are not proved to exist in the world by virtue of any process of reasoning or by a logical induction from facts. They have never been proved by arguments, nor disproved by them. Reasoning does not give them, nor take them away, nor restore them; and the intellect has no proper claim to doubt about those truths upon which it is not competent to decide for or against, and which are outside of its proving or disproving processes. These truths are native to the human soul; they have sprung up spontaneously in every age, and wherever man is found; they are the outgrowth of natural, spiritual instincts, of the inborn affec-

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tions of the heart, and the universal moral sentiment. They germinate in the mind of childhood before the reasoning processes begin. They are transmitted as it were by natural inheritance from parent to child. The young heart receives them, or the influences which nourish them, as the opening flower receives the sunshine and the dews. They are not matters of opinion, nor matters of observation, but of faith, such faith as is distinguishable alike from sense and from reason, is a spiritual perception. The understanding may come in and revise these conclusions of faith, and attempt to verify them or to set them aside; but, having no original jurisdiction over them, it will decide one way or the other respecting them, according as the spiritual perception or faith is more or less clear and positive, or dim and halting. But it is not much matter how it decides: its decisions are of little or no weight. If it decides for these religious truths, it is because they are already so strongly held that they do not need its confirmation; or, if it decides against them, it is because they are already virtually extinct, and have no spiritual hold in the soul. When, therefore, any one feels what he calls doubts about these primary truths of religion, it is something more than a common intellectual doubt which he feels, more than a doubt he may entertain on some point of history, of science, of evidence, or of worldly expediency, or any such matter that belongs to the province of the understanding. The difficulty is more than an intellectual difficulty. His soul is in a diseased and maimed state. It has somehow lost its inner eyesight, its original possessions. It is in such a state as the eye is in, when it cannot distinguish the form or color of natural objects, or as the intellect is in, when it cannot discern and give instant assent to an axiom in mathematics or a demonstration from facts. It is not that legitimate and healthy state of doubt which the intellect must often be in respecting matters belonging to its province. It is a diseased, abnormal state, a state contrary to nature. I do not say that it is necessarily a guilty or depraved state, but a diseased, unhappy, pitiable state,—a state to which intel-

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lectual processes did not reduce it, and from which they cannot restore it,— a something wanting among the inmost instincts and the profoundest experiences of the soul.

These primary truths are of such vital importance, are so absolutely essential to the dignity, the well-being, and the peace of the soul, that they are not left to the mercy of the slow and captious understanding, and not allowed to depend on intellectual processes which do not begin till long after these truths are wanted, which may flag long before they can be dispensed with, and which may never have the opportunity of culture necessary for dealing with them at all. Every human creature needs them unspeakably, and it must not be left to the chances of one's intellectual training or no training to determine whether he shall have them or not. Happily, the intellect has no such jurisdiction over them as to entitle its doubts about them to any weight, nor does it give them any real weight.

What, then, is the point of our Saviour's charge in the text, "Be not of a doubtful mind." He had distinct reference to one of the primary truths of religion, and it applies to them all. What is the force of that charge? To what part of our nature does its appeal come home, and through what faculties or feelings can we render obedience to it? If he had meant to appeal to the understanding, he must have given permission to doubt, for that is the understanding's inalienable prerogative; and he would have used arguments to remove that doubt, and such as would have produced an affirmative solution of it, and precluded a negative one. But he used no argument, only a slight illustration, an incidental analogy. The appeal was to the believing sentiment, the trustful and pious instinct of the soul. Be not doubtful, but believing,— as much as to say: You have in you and always had the implanted sense of a Power over you, above your own power and above all the powers of nature. You were made from the first capable of reverence, of worship, of trust, of prayer. You were made to look up: you have a feeling of dependence, a consciousness that you are not your own, that an unseen eye watches over you and an unseen

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hand guides and protects you. Cherish this blessed feeling. Keep it, give yourself up to it, repose in it. You know, whether from the glad experience or from the anxious yearnings of the heart, that it is the happiest and the noblest sentiment you are capable of, that with it you are strong and peaceful and that without it you are weak and distracted, that with it you have a father, without it you are a lost and forsaken orphan. Without it the world drifts away through chaos into night and confusion, and with it it is borne on in its Creator's arms through heavenly spaces to glorious issues. With it, you feel that you hold your rightful position, calm amid the storms of fortune, superior to the accidents of life, upborne through sorrow's night, cared for and upheld in life and in death. Be not doubtful. There are a thousand things you may doubt about, and not sink nor be disheartened; but doubt here, and you drift rudderless and aimless and hopeless; doubt here, and you have no refuge but either in animal oblivion and recklessness or dark despair. Be not doubtful. Keep hold of the blessed and priceless faith; let it lift you consciously to your place at the Father's side; let it put your hand into his hand to lead you; let it throw its cheerful light over all events; let it banish fears, and bring in brightest hopes; let it keep open a pathway for your submissive and confiding prayers to ascend continually, assured of reaching the ear of infinite love and pity. You are not made,—you do feel it within your deepest being,—you were not made to wander through existence homeless, hopeless, and lost and despairing. You were made for better things,—to inherit a child's portion, to lean upon God, to walk amid the harmonies and beneficences of his providence, to feel his care, to be glad in his love. Any number of theological propositions about God or philosophical explanations about him, or particular forms of opinions about him, you may doubt. The understanding has a right to pronounce upon these; but the primary truth, the being and loving care of God,—to doubt here is something more than doubt. It is no mere transitional stage in an intellectual process. It is a loss of the soul's primal

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endowments, a loss out of one's very being. A kind of doubt that was never produced by lack of proofs, and that no mere proofs will remove. It is blight and desolation of the very soul itself.

And, again, to apply the precept of the text to another of the primary truths of religion, the reality of moral distinctions, the reality of virtue in the world, the soul's capability for it, and its infinite beauty and immeasurable worth, —to doubt on these points is worse than doubt. The intellect alone is not capable of achieving so dreadful a ruin. When the faith is gone out of the heart, the intellect may come in with its after thoughts and its meddlesome pother about proofs and disproofs, and it is not much matter what it does when the faith is gone. The intellect, in its pride and conceit, may pretend that it has unsettled the whole system of moral belief; but it is only pretence. It never settled it nor unsettled it: it has no jurisdiction in the case. Through sin or neglect or some spiritual perversity or disease, that part of the soul which believes in goodness, and warms to it and aspires to it, as a portion of the very being and attributes of God within the soul, has got chilled and deadened. We call it doubt, as if it were some honest hesitation of the understanding. It is more than doubt, it is death. Be not doubtful here, Christ charges us. Yield no respect to such doubt as that, but put it away, keep it off. To lose faith in goodness is to lose all. There is then no guidance for the life, there is no God in the heavens, there is no divine law over us, there is nothing to love or honor in our fellow-men, there is no brightness in the future, we can have no faith in ourselves, no single-hearted and noble aims in life, no sacred principles, no high aspirations, no disinterestedness, no power of self-sacrifice, no heroism of conduct, no brave endurance nor perseverance in well-doing. Virtue is a sham, unselfishness a mocking pretence, honesty is but policy, and doubtful at that. We study moral appearances, and scout the idea of moral realities. The sublimest forces of our being are crippled: we can do nothing, be nothing, which we ourselves could for a moment respect.

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Here is something besides a mere pausing of the understanding upon a balance of conflicting evidence. The springs of our very life are broken, the fountains of our very being are dried up, the divine image all stricken out of us. Be not doubtful here, for such doubt is to die more than the body's death.

I have not enumerated or defined these primary truths, which are out of the province of the understanding and are not fit subjects of its doubting. I have only named two of the most comprehensive ones. One might ask if the divine character and authority of Christ is one of them. We are taught that faith in Christ is one of the highest and most essential things in religion. And he is an historical person. There are questions of fact about him, things to be believed or denied upon evidence; and, therefore, the understanding has a right to come in and decide about him, and the understanding is liable to doubt, and has a right to doubt, about all matters properly within its sphere. Well, I must admit that the authority of Christ is not among the primal truths, not inborn, not a thing of universal experience, a subject of critical inquiry; and to doubt about him has not necessarily the fatal effect which attaches to all doubt concerning the primary truths. But, then, I must say also that, whoever attains to any spiritual knowledge of that wonderful being, and comes to see how he is in his life and words and heart the very embodiment of the primary truths of religion,—how he awakens and vitalizes them in every soul that comes in contact with him, and sees what an expression he is of the very divinity of truth and love; how he nourishes in every heart that touches him those primary beliefs and affections of piety and goodness which are the very bread of life, calls them into beautiful and happy activity, living by them himself, and breathing his own life abroad into the heart of the world,—whoever sees and knows Christ thus, which is the only way of really seeing and knowing him to any purpose at all, will so associate him with all his own highest and dearest experiences of faith and hope, of virtue and love, that faith in him shall become by the asso-

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ciation even as one of the primary faiths, even as the sum of them all, believing in him just as he believes in them, so as not to be able nor disposed to give him up to the cavils and criticisms of the understanding. The understanding will still have the right to examine the records of his life, and whatever evidence there may be that he did this or said that, and to pronounce upon the validity of proofs as to the facts of his outward history; but as to himself, his spiritual life, himself as the impersonation of divine truth and love, as the soul's great brother and heavenly friend, as the quickener of its own spiritual life, as its light, its law, its hope and joy, the understanding has nothing to do with it in that view, nothing to prove or disprove about it. It cannot measure him: it could not set him up, it cannot pull him down. Its arguments and inquiries are misplaced. When the deep soul itself has thus known him, the captious understanding is not wanted to help, and is not permitted to hinder, but is warned off, and bidden to keep to its province of outside and secondary questions, and even to work these with reverence and self-distrust, lest it come too nigh to touching the mount of God, the sacred presence that is too great, too high and holy, for it to presume to deal with. Doctrines, evidences, opinions, criticisms, are for the intellect to discuss, to settle, to unsettle, and, of course, at the proper stages of inquiry to doubt about, when it sees cause. Here, it must have perfect liberty; and it will not abuse that liberty, if the soul has got a firm grasp of those primary truths which are associated with them, though laying so far beyond them, reaching so high above them, and resting on such different grounds. I can comprehend and respect the intellectual courage of some very religious men who deal so fearlessly with doctrines, opinions, and evidences, and do not feel that they in the least touch or shake the great primary truths of the heart or the gospel. And I can understand also, and respect, the intellectual awe and caution of other very religious persons who cling with tenacity to doctrines and arguments that could but ill bear a thorough intellectual investigation,—cling to them, because they are

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so associated in their minds with the primary truths, have got so intertwined with them to their minds that they shrink from touching them, or submitting them to an intellectual probe, lest somehow by the process the soul itself should get disturbed in its hold of its own great and primary faiths, which are its life and strength and only peace. We may call it timidity or superstition, but let us respect whatever means any man takes to preserve, to perfect, to guard, or to purify the soul's great and vital truths, the primary and indispensable beliefs of the heart.

The practical question which our subject presents is this, —how to re-establish and confirm our confidence in the primary and essential truths of religion, and expel any fatal doubtfulness that may have gathered about them, how restore and perfect our faith in them. Not by seeking arguments and proofs, by discussion or research, or any such intellectual process. It is not at bottom an intellectual doubtfulness, and therefore no intellectual process of logic or learning will remove it.

Fall back directly upon those primary beliefs themselves, those simplest sentiments of piety and virtue. Accept them as belonging to you, as that better part of yourself, without which you cannot be your true self, but only the earthy dregs and cinders of yourself. Rest yourself upon them, because in them only you can find rest at all. Ask not why you should believe in God and virtue, in providence and goodness, but simply and directly believe them and trust them, because they are so beautiful and so happy and so necessary to you. Do not try to reason them out, but only look at them, and see how real they are. Look into your own deep heart, and you shall find blessed traces of them among your gladdest instincts, your brightest memories, your surest inspirations. Look into the face of Jesus Christ, and behold them shining with the lustre of perfected humanity, and with all the glory of the Godhead. Look upon the face of nature, and behold them reflected there. Look into human experience, see what peace there is in believing, what darkness and forlornness there is in rejecting;

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see what a crown virtue wears, what an inner and supernal blessedness falls upon the true and pure, what peace descends in answer to the prayer of faith. Behold the superiority of a trusting heart and a good life, how they harmonize and complete man's being, how they raise it and adorn it and clothe it with nobleness, and give it sweet repose; see how they equalize all conditions, how they dignify and sanctify prosperity, how they sustain the soul's equanimity amid adversity and want; see how they give to a child the maturity of a sage or a saint, and how they give to sage or saint the simplicity of a child; see the submission and patience and hopefulness they bring into the sick-room, and how they wait upon the dying hour to make it an hour of serenity and triumph, and linger at the grave to make it green with blessed memories and blooming with immortal expectations. Oh, look! Oh, think! and be not doubtful! Take these truths to your very heart, unquestioned, and then let all other things, whether of the world or the understanding go as they may, you are richer than the world could make you, and wiser than the mere understanding can conceive of. Take your stand immovable on God's love and the laws of goodness, because there alone you can stand, and possess yourself in tranquillity and courage and contentment. Ask not reasons for praying, but pray. Ask not reasons for virtue, but take it to your heart as a bride. Ask no man to prove to you the laws of virtue, but look and see how sovereign they are. Wait not to reason it out. That may take a lifetime, and leave you still in doubt. You cannot afford to wait, it was never meant you should wait for that. Turn yourself to the sun, and be warmed; turn yourself to your God, and be fathered. Do good, and find the truest good. Take a stand upon the right, because it is the everlasting rock. Believe in goodness, for so only can you have it. Be not doubtful, but believing.

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EDITORS' NOTE-BOOK.

The flurry which has been created in the Episcopal sect by the appearance of Dr. R. Heber Newton's little book on *The Right and Wrong Uses of the Bible*, and the threatenings of an ecclesiastical trial, seem to have disappeared. At first sight, there is surely nothing in this extremely mild and superficial statement of the general view of what is known as the "Dutch School" in Biblical criticism, or of the general conclusions of all modern and thoroughly scholarly investigations into the Bible literature, to suggest heresy or to call one to trial; but, from the standpoint of any evangelical association, the book would indicate a dangerous drift toward, if not actual, heresy. It must be confessed, however, that there is at present no stand-point for any of the evangelical doctrines of the Scriptures; and the sooner the tendency of true scholarship is acknowledged and turned into its proper channel, the better for religion. Into this tendency, Dr. Newton has evidently been drawn: only, we should say that, in the fascination of the new opinions, he has allowed himself to express a great deal in a popular form, for which even the public demands a more sufficient and authoritative scholarship. Robertson said, in 1852: "Martineau's views about inspiration I think, on the whole, correct. The prophet discerned large principles, true for all time,—principles social, political, ecclesiastical, and principles of life,—chiefly by largeness of heart and sympathy of spirit with God's spirit. That is my conception of inspiration. 'My judgment is just, because I seek not my own will, but the will of him that sent me': that is the very canon of inspiration." This placing inspiration in moral greatness and fidelity has led many a clergyman of the more spiritual type to the very same results in Bible interpretation that have been reached by the most searching scholarship; and, in our day, these two classes are being rapidly brought into practical fellowship. The difficulty is that ecclesiastical bodies, bound by strict dogmas as well as strict organization, cannot accept the changes which the drift of scholarship has been working, without serious disturbances, without investigations, suspicions, and open charges. Probably, a large majority of the most scholarly, as well as the most spiritual clergy of the Church of England, and its offspring

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in this country, are in substantial agreement, *in private at least*, with Dr. Newton's views about the Bible. But some would think it involved an unnecessary issue openly to declare them: some would think it more just to leave a Church whose whole history, expressed or implied, was opposed to such a free criticism upon the Scriptures. The direct sense in the Book of Common Prayer, in its various passages and in the articles, as well as the unbroken traditions of the sect, have a very different coloring in regard to inspiration and the authority of the Bible from that given by Dr. Newton's little book. The former does convey an idea of infallibility. The latter says, "No Biblical writer shows any consciousness of such supernatural influences upon him in his work as insured its infallibility." The idea that the Bible was not to be an authoritative guide upon every subject upon which it expresses any opinion at all is the result of our later knowledge, which seems opposed to such opinions; but Dr. Newton says, "It is a wrong use of the Bible to go to it as an authority in any sphere save the spheres of theology and religion." No honest criticism could say that the Bible writers did not mean that their views about history or government or statistics or nature should be accepted with just as much divine authority as views about God or heaven or the soul or moral obligations. Whenever some liberal clergyman has suggested that an expurgated edition might be prepared, it has met with a storm of opprobrium, as if the Word of God were about to be destroyed; but Dr. Newton says: "There is no necessity for a minister to offend against the taste of a refined age, or for a mother to introduce the unsoiled soul of her child to evil by reading straight through the successive chapters of the Bible. . . . He should use at home such an expurgated edition of the Scriptures as *The Child's Bible*." But perhaps all such unevangelical views might be received, were it not that there is the unmistakable thread running through the little volume, which admits the general criticisms of the "Dutch School," that incarnation of arch heresy to all evangelical readers, but which in substance is found as well in Germany and Scotland and England and at Harvard. The order of development to which these scholars agree Dr. Newton substantially adopts. Yet, for all this, it would be a little amusing to bring one to an ecclesiastical trial upon the charges it would involve; but if sincere individuals, following a higher illumination, feel the necessity laid upon

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them to declare such convictions, sincere organizations ought to feel as great a necessity resting upon them to bring to bay those who openly disregard and destroy the very bounds and foundations upon which their life depends. If some weaker brother, in an unimportant parish, had written this volume, his bishop would probably find some way of bringing him to trial at once; but the gifted clergyman, well intrenched in the esteem of a prominent church, cannot easily be disciplined, especially with the undercurrent of feeling that he has the tendency of the age to help him. We punish the trifling and uninfluential offenders against laws and morals, and let the great ones supported by wealth and position go free. It is the old question forever reappearing between the individuals who lead society on by the courageous expression of new-found views, and institutions which do their work by the power of tradition and association. Each must follow its law of being and conscience, and, as far as may be, without bitterness and violence. The individual goes on until he must leave the body: the body must restrain or expel the individual.

The results of all ecclesiastical trials at the present day seem disastrous to both parties, yet generally in favor of those charged with heresy. It marks a strange condition of the theological world, as if there were no sect which had either the courage or the power to enforce assent to views which are claimed to be essential not only to denominational life, but as well to individual salvation. Are then all such methods of the past, and are all sects to submit quietly to what is termed the "drift of thought," without any remedy? Perhaps this very inability to enforce substantial agreement with the great theological dogmas so long emphasized as important is one of the chief reasons for the very popular impression of insincerity, of concealment, of indifference and weakness on the part of all ecclesiastical bodies. Surely, if the doctrines had not been undermined by the current of modern thought; if, in a word, they were earnestly believed by the Church which embodies them in its creed; if they had any hold upon the popular mind,—they could and would be insisted upon. To show that there is any reality in their professions, to prevent the evangelical churches from utter desertion and decay, we believe that many attempts will have to be made. Then, they will learn two things: that the doctrines to be defended and emphasized as essential must be fewer and broader and more

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universal, and, we might add, more closely associated with the eternal nature and life of religion, more Christian than the evangelical bodies have usually assented to; and that they are to be sustained, not by legal tribunals so much as by moral and spiritual activity. There must be a wider recognition of the great historical fact that the thoughts of men must have their seasons of change and growth, and that the choice of new ones must not be met by the use of terms which are intended to disparage and injure the usefulness of men and women whose burning desire is for greater righteousness in the world. What does heresy mean, originally, but a chosen way of life, the selecting of one sect, school, or party out of many? It is a word which occurs most frequently in the Book of Acts, where we have the earliest history of the formation of sects, or schools, or parties, arising from the introduction of Christianity. As the new religion became of wider acceptance, and the discussions and animosities on account of those who forsook the old temples for the new altars, the old ritualism for the hymns and prayers of the spirit, became greater, the charge of heresy, which had not been a reproach, began to carry with it the idea of discord and dissension. When schools and sects arose among the Christians, and the larger bodies were inclined to condemn the smaller and the older the newer, each to the other bore the charge of heresy; and so, while Paul thanked God that he worshipped after the way which others called heresy, as soon as some began to depart from his teachings, he warned his churches against the "damnable heresies" which were creeping in. And the very word and the very idea which he uses with approval and delight when he himself was in the party condemned becomes a term of reproach against those who differed from him. In the New Testament, where Christianity is, as it were, on the defensive, heresy is in most instances regarded with approval; but, as Christian history began to form itself and Christianity became triumphant, heresy — meaning the doctrine of any sect which seemed to depart from the accepted views of the majority — was considered an error to be condemned. Heresy is what the minority approves, and what the ruling party deems pernicious. In this twofold aspect, favorable or unfavorable as you accept opinions popularly praised or reject those generally denounced, one cannot but trace a wise provision in the nature of human society and human thought. To use your own powers in the selection of

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doctrines, to have an earnest and keen perception of that which is truest and most helpful, and to support strenuously and courageously that which you regard as offering a higher life and a broader and more permanent foundation,— this is the source of all truth and growth; and to look with a somewhat scrutinizing gaze upon every new whim which, like French in ten easy lessons, offers a ready salvation to every seeker and all of truth without effort to every inquirer, to hold on with a persistent grasp to any opinions sanctified by generations, until it is easy to see the greater helpfulness and the more sanctifying power of something else,— this is the preserving force in human institutions, the centripetal power in the eternal revolution of worship. It seems a necessity that each side should fail to fully understand the other, and by that failure to reproach it. The perennial source of the accusation of heresy, as a theological sin for which the holders should be brought to trial, lies in the fact that each sect assumes it has some authoritative and universal standard by the acceptance of which alone the satisfactions of religion can be obtained; but such an authoritative standard it has not pleased the Infinite to bestow upon the finite. It is because the Scriptures have been set up as such that the call for these ecclesiastical trials becomes so frequent, and must be only increased as the tendency of all modern scholarship is to rebuke such a claim. For what is Christian history but one record of the charge of heresy against those who, with equal honesty, purity, scholarship, and spirituality, found these Scriptures teaching different doctrines. Every reputed heresy establishes itself more critically than the last upon its Scriptural texts. In the divine economy, the standard of authority in education, morals, government, and religion has been left a variable quantity; and in that very fact lies the spring of every human hope and effort. There must ever be heresies,— the choice and defence of those opinions we think helpful; and, while we struggle to maintain the truth which seems to us the higher, while we are as severe as we may be upon opinions we regard as dangerous, we must respect the integrity of life which may honestly differ from us. Ecclesiastical trials have not had their day; but, considering the views which are brought to that bar, they have lost their power.

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THINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

Two volumes of the Men of Letters Series, published by Houghton & Mifflin, come to our notice rather late in the day; but their attractions are not lessened by time.

Mr. Sanborn's *Thoreau* is a very interesting book. Some may regret that he has not told us more of Thoreau, and may call it rather a Concord-book; but he has probably given us all the new matter about Thoreau that he could get hold of, and the good old town of Concord is so interwoven with the lives of her best men and women, that it is hard to separate them, and we would not if we could. Thoreau, we imagine, was not a very tangible person. When one wanted him, he was very apt to be at the top of a mountain or down in some jungle. So we fancy he may elude a biographer by the evanescent character of his genius and his habits. And yet he was much more social, matter-of-fact, and really disinterested in his ways, than the world gives him credit for. That little escapade of his on Walden Pond, in his rough hut, and his own story of it, have succeeded more in making the world think him misanthropic, than all the weight of his kindly genius thrown in the other scale.

Mr. Sanborn has endeavored to show us this. Thoreau, perhaps, unconsciously exaggerated the charms of his woodland cottage in the light of his memory, and made us think that he abhorred civilization; but we find that he never cut himself off from the town. He was like a camper-out. When he wished to be alone and had work to do, he betook himself to his hut; but he ran back to his friends whenever he was so inclined, and all his relations with his family were thoughtful, kind, and affectionate.

We have some telling extracts from Daniel Webster's correspondence, which show us his early affection for Concord and the true mettle of the noble men and women there. His spirits were out of tune with them at length; for they loved the cause of the slave and liberty, and he more the ghost of a constitution and the formalities of law. He says, "My friends in this beautiful village have become estranged, to my great grief, by Abolitionism, Freesoilism, and Transcendentalism, and other such notions,

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which I cannot but regard as so many vagaries of the imagination." Mr. Emerson and Samuel Hoar had strongly condemned his 7th of March speech. Shortly after this, says Mr. Sanborn, the whig convention at Baltimore rejected his name as Presidential candidate, and he went home to Marshfield to die.

Thoreau loved the old farm-houses and farmers of Concord, although they may have distrusted him a little. He measured their land and attended all their fairs, and knew all their trees, birds, and crops.

We have some extracts showing Thoreau's fine, delicate, and yet healthy, original mind. In a letter to him, Margaret Fuller criticises an article of his for the *Dial*, praises it, but says, "Your style is so rugged that it ought to be commanding." One of his most graceful and tender verses is called "The Departure,"—verses which he wrote on leaving Emerson's house, where he had been living so long and happily. Thoreau's correspondence with Horace Greeley does honor to both men,—Greeley so anxious to help him by literary influence or money, Thoreau so unwilling to go in debt. We believe his writings, all too few, will grow more and more upon the heart and mind of the reading world, and keep his memory fresh. His last days were cheerful, sweet, and harmonious. "One world at a time," he said to his comforters, and slipped away into the unseen with a smile on his face.

The other volume of this series, the *Life of George Ripley*, by Mr. Frothingham, is equally interesting. Mr. Ripley was born in Greenfield, Mass., of good New England stock. He studied in the family of Mr. Ripley, of Waltham; and we get a glimpse of this home and the wonderful wife, fitting quick and dull-brained youths for college, and among them was this bright young man. He took the first part at college and the highest prizes, and honorably maintained himself during the vacations. His letters to his mother and sister are somewhat heavy in style for a youth, but full of genuine feeling and character. He enters the Theological School with a serious, scholarly mind. He says of Dr. Channing in a letter, "I cannot enable you to form a conception of the infantine simplicity and apostolic meekness, united with the eloquence of an angel and the spirituality of a sainted mind, which characterize Dr. Channing." He goes down to Mr. Upham's ordination at Salem, sees John Pickering, Dr. Bowditch, Judge White, etc., and is well pleased with that religion called Unitarianism (although he "is of no sect"), which "brings glad

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tidings of great joy." He seems wholly sincere, devout, and entirely destitute of worldly ambition. He was settled in 1826 over a Unitarian society, corner of Purchase and Pearl Streets, Boston, and was married the next year to Miss Sophia Willard Dana, of Cambridge, Mass. This marriage was in every way a happy one. He was devoted to his people, and says: "Preaching agrees with me. On Monday morning, I am as free from fatigue as if I had been idle the day before." He stayed in this parish fourteen years. He outgrew his people at length, although they do not appear to have found fault with him to any great extent. The love between them was never cold, and he probably might have moulded them to his own enlarging ideas; but his conscience was sensitive, and he wanted perfect freedom. His mind as well as style of writing then were lacking somewhat in elasticity. He writes the longest parish letter, perhaps, on record, — forty pages, we may call it, of ordinary manuscript. His people very likely did not read it all, but they knew how good it was. As a letter, it is out of all reason in its bulk; but it would well bear publishing to-day as a pamphlet, showing so nobly and comprehensively the true attitude of a church and Christian ministry. Mr. Ripley edited for a short time the *Christian Register*, and contributed to the *Examiner*. He retained his interest in the Unitarian denomination and its ministers and people to the last, and acknowledged his early indebtedness to them.

Mr. Frothingham gives us a little sketch of the aspect of Unitarianism at that time, which is fair and appreciative. It is plain that the spirit of free inquiry was in danger of settling down upon its past discoveries, and yet men like Channing and Dr. Walker and others were always ready for the light. Mr. Ripley was in no way revolutionary. Few would disagree now with his position then; but Theodore Parker and Transcendentalism were coming in sight, and plain, intelligent, educated Unitarian men and women had got all the freedom they wanted, and were afraid. They did not see at that time what we see now, that the best way to hold on to the highest truths is to be hospitable toward assailants, let them revise our beliefs, and then wear themselves out, if they will, with their negations. Mr. Frothingham contrasts Ripley's style of preaching with Channing's, and thinks that it lacked Channing's grace and unction; but he says very finely of Ripley's sermons, "They were not elegant, but pervaded by a keen, lambent light, and, in passages, animated by a singular intellectual glow, as of an aurora borealis."

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The Transcendental Club was formed in 1836. Mr. Parker was at Roxbury, not yet in the heat of contest. He and Mr. Ripley had a very enduring friendship. We have next Mr. Ripley's controversy with Mr. Norton, in which Mr. Ripley shows himself calm, courteous, and self-contained. We can see now a medium ground for the two thinkers; but Mr. Norton was too inflexible to perceive it, and Mr. Ripley too much on the defensive against an attack to feel it. Now comes the Brook Farm experiment, an exceedingly interesting chapter in this book, which depicts Mr. Ripley as the soul of the movement. Many of his ideas advanced in the Prospectus are truly noble and original. It was not the fault of the ideas that they failed, but because the world of humanity is at present so constituted that there is not much chance for them collectively, although individually we believe many men and women who never saw Brook Farm are better fulfilling their destiny for that experiment in New England society. It failed financially, and was started again on the principles of Fourier. As Mr. Frothingham well puts it, it was now looked upon "as a mechanical attempt to reform society rather than a poetic attempt (as before) to regenerate it." This movement in turn failed. Mr. Ripley felt the disappointment keenly, but his faith in the principles of the Association never left him. The *Harbinger*, which he edited, had published articles from the most able literary and philosophic men of the country, and was now transferred to New York, where Mr. Ripley, with his noble, self-sacrificing wife, removed. This journal came to an end; and Mr. Ripley began his literary connection with the *Tribune*, for which he was admirably fitted by his scholarly training and independent thought. The salary was very small at first, but the work suited his taste; and, in 1871, it was raised to $50 a week. Mr. Frothingham gives us a very vivid picture of his incessant and varied literary work during these years, and the thoroughness of criticism that handled the most obscure workman with the same conscientiousness and respect, as it did the recognized genius of the hour. His mind was worthy of longer flights of composition and thought. He knew it, and longed to tarry on great philosophic themes; but the demands of the journalist would not permit. His devoted wife died in 1861. She had found rest, after her mental tossings, in the Romish Church. This change was a grief inwardly to Mr. Ripley; but it never impaired their

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affection, and he deeply mourned her loss. He kept on with his work in his loneliness for four years. In 1865, he was married again to a German lady, a widow, of fine education and accomplishments; and a new home was made for him, and a fresher life. He entered into society, and his literary fame increased. He went abroad twice, and contributed valuable letters for the *Tribune*, treating more of mind observations and the phases of European thought, than of sights and sounds. One record in his journal is a fine criticism upon Emerson, in the main just, called out by a sight of Emerson's last volume in a book stall. His heart always turned to New England. Mr. Frothingham's analysis of Mr. Ripley's character and genius, and of the critical office in general, is clear and convincing, and hits the mark with grace and precision. He shows us how this man was too modest, too conscientious, too unambitious, to leave the journalist's task for the author, the philosopher, he might have been, and his friends wished him to be, and yet he gained as a critic the world-wide reputation he did not ask for.

Mr. Ripley's bodily health and vigor was remarkable, although he sat at his desk often for days without exercise. He was attacked, however, by a pulmonary affection in 1880, and died in July of that year. We have in his life the somewhat uncommon spectacle of a man who began life with the romantic hope of making the pure ideal practicable, and ended it in the office of a daily paper, by making the practical so ideal, through his daily devotion to the public good, that he lifted the function of the newspaper critic to a place unknown before in the history of the country.

We have a valuable letter at the end of the book from Mr. Emerson, in relation to Brook Farm, and a complete index.

We have received the Fifty-first Annual Report of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind for 1882. They are making an earnest appeal for the foundation and endowment of a kindergarten and primary school for unfortunate children, too young to be admitted into the Institution. Mr. Anagnos, the director, gives us his usual able and interesting report, showing his noble enthusiasm and faith in his work, and opening to our vision every year new vistas of light on darkened eyes, and fresh avenues of development to the human mind.

The managers of the Industrial School for Girls at Dorchester send us their annual report, and remind us of their beautiful and

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modest work; going on so noiselessly, and yet training so carefully these young girls in virtuous and respectable habits, and sending them out into families where they lead useful lives.

Our friend Mr. Hopps has sent us his reply to Mr. Moody, on hearing his sermon in Floral Hall on "The Unchangeable, Unfailing, and Everlasting Love of God," contrasted with his sermon on the "Unchangeable, Unfailing, and Everlasting Misery of Hell." Mr. Hopps asks if Mr. Moody really believes in such a hell? He declares that he *did* a short time ago, and then Mr. Hopps thunders down on him. *He* believes with Mr. Moody in this "everlasting love of God." "Shame," he says, "upon angelic fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters, if they are happy, while millions of friends are in hell." Mr. Sankey sang the song, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," but Mr. Moody said: "Bear in mind that you will not hear that song in the lost world. *He does not pass that way.*" "Why does not Jesus pass that way?" says Mr. Hopps; "or, if he does not, why does not the loving God send some one else to seek and save the lost?"

Mr. Hopps answers this kind of realistic preaching, we see, with an intense realism. We have no doubt many of the audiences he addresses need it. Nothing short of it would reach them. Mr. Hopps is no disbeliever in retribution. But he does not believe in pain without purification and cure. He knows that this doctrine may frighten timid working men and women, but never makes true Christians of them or unselfish friends and neighbors. We have received a Leicester paper, containing an account of a social tea for seven hundred persons, got up by Mr. Hopps for the friends and workers in his great Sunday afternoon meetings there. Mr. Hopps says good-humoredly, in his speech of sympathy for working people, that he did not mean to mention the word Unitarian; but somebody had said that there was no getting away from the fact that these meetings had been only another phase of Unitarianism. If it was so, he could only say that it seemed to agree with them. He could call them to witness that he had advised them to love and trust the one God and Father of them all, to love and revere their elder brother Jesus, and not to be afraid of God's dealings with them in this world or the next.

Our missionary and educator in India, Mr. Dall, sends us two little publications, showing us what he is doing out there. Mr. Dall appears always to be on friendly terms with other workers, and attended a great conference of missionaries from all

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India, "not as a member, but as a welcome visitor and friend." When asked, "What are you teaching the Hindus, Moslems, and non-Christians?" he replies, through one of these little pamphlets, called *What is Christianity? Sonship to God*, in a clear-cut, graphic way, suited to win the attention of the Oriental, and startle a little, perhaps, the old-fashioned missionary. "God loves," he says, "diversity in thought and act, where there is unity of feeling and aspiration to the Holy One. I welcome all seekers of God." Speaking of Jesus, he says, "Not until I have outlived him in divine spirituality and self-sacrifice can I cease to call him my Inspirer, Teacher, Master. . . . Yet, good and holy as his life was, he forbids my copying it blindly or servilely. . . . But no guide of men but Jesus has carried us boldly up to the All Perfect One, as our prototype and inimitable exemplar." The pamphlets also contain an address delivered before the Prarthona Somaj (Society) of Poona, on religion and progress in America, showing how Mr. Dall is glad to put himself in fellowship with these Hindu theistic churches. But the most interesting part of these pamphlets is the report we have of two letters of Mr. Dall to the Calcutta press, the *Statesman*. It appears that the well-known Keshub Chunder Sen had been giving a lecture in the Dalhousie Institute, before a large and cultured audience, on the work of the missionaries in India. We all know about Mr. Sen,—what charm of manner he has, what command of English, how fervent is his piety; and yet we know how reactionary he has been of late years, and what want of balance he seems to exhibit in his own religious life, and in his teachings blending high-wrought ritualism and asceticism. Mr. Dall shows excellent tact and courtesy in his comments upon Keshub. He calls him his friend, and recognizes his earnest piety, his graces as a speaker, his power as an inspirer; but he believes him now on the wrong track, and that the tendency of his teaching, noble as it was when he first became a Hindu leader and made a reputation among the best English, is now against all progress. Mr. Sen, in his high flights of religious rhapsody, abjures books and culture, and approaches, and is leading his disciples to approach, the quiescent doctrines of modern Buddhism. Mr. Dall, in these public letters, shows how he himself is something more than a missionary to a few so-called heathen, more even than an educator of Hindu youth. He shows that he is influencing the public mind of Calcutta and the East through his electric nature,

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and fair, undogmatic way of seeing things as they are. Let us give him our sympathy and encouragement in the work he is doing for us in this far-away land.

English Christians seem to be anxious about the Island of Madagascar. The native or old pagan populations are rising against civilization, "charging all their social and political troubles to the gospel." The French emissaries, in the region of the despotic Queen Ranavalo, are fomenting the trouble. This great island is not said to be of great worth to Great Britain, commercially, but the missionaries have laid down their lives there, and the Queen has been brought to encourage their religion and education. The character of the country is such, it is said, that no foreign army could ever subdue the native tribes; and, therefore, nothing but ruin and desolation can come from this outbreak, if encouraged by French interference.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Our friend, Miss A. A. Woodward, whose *nom de plume* is well known at the West as "Auber Forestier," has sent, at our request, some report of the doings of the Madison Unitarian Society, Wisconsin, where she is uniting with others to lend a helping hand: —

. . . The pleasant little synagogue, occupied through the generosity of the Hebrew Society, can only comfortably seat about one hundred and fifty; and, during the past year, it has been impossible to accommodate all who have applied for admittance.

The church activities are full of life and eager aspiration. The Sunday-school, though not large, is active and earnest, has a flower mission and a band of mercy, and is chiefly cared for by the president and Prof. D. B. Frankenburger. Mr. Crooker's Social Science Class has an attendance of about thirty-five, all that can find room in the basement where it meets after Sunday service. It has been studying the charities of the world from the earliest records to the present time, and has just begun the subject of crime and prison reform. The Contemporary Club, started by Mr. Simmons to meet the wants of the young people, and cordially welcoming young and old of any denomination, meets every fortnight for the free discussion of important topics of the day. Its five sections are contemporary history, recent literature, new discoveries and inventions, social science, and art; and, with a membership of sixty, it is now one of the most attractive societies in Madison. Under its auspices was given during the past winter a series of valuable lectures, the speakers being Mr. Sunderland of Ann Arbor, Rabbi Hirsch, Mr. Simmons, Prof. R. B. Anderson, and Prof. Rosenstengel. Our informal musical

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evenings are under my own charge, and take place about once a month, their object being to increase an appreciation of the ennobling influence of good music, in view of which explanatory remarks accompany the leading numbers on the programme. We have had freely bestowed vocal and instrumental assistance from every church in town, and the interest shown is so great that on clear nights we are forced to turn many people from our door. Our dime collection goes toward the musical expenses of the society.

Also among the interesting features of the past year are the unique Emerson Memorial service of May 15, 1882, and the novel Easter service of this year. Mr. Crooker has an original mind, and a rare gift for utilizing and harmonizing the talents about him. As a preacher, he is eloquent, earnest, and forcible; and his sermons throw bright light on the significance and value of the liberal Unitarian movement. The society is peculiarly fortunate in having secured in turn the services of two such men as Mr. Simmons and Mr. Crooker.

A lot has now been purchased for $2,250 in the most desirable portion of the city, subscriptions having been given by many of our citizens outside of the society who consider its activities beneficial to the community, and, with the funds applied for at the Saratoga Conference, it is hoped to build a church adapted to the requirements of this university town. There is every reason to suppose that the growth of the society will then render it self-supporting as a free church. It will please you to know that a woman, Miss Ella A. Giles, who came home full of enthusiasm after attending a Western conference, gave the first impetus toward the organization of the society.

MARTHA P. LOWE.

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NOTES FROM ENGLAND.

MR. MOODY'S CAMPAIGN.

We return to you once more Mr. Moody and his valuable coadjutor, Mr. Sankey. Their visit has, on the whole, been successful, very successful, if eagerness to hear and "crowded houses" indicate success. It will, however, be denied by very few that the old fervor, excitement, emotion, anxiety, did not reappear. People have gone very much to look on, to assist at a demonstration, to be entertained, and see and hear once more the two stars. There has been more comment than heretofore on the performers. Mr. Sankey's ability and Mr. Moody's power have been more talked about than "the great transaction" of being saved. I attended two fairly representative meetings, both crowded to excess, but both decorous, staid, unemotional, with a curious, outside, looking-on air about them, very difficult to describe, but most strikingly manifest. It was perfectly plain that the overwhelming majority were good church and chapel people, who needed no "saving," and who sat it all out as a kind of delicious repast, a calm, sweet, refreshing bit of religious dissipation. There was something painful, however, in the attempts made to get people who wanted salvation to stand up. Out of sheer pity for poor Mr. Moody, who stood entreating thousands for just one anxious soul to show itself, it was a wonder that some of the saved did not rise. It was a mournfully forced, artificial, and unsuccessful part of the programme. But, in truth, a great deal of what was done was, at all events, forced and artificial. Mr. Moody's discourses and Bible readings occasionally interested; but an air of threadbareness, that could not be mistaken, hung about every story and every appeal. Mr. Sankey's singing was sometimes effective. Many people thought him hard and coarse both in conception and execution. I must confess I liked the singing on the whole. But, as for exciting or melting us, no! One of Mr. Moody's sermons — repeated in many places, I believe — excited considerable attention. It might have been preached in any Unitarian pulpit with acceptance, but for one or two irrelevant passages. It was on the love of God, which he described as unchangeable, unfailing, and everlasting. As I listened to it, I could not shake off the impression that I

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was listening to a rough version of Channing, pleading against Calvin and his followers. Mr. Moody knew no reservations. "God's love is like a mother's love," he said; "and specially like a mother's love in her clinging to her lost and wicked children. It is like the love of the father in the parable of the Prodigal Son. It is uncalculating, inexhaustible, pitiful, winning, all-sufficing." On leaving the hall, I said to a good orthodox friend, "Thank Mr. Moody for me for as good a Unitarian sermon as I have heard for many a day." To another, a Wesleyan minister, I said, "Do you believe all that?" "Why, yes, of course, and with all my heart," he replied. "What! all through, and to the end?" "Of course," he answered. "Right on, then, to the gates of hell, and beyond," I asked, "unchangeable and everlasting?" The lips were a little whitened and tremulous that replied, slowly, "The Word of God gives us no hope there." Of course, I answered, "Then, you must drop all this romantic and pleasant talk about the unfailing, unchangeable, and everlasting love of God."

THE SALVATION ARMY.

A most instructive contrast, a contrast simply overwhelming in interest and significance, is that presented by a Salvation Army meeting. A few weeks before Mr. Moody visited "our town," we had a day with "General Booth," the head of the Salvation Army. They met in the usual meeting place of the army, a large old factory, now called "the salvation warehouse." Here was the restless, anxious, hungry, bedraggled throng, and no mistake! Two or three thousand of them: rough fellows, in greasy jackets and sordid caps; women, with bare arms and carrying babies; factory girls; poor old men; all sorts, except the people that abounded at Mr. Moody's meetings. There, I saw very few without the church or chapel sheep-mark on them,— no mistaking it. Here was the uncaptured animal! But it was a lost opportunity. I have a kind of half-liking for the Salvation Army, springing, I think, from sympathy with its sturdy resolution to dig down to the residuum; but I am sorry to say that the meeting I attended had not one redeeming feature. It was all hopelessly frivolous, vulgar, silly, unwholesome, —a sorrowful and sickening warning. But, when I say "not one redeeming feature," I ought to except a speech by the General, which, however, had not a bit of fresh, sweet food in it for

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any poor hungry soul. It is certain, however, that the Salvation Army is a real sign of the times, that it is teaching us a great lesson, and that it is doing much good. Whether the harm done is as great no one can tell. Its organ, the *War Cry*, is a wonderful paper. It is sold for a half-penny, and has all the appearance of a campaign gazette, with telegrams from the seat of war, reports from officers, descriptions of assaults, and the like. But its most taking feature is its pithy record of experiences. I have never bought a number without wondering at the numbers of bright and telling incidents in it, some of them indicating delicious shrewdness and humor, with wonderful human freshness and force about them. Here, from the last number, for instance,— by no means an exceptional number, and one I accidentally bought,—I have extracted the following: —

"Aberdeen I. was a real devil-thrashing day. At ten A.M. open-air, we were singing the songs of Zion, and, after pitching red-hot Gospel truths into the enemy, we marched up and down the back slums, waking the devil up out of his sleep."

Pretty rough! but, from their point of view, "devil-thrashing" is not a bad description of their work in "the back slums," where, in all our large towns, something like the devil *does* want routing out.

"Sudbury. Glory be to our God, this little one has become a thousand; and though the devil raged, and poor Capt. Littlejohn had his ribs broken, he is getting better, and hundreds of poor sinners have had their hearts broken and come to the Great Physician, who has healed them. The Lecture Hall is crowded every night. Two places were going on Saturday night and Sunday. I was pleased to see such a lot of young men in their guernseys, and maidens putting on our colors and bonnets. Soldiers of Sudbury, fight for Jesus, live holy, and your town shall be captured for the King."

Here is a glimpse of what the army has to do and to bear. "Poor Capt. Littlejohn" had his ribs broken by the roughs. Is it not a sight worth looking at and pondering, that these "soldiers" have the courage and loyalty to go and literally follow Christ, as men and women who ask the old question: —

"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

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"Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?"

How many millions have sung that, in a safe and comfortable chapel, without ever doing a bit of rough pioneering work! Is it nothing to see the Salvation Army shouldering the cross, and going down to the roughs into the slums?

"We are believing for a mighty work to be done in Greenock yet. Night after night, we are to be found marching through these streets, in spite of the rain (and it is nearly always raining here). Our band is doing us good service, and is heard playing the people into the hall nearly every night. Praise God, because the rain does not frighten Salvation Army people; and we do not intend to let anything stop us, until every sinner has been saved! May God help us!"

Amen! say I; and commend the despatch from the field of battle to our saints who tap the weather-glass or think of the new bonnet or hat before venturing out to "service." Call *that* "service"! Here is another in the same mood,—

"A good muster had walked two miles in the rain for a grand march, and had got drenched by the time we reached the lecture hall; and, thank God, the glory came right through and drenched our souls!"

Here is a vivid glimpse of what is in these people. Brother Gawthorp writes from Scarborough:—

"I was going down the street on Saturday afternoon, and was asked what them lasses was doing with them papers. I said, 'They belong to our *War Cry* Brigade, and we're going to take *War Cries* and salvation to people who do not come to hear us.' One of the lasses asked me if I would go and help, which I consented to do; and God was with us all the time. We went up one street and down another. We did not know what to do to get the people out of their houses, so we stopped at one of our brothers' houses and had a prayer-meeting. We took hold of God, and asked him to help us and show us what to do. One of the sisters tied a *War Cry* round my hat, and I went in the centre of the road, and sang out at the top of my voice, '*War Cry!* Two a penny!' The people came out to see what was the matter, and we sold nearly all our *War Cries*. It seemed rather a hard task for me to do; but, since I have given myself up fully to God and got some backbone religion in my heart, I feel I can do anything for the Lord. One sister, who is lame, walked to Scalby, a village three or four miles away. We are a gang of living wonders."

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That is full of shining touches. The old staid church members who cannot, at all events, admire the courage and glowing enthusiasm of these recruits, and who do not see much in it all to think about are not to be envied. Here is another glimpse of the ways of these people:—

"We have just celebrated our first anniversary, and a wonderful time it has been.

"On Saturday night, it was raining; but Salvation musicians can play in the rain as well as when it is fine.... Brass band to the front at ten o'clock. We were comfortably full in the morning. Also, a splendid muster in the afternoon,—one hundred and seventy-nine in ranks. On we go to give our rich friends a visit, round by the villas and mansions. We have never been this way before."

"We have never been this way before." They know more about "the back slums" than "the villas and mansions." Some of the records of personal experience are all alive:—

"One comrade said: 'Talk about rags and bones! Before The Army came to Monkwearmouth, I was serving the devil; and a nice bundle of rags he made of me. I was brought so low that once I took the rags off my back and sold them for drink, and lay in a cart till somebody brought me as much as would cover my body till I got home. Thank God, He took me in, saved me in my rags, and now I have not only salvation for my soul, but clothes to wear and better food to eat!'

"A brother and his wife told us how the devil used to dress them in rags, give them nothing to eat, and made them always fight; but, since The Army came, they were led to the foot of the cross, got their rags of sin changed to the robe of righteousness, and their bodies clothed with comfortable garments. Their souls are fed with the Bread of Life and their bodies with wholesome food. They used to have no money or riches of any kind; but, since they got saved, they had discovered the unsearchable riches of Christ. Besides having got many other worldly comforts, they had saved over seven pounds in a few weeks, which they hope to use for God's glory.

"Another brother, who was drinking with some of his companions one Saturday evening, had a bundle of bones under his arm for the Sunday dinner of his wife, children, and himself. As the procession swept past, he left his companions and beer, followed our comrades to the barracks with the bones still under his arm. When the prayer-meeting commenced, he went to the mercy-seat, got saved, and now, instead of his family and himself feeding on bones, they have good roast beef,—besides having salvation, which makes and keeps them all happy."

Here are two decidedly practical results of being "saved":—

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"When I joined the Salvation Army, my clothes were not worth twopence. I had a pair of old shoes on that you would not have picked up; but now, thank God, I've a good suit of clothes and a good pair of shoes. But, best of all, God has taken the craving for drink away, and what He has done for me He is able and willing to do for you, poor drunkard. May God help you to get saved. . . .

"Capt. Stoker followed after the collection had been made, and, in the course of his appeal to the ungodly, said that he met a tradesman the other day who told him that a woman who owed him 6*s*. and 6*d*. for fourteen years had been converted, and then came to pay this old-standing debt."

One instance of the intense, realistic, simple earnestness of these people may serve to indicate the source of much of their power. Here is a man "under conviction":—

"After breakfast, I went to my work again; and, during the forenoon of the day, I prayed and wept and sought the Lord until about one o'clock, when I retired to a quiet corner of the coal-yard. While pleading with God, suddenly there came a messenger from heaven straight to my heart, and said as distinctly as ever I heard anything in my life, 'Thy sins, which were many, are all forgiven!' My whole soul in a moment went up to heaven in praise; and, with tears in my eyes and hands uplifted, I cried out, 'O Lord, thy mercy endureth forever!' Anywhere, even in a coal-yard, God can give a man a heart as white as snow. I went home, feeling years younger, to tell the glad news to her who had been such a wonderful help to me."

What a marvellous realism is here! Is it not in spirit the very perfection of our protest against sacerdotalism and all ecclesiastical pretensions and claims? Here is a man who pushes all that on one side, and deems that a coal-yard may be a church and the scene of "the great transaction" between God and man! To what all this may grow, none can say. Possibly, the fresh, free life of these "soldiers" may itself drop into formality, and come to mean mere perfunctory drill, the old fervor needing to be pumped up, the old quaint humor descending into grotesque mimicry. In the mean time, the movement *is* a revelation, and many of us might profit by it.

HAECKEL ON CELL-SOULS AND SOUL-CELLS.

A very remarkable work has been published by the Freethought Publishing Company, London,—a translation, with the author's concurrence, of certain lectures and essays by the well-known and very pronounced Ernst Haeckel, of Jena. The book

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is published in the interest of what Charles Bradlaugh likes to call Freethought,—what some of us would call Materialism in Science and Atheism in Religion; but it is a very significant specimen of a decidedly modern kind of book, which may yet bless where it was expected to curse. We are taken by it, and in a most charming manner, into the wonder-world opened to us by the late Charles Darwin; and, in a way that has not been surpassed, we are shown the mighty, the exquisite, the far-reaching processes at work. It is all so lovely, so orderly, so wise, that it will be the most wonderful thing of all if here and there a sceptical reader does not look up and say, "But who is doing and determining it all?" One chapter will be supremely likely to do this. It is entitled "Cell-souls and Soul-cells," and contains a revelation of surprising beauty and suggestiveness. Of course, the word "soul" is used by Haeckel in a sense of his own, and, so used, is equivalent to some such phrase as sense-organ or *life centre*. But "the soul" with him is, nevertheless, a very real thing, having its own "developmental history." All living creatures have cell-souls, according to Haeckel: every cell has its own soul, that which endows it with sensation. "Countless as the stars in heaven are the endless myriads of cells which compose the frame" of any animal; but every cell is alive and, in a sense, independent, having its own separate work to do, its separate sensations to receive and deal with. But "the higher the development of the animal," the more is centralization secured, by means of "the mighty central director, the nerve-centre, the brain,"—"the more complete is the centralization of the cell-monarchy." These "nerve-cells" of the brain or "soul-cells" (different from cell-souls in being thought-movers and uniters, if not thought-creators) "form the central directing organ of the whole of the multicellular body." They "rise high above all other kinds of cell." They "effect that most important and enigmatical work that we denote by the word Ideation. They, in the higher animals, as in man, effect that most exalted of all functions of the soul,— that of thinking and of perception, reason and consciousness." This looks vastly like evolution carried into the region of what we ordinarily call soul or "spirit"; and Haeckel still further enables us to say that. He says, "The study of the souls of animals reveals to us a long series of evolution." "The complex molecular motions in the protoplasm of the soul-cells, whose highest consequence is

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imagination and thinking, reason and consciousness, have been gradually acquired, in the course of many millions of years, by Selection." The "special soul-cells are only met with in the higher animals in a central nervous system." "The primal elements of soul-life are in all living matter, in all protoplasm. But the grades of the upbuilding and composition of this soul vary in different living beings, and lead us gradually upward from the quiescent cell-soul through a long series of ascending steps to the conscious and rational soul of man,"—a unity, strictly a person, of whom surely we may say that he has been evolved through all these "many millions of years" with reference to some other consequence than being only a superior kind of beast of burden. Is it irrational or unscientific to say that this evolved man, now arrived at the highest stage, that of conscious, harmonious soul-life,—the monarchy of the whole selfhood,—may have acquired sufficient subtilty and unity of being to enable him—the thinking, self-conscious man—to hold together, to persist, to march out and on, when the cells disintegrate and the earth-work falls away?

"From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man."

JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

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REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

Bible Theology and Modern Thought. L. P. Townsend, D.D.

Prof. Townsend has marshalled an array of quotable reading which is often very interesting and suggestive, without always being what he intends it shall be, convincing. He has been a wide reader, and does not hesitate to press into the service of his thought the writings of most sceptical and scientific thinkers. Up to a certain point, his sympathy with the method and work of science is marked and admirable; but, when he proceeds to a final application of the principle he accepts, the limits of the special pleader plainly appear in him. Indeed, one cannot help turning Huxley's saying, which he quotes against the scientists upon their traditional opponents, and suggesting that those who have taken an active part in *theology* "should be killed at sixty, not being flexible enough upon arriving at that age to yield to the advance of new ideas." Prof. Townsend says the world is waiting for "a man to stand a trifle above the specialists of all schools and all ages," and, looking backward and forward, judge all knowledge impartially, and so "find the eternal truth of God." But, beautiful as the thought is, it will probably never be that God's truth comes in that way. The object of this human order does not seem to be to produce perfect men, so much as out of imperfect men, and between the work of specialists and extremists, to patiently round a result.

Prof. Townsend is at his best in the opening chapters. There, he is on broad, general grounds; and his freedom, breadth, and suggestiveness are noticeable and helpful. But, when he passes over to the field of special pleading for certain doctrines, the sympathy with broad scientific principles begins to weaken, and sometimes finally disappears altogether from consideration. "Any other supposition (than that of a supreme mind in the universe) will be forever at war with common sense." And, again, he says, "We shall try to establish the proposition that the something in the universe eternal, invisible, illimitable, all powerful, and supremely intelligent, is a personality." But why try? Why not investigate, as he set out to do, in the scientific spirit, and take what comes as established? In one sentence, he says, "We are to suppose ourselves as far as possible (!) unbiassed

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by any creed and to be in honest search after theological truth"; and, in almost the next, "A student, *devout* and scholarly, reads and studies the Bible." But why *devout*, till, in the process of demonstration he has undertaken, devotion is called for? He assumes the claim to prove it. The same begging of the question appears in other places, noticeably on p. 109. Indeed, one becomes painfully aware of what we might call the professional curse. Once a preacher, always and everywhere a preacher. The bow keeps its twang, even if it be not at the special moment propelling arrows. It is this familiar touch that saves to us our theologian,— a type endeared to us by long association. We are assured at last that even a scientific taste and course of reading will not lose for us his traditional features.

But the radical error of the book is the same which vitiates all the reasoning of Joseph Cook. The frequent appeal to reason and science is popularly effective. But the proof adduced weakens rather than supports the evangelical position. Prof. Townsend brings forward reason and fact to support the so-called Biblical position. But the Bible and the Church, in his view of both, claim only one possible ground of authority; and that is faith. They claim to rest on a "divine mystery." You must not attempt to explain. The virtue is in very acceptance without understanding. They antagonize nature with supernature, so that you must not find their root in nature. They are here to fight the world, and declare that all the analogies in things are the wiles of the devil. Are you prepared to give up all and accept, to flee nature and rest on grace? That is the one supreme and unchanging position of Orthodoxy.

The attempt to find support in nature for the positions of faith must react disastrously, as long as supernaturalism is made the only resource from the dreaded materialism of the day. It is the reaction from supernaturalism that has made the materialism; and the only way of return to a religious restfulness is along the line of spirituality which is strictly natural, according to the truest use of that word. To try to find the trinity in nature is to lose the force of that doctrine as something which makes away from nature's incompleteness, and at the same time to miss what satisfaction may come from a purely natural standpoint of vision and experience. We want to be either evangelical and supernatural in our satisfactions, or rational and natural; and there does not seem to be any way of fully uniting the advantages of the two methods. The moment the element of

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reason is introduced, the heart of the faith position is gone. Prof. Townsend's trinity from nature is not very reassuring, either to one's orthodoxy or one's scepticism. Having a trinity already firmly fixed in mind, and derived from arbitrary sources of authority, it is very easy to extort symbols and analogies from nature. But is that, or has it anything to do with, the Bible trinity? That doctrine finds you in a state of nature, and saves you by its antithesis in grace. Supposing one should adopt a septemniade of divine modes of operation, and start with the notion that God was one, but had seven persons in the Godhead: would it be any more difficult to find traces of seven-sidedness in nature? Nature furnishes boundless means of illustration for almost any idea. But does it teach *the* trinity, or even *a* trinity? In spite of Prof. Townsend's laborious and elastic reasoning, we cannot see that it does. His analogy from nature is somewhat clever, but forced and futile. It is just as easy, by the same logic, to prove polytheism in nature, especially that higher form of the doctrine which sees one form of life in manifold manifestation. So far from its being true that the trinity will yet rest on a basis so profound that, "among thoughtful men the world over, all controversy, except perhaps with regard to the formula used, will come to an end," the basis on which it rests can never change by the very terms and conditions of its promulgation.

How can one "continue to employ what is known as the scientific and philosophical method," who speaks of him "who entered the Garden of Eden a *few* thousand years ago, and by the word of his power formed the original man and woman"? How can one accept the supernatural view of the Bible, when he accepts the worst charges of Ingersoll against it, and justifies them by analogies from the crude workings of nature? He says nature teaches the gospel law, and the gospel only announces it. He consequently allows a place for natural salvation, where Orthodoxy claims that the Bible offers none.

The treatment of God's goodness and severity strikes us as superficial, as compared with the far more comprehensive handling of the subject of good and evil, by the late Dr. Dewey in his *Problem of Human Destiny*,— a book which, by the way, ought to be reprinted, and brought to the notice of more recent readers. But the chief illustration of a strained and arbitrary reasoning appears in the chapter on Miracles. The chapter itself does more than almost anything we have ever met to

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reconcile us to the doctrine. It is truly a miracle of agile and irresponsible logic. The whole universe of things is a mine, and nuggets of the wonderful and impossible are everywhere at hand. Since it is difficult to understand how man came, to raise men from the dead is easy. Since we cannot comprehend the natural process, which is a *fact*, the wildest theory of the unnatural may be accepted as a fact. While we would agree that "God would resort to miraculous agencies, *provided he could do so*," we cannot help thinking he would in such a case make an undoubted success of them. Any large share of the world would not be left in any legitimate question as to them, as is here the case. Without being strict evolutionists, we may say there was probably less break in the natural order of creation than Prof. Townsend supposes. Certainly, nothing like supernatural and miraculous which he sees in the development of the world. The world will hardly go back to the hitchy theories of creation which have prevailed in the past.

We cannot close this review without noticing the candor and evident intention of fair play which Prof. Townsend shows in speaking of Unitarianism. Upon p. 129, he says: "In 1822, Thomas Jefferson predicted that Unitarianism would erelong be the religion of the majority. In 1879, President McCosh wrote, 'Unitarianism has died, and is laid out for decent burial.' Certainly, Jefferson's prediction is not fulfilled. Equally certain is it that McCosh's announcement is not verified. Perhaps, however, the days of Unitarianism, in its distinction from Trinitarianism, would soon be numbered, were it not for two reasons: First, Unitarians hold half the truth, the unity of God; and him they worship. Second, they embrace in their communion people of remarkably excellent reputation and character. And while they maintain half the truth and are worshipful, and while their social communion is so unexceptionable, Unitarianism will not soon nor easily die. It will rather live, build churches, and worship in them. Nor will Trinitarianism do much in attempts at overthrowing Unitarianism, except by producing better fruits."

E. F. H.

Spoiling the Egyptians. A Tale of Shame, told from the Blue-books. By J. Seymour Keay. Fifth edition. London: Kegan Paul.

According to this book, the late war in Egypt is the result of unendurable pressure of European bondholders to secure their

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interest, enforced without mercy by the French and English powers. The reckless borrowing of Ismail Pacha, and the unprincipled enlargement of the debt by the creditors, had utterly impoverished the country; and the cruel and ruinous exaction of the enormous taxes at last drove a growing national party to desperation and rebellion. The Egyptian governments had been creatures and exactors of the European task-masters, until Arabi Bey led the forlorn hope of relief,—necessarily also the party of repudiation and revolt,—which has been so summarily crushed by the late campaign. Between the savage barbarism and extravagance of Oriental rule, with its appliances of the bastinado, lawless extortion, and the slave trade, and the civilized barbarism of the stock-jobber and the bond-speculator, with his backing of bullying European ministries, iron ships, and rifled cannon, the people of Egypt have been ground to helpless and hopeless misery, from which England may now have opportunity to extricate them after her usual fashion,—which, let it be granted, is not the worst. A government whose foreign policy has always been to maintain the rights of extortioners, under the name of commerce and contract, may yet well find place to exercise functions of restraint and mediation for the promotion of internal justice and civil order. With such brightening of the picture, grim enough at best, we must admit the substantial truth of the indictment contained in this book.

The Religions of the Ancient World. By George Rawlinson, M.A., Camden Professor of Ancient History, Oxford; author of *The Origin of Nations*, *Five Great Monarchies*, etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883. pp. xiv, 249.

"This little work," says the author in his preface, "has originated in a series of papers written for the *Sunday at Home*, based upon lectures delivered in the University of Oxford." The author hopes that at some future time such expansion "may be given to these brief summaries"—for these chapters are nothing more—"as may render them more proportionate to the vast matter of which they treat." The religions of Egypt, Assyria, and Babylonia, Persia, India, Phœnicia, Etruria, Greece, and Rome are briefly but very clearly sketched, free use being made of the fuller treatment of some of them in the *Five Great Monarchies.* Of the ancient Egyptians, he says, "there was but one God," the other supposed gods were only forms of this one God (p. 31). The Assyrians and Babylonians believed

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in many gods. The Egyptians believed in a future life, but their triads are no proper trinities. The Assyrians and Babylonians had but shadowy views of immortality. The Iranians accepted the doctrine of Dualism, of an evil supreme power and a good one. They were also "earnest believers in the immortality of the soul." The author then gives a sketch of the religion of the early Sanskritic Indians, of the Phœnicians, of the Etruscans, of the ancient Greeks, and of the ancient Romans. He concludes from his inquiries "that it seems impossible to trace back to any one fundamental conception, to any innate idea, . . . the various religions which he has considered; that it is clear that from none of these religions could the religion of the ancient Hebrews have originated"; that the "sacred books of the Hebrews cannot possibly have been derived from the sacred writings of any of these nations; that the historic view lends no support to the theory that there is a uniform growth and progress of religions from fetichism to polytheism, from polytheism to monotheism, and from monotheism to positivism, as maintained by the followers of Comte. In most of them, the monotheistic idea is most prominent *at the first*, and gradually becomes obscured." "The only theory which accounts for all the facts . . . is that of a primeval revelation, variously corrupted through the manifold and multiform deterioration of human natures in different races and places." A brief but valuable index closes the work. An immense amount of information is condensed in these pages.

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UNITARIAN REVIEW,

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UNITARIAN REVIEW

AND

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX. JUNE, 1883. No. 6.

NEGATIVE PREACHING.

In the school grammar that I studied when I was a child occurs the *dictum:* "Two negatives destroy one another, and are equivalent to an affirmative." Were this mutual destruction of negatives a law of thought as of grammar, no religious body in Christendom would have so much of positive theology as our own. Yet is there not in Lindley Murray's maxim a germ of philosophical or theological truth? Is not a universal negative its own refutation? If there are those whose denials would obliterate an entire realm of thought which, to the vast majority of strong, cultivated, and reasoning minds is covered by positive truth, may not this phenomenon indicate, not the falsity of the alleged truth, but the blindness of those who deny it? I confess that the rapid progress of negation within our ranks has tended strongly with me to shorten the cable of my driftings, and, after no superficial study of the sceptical literature of my time, to remoor me at no great remove from the Unitarianism of half a century ago, which had, indeed, its denials, but not one of them without a corresponding positive belief.

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It might not inappropriately be asked whether we are not by our denials forfeiting for ourselves a place not only among Christian, but among religious denominations. Among Christian, certainly; for no sooner does a man whom we have reason to respect and love disclaim the title of Christian than those that seem to be pillars announce that the Christian name is not necessary to a Unitarian. But, still more, we do not consider as outside of our ranks men who deny personal immortality, who own no other God than impersonal law, or who in a very devout spirit maintain the impossibility and absurdity of prayer.

Now, I would be the last to question the right, nay, the duty of free speech on the part of every man who has that to say — be it affirmation or denial — which he believes it good for the world to hear. Nor have I the slightest doubt that honest belief and honest utterance, even in behalf of gross error, find favor for their honesty, though not for their falsity, in heaven; and that among true-hearted, though wrong-headed unbelievers and misbelievers, are as genuine members of the flock of Christ, though not of his fold, as any that are in his fold. But a denomination means primarily a name, and secondarily that which can be named; that is, something definable, something that has distinguishing characteristics. But I know of no narrower definition that can, in accordance with present usage, be given to the term *Unitarian* than belongs to the term *man;* and I verily believe that, were a professed Parsee or Buddhist or Mohammedan to ask for a place on our list of preachers, room would be at once made for him, and pulpits thrown open to him.

My subject, however, is not denominational limits, but negative preaching. Of this, the first thing to be said is that there is no need of it. If there ever was need of it, there is none now. Over-credulity is not the peril of our time, and, least of all, of those who are likely to constitute our congregations. Men do not need the aid of their ministers to help them doubt. Nor do they want it. They do not consider it as a valuable service,— as worth either

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their time or their money. Preachers, otherwise able, lose their hold on their congregations by negative and antagonistic preaching. Audiences are thinned by such preaching. It is expressly said, both by sincerely religious persons and by those who, under fitting auspices, would be susceptible of religious influence, "I find neither profit nor pleasure in going to church merely to hear what I ought not to believe."

Moreover, such teaching, when it has any effect, is prone to produce one of two opposite effects, both injurious, though not equally so. The first and most injurious is the nourishing of what is popularly termed infidelity. The minister may believe something, much, all that is essential to or in Christianity; yet, if his chief strength is spent in antagonism to erroneous beliefs, the tendency is to cherish in his hearers a scepticism much more extensive than his own,—to form in them the habit, not of proving or testing all things, but of doubting all things. Young men in college have come to me in an agony of doubt and bewilderment as to the whole ground of religious belief, saying that their ministers had completely uprooted the faith of their childhood, and given them nothing as a substitute for it.

The other and less regrettable consequence of such preaching is the driving men and women into churches where a fixed creed, prescribed by authority, offers a relief and refuge from the intense weariness of incessant doubt. There are Episcopal churches that have been almost wholly formed of refugees from (so-called) Unitarian scepticism, and I doubt whether the Episcopal Home Missionary funds could in any way be employed to so good purpose as in subsidizing for Unitarian churches ministers whose preaching is an everlasting No. Of the converts to Romanism from among native Americans, a very considerable proportion have been persons of superior power of reasoning and command of the whole field of religious inquiry, who have floundered in the quaking bog of universal doubt, till firm standing ground, under whatever intellectual zone or sky, became an imperative necessity. Orestes A. Brownson, so

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long the leading mind of the Romish Church in America, and for strong and tenacious mental grasp and dialectic skill unsurpassed among our theologians, emerged upon the Ararat of the infallible Church from a deluge that had swamped all objective faith, and, from having doubted or denied everything credible, came to believe everything incredible.

As to our duty, with reference to the subject in hand, it may be well for us to consider the ostensible and conventionally understood object of preaching. This used to be defined as the forming, cherishing, and perfecting of the religious character. I doubt whether it is now otherwise regarded by our congregations. It is not as a lecturer or as an orator or as an accomplished essay-writer that a man is invited to become the pastor of a church, but as a religious teacher, helper, and guide. To the office thus defined, I would give the widest scope,— a free range through the entire domain of truth and of human life; for there is no department of truth that does not legitimately lead up to God, nor is there any interest, aim, pursuit, or experience of life that has not its Godward aspect.

But, with this view of the profession, there are certain conditions of doubt or denial, in which one could not honestly be a preacher. Thus, it is conceivable that you may be entirely destitute of religious belief. The evolution-theory — which, though still an hypothesis awaiting full verification, is evidently on the ascendant, and may be regarded as the provisional and, possibly, the ultimate creed of the scientific world — may certainly be held, so far as organized matter is concerned, not only with no prejudice to religious faith, but even with a more profound sense of God's omnipotence and infinite wisdom than is involved in the old and obsolescent theory of specific creation; and the really great men who have contributed most largely to the establishment of the new theory admit that it leaves the entities, facts, and phenomena that are usually termed spiritual unaccounted for, and thus presents an open realm for religious faith, reverence, and aspiration. But there are those — and,

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if I mistake not, some such have not been ashamed to occupy the pulpit — who deny the existence of this spiritual realm; derive mind, soul, conscience, love, piety, from the spontaneous self-development of a race that has been its own only providence; and regard God as a subjective conception, projected from man's inner consciousness, with no corresponding objective reality. On this theory, religion is impossible; for religion implies two conscious parties, the worshipper and the object of worship, the law-keeper and the lawgiver. If such be your belief, you have no religion to teach. If this be the true theory of the universe, there is nothing to be felt or done about it. It is a system of physiology,— nothing more or else. It has no more bearing on the ethical or the emotional nature than the theory of the spectroscope or the telephone has. It gives neither admonition nor instruction in righteousness, and it certainly affords no comfort in illness or in sorrow or at the graveside. Indeed, as it negatives some of the motives that inspire the noblest deeds and pervade the purest lives, and tends to deprive the afflicted and the dying of solace and hope which at least can do them no harm, it is an open question whether you ought not to keep your theory to yourself, especially as you do not know it to be true. But if you deem it serviceable to humanity to undermine the existing foundations of much of its morality and to dry up its most cherished sources of consolation, the lecture-room, not the church, is the place for you. Nothing can be meaner than to sneak into the church for the sake of desecrating and defacing it. If you want to assail it, you should stand outside like a man, and throw your stones at the windows, from a position in which every one can see what you are doing.

Again, you may have a theory of religion, and yet may have no right to a place in a Christian pulpit. If you have outgrown Christ, have got beyond him, feel no need of him, are ashamed to name him in sermon, in prayer, or even at the communion-table (for I have known of instances in which in that very service, which has no meaning except

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that which he gave to it, no mention has been made of him), — if such be your position, you have no rightful place in a Christian church. Christ calls himself the door of the fold; and I cannot but think that those who do not come in at the door, but climb up some other way, are not unaptly described in those words of his, which you know too well to need that I quote them. The only honest course for you is openly to disclaim the name of Christian; and then, if there be a body calling itself a church, which, having the choice fairly presented between Christ and you, elects you rather than him as its spiritual head, you may fittingly assume such a headship, and lead such a flock in straight paths or in devious ways or no-whither, at your own discretion.

In what more I have to say, I would address directly those who can be and who mean to be Christian ministers. In using the term "Christian," I by no means limit it to my own or to any other man's view of the contents of Christianity. While I should prefer to listen to a preacher whose opinions diverged not very widely from my own, I am glad to regard as a Christian believer and to greet with my hearty godspeed as a Christian preacher any person who has that in his belief and experience which would make the term "Christian" a definition of his own consciousness,— that is, who regards Jesus as occupying such a foremost place in the spiritual hierarchy as to render it no less fitting for men and women of our time than for those of his own time to call themselves by his name.

Among pre-eminent Christian teachers have been men with whose negations I have no sympathy; but I have never known one such who has owed his power to his negations. Theodore Parker denied the authenticity of portions of the evangelic history which are, in my apprehension, not only well attested, but intrinsically probable; but I am profoundly impressed with the positiveness, earnestness, and cogency of his Christian faith. The emphasis which hearers and readers gave to his negations was theirs, not his, and theirs, because at the outset such negations fell upon unac-

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customed ears and eyes. His power as a preacher lay in the intense force and the tender, loving reverence with which he preached Christ, as presenting more of the divine than has else been manifested on earth, as the peerless exemplar of human excellence, as the pioneer reformer in the great conflict with besetting and abounding sin and evil. In a recent examination of some of his writings, I have found repeated definitions of Christ's personality, which were almost identical with that in the disputed text of St. Paul, "God manifest in the flesh"; and I doubt whether any man among us has shown his own soul more suffused, or has left his successive ranks of hearers more deeply penetrated than he with a sense of the majesty, sweetness, and loveliness of the Saviour's character.

Almost the only thing that I had read about Stopford Brooke after his defection from the Church of England, whether in friendly or in adverse journals, was that he had abjured his faith in supernaturalism. I heard him preach every Sunday for several weeks last summer; and, except that once in a sermon on "The Incarnation of God in Christ,"—I use his own words,—he said in a parenthesis, "though I disclaim the supernatural," I did not hear from him a negation of any belief. But, if I may coin a word, his sermons were more Christful than any others that I have ever heard; and he held his large congregations in rapt attention and breathless interest, mainly by his intense, vivid, loving representation of the glory and mercy of God as manifested in Christ. Indeed, his virtual recognition of the supernatural, in the perpetual, profoundly felt, and almost sightlike affirmation of the spiritual and the God-pervaded, might be said to underlie all his preaching. What in his own heart he repudiates is what we call natural; for, in his thought, God is too intimately present in all being, nature, events, and phenomena, to admit of the distinction between more and less. In conversation with me, he said that he most of all rejoiced in his freedom from ecclesiastical bondage, because his present position enables him to preach Christ as he could not before.

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Enough of examples. There is, perhaps, no need of them. I think that your own consciousness will tell you that faith is power, and the only power that can rouse the emotional and moral nature into activity. The negation, even of the most arrant falsity, produces no feeling, results in no action. An idolater was never made devout by proving to him that his idol was nothing but sculptured stone or painted wood. He would be none the better,—nay, he would be the worse,—if the blank in his faith were not filled, if he were left simply an atheist. It is more healthy for the soul and for the life, to believe in a stick or an earth-clod than in no god at all. The Moravians, who have been the most successful of missionaries, have never commenced their work by iconoclasm, but have told at the outset the story of Calvary; and, when that had got strong hold of the hearts of their savage listeners, they could let the idols or fetiches take care of themselves.

In our own religious community, you will find it impossible to trace any beneficent spiritual or moral influence to the mere absence of false beliefs. No man was ever made devout or honest or merciful by arguments against the Trinity, or the supreme deity of Christ, or the personality of the Holy Spirit, or the vicarious atonement; and, in the days when controversy was rife, the men who most enjoyed the fight, and who had always at the tongue's end the reasons for not believing this or that, were not the holy and humble of heart, but men of hearts and heads equally hard, and from whom you would have as soon expected an epic poem as an utterance or expression of religious feeling. In saying this, I do not forget that our best and holiest men were drawn into the conflict; but, with them, it was only an episode, and an unwelcome one, in their religious life, and, when they denied, it was but to emphasize affirmation. Positive faith formed the burden of their preaching, and they laid down their arms so soon as they ceased to be assailed. There have, however, always been laymen whose only religious speech is about other people's creeds; and preachers, too, who regard logomachy as their sole pulpit

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work, and who would collapse into congenial inanity, were there no surrounding misbeliefs on which to try their steel.

Meanwhile, the entire motive power of religion lies in its positive beliefs,—in those few vast truths into which one may grow for a lifetime, and feel that he is just beginning to apprehend them, such as the eternal providence and infinite love of God, the immutableness of moral distinctions, the divine inspiration that breathes in the human conscience, the inevitableness of retribution, the perfectness of the divine law as uttered by and incarnate in Jesus Christ,—truths any one of which taken into the heart can shape the entire life and character in the beauty of holiness,—truths, too, which so resolve themselves into one another, which meet and blend in so many forms and ways, that he who profoundly feels one of them can hardly fail equally to feel them all with that heart-faith which is the only faith worth having.

But you want to guard against erroneous views. Rightly, and the very way to expose your congregation to them will be to argue against them; for you must never assume or imagine that you have the show of right reason all on your own side. Were this so, men as sensible, as clear-headed, as strong-minded, as true-hearted as you would not hold views opposite to yours.

I by no means regard the Bible, properly interpreted, as Trinitarian or Calvinistic. I never felt so fully convinced to the contrary as now, after a recent careful perusal of the New Testament with the express purpose of ascertaining what its writers actually believed and taught. But there is so much of the phraseology of the Bible that admits of a double meaning for detached passages, so much that needs conversance with the original text and with just canons of interpretation to clear it from ambiguity, so much that may by a forced construction be so wrested as to sustain a foregone conclusion entirely averse from the context and from the author's purpose, that I should never feel sure that an equally plausible exegesis opposed to mine, and backed by honest conviction and proselyting zeal, might not win the assent of my stated hearers, especially if I were

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a mere logomachist, while my opponent uttered his opinions with an evident and profound feeling of their vital importance.

Then, if we pass from the war of proof-texts — which ought long ago to have been branded as illegitimate, yet is not — to reasoning on ulterior or even ultimate principles, I know not that we can hope to fare any better. Conclusions are contained in their premises, and the beliefs in which we rest are contingent on our choice of premises. We may reach opposite results by assuming equally undeniable truths as premises for our reasoning. Thus, I take for the foundation-truth the infinite love of God, and on that by successive syllogisms I can build my whole system of religious belief. My neighbor takes for the fundamental truth the inflexibility of law, and by inevitable logic establishes the entire Calvinistic or Augustinian theology,— we equally admitting each other's premises, with this difference, that my conception of law is derived from my faith in God, while his views of the divine nature are derived from his conception of law. His logic is as good as mine, his fundamental premise is no less true than mine; and, if he puts more unction into his reasoning than I put into mine, it will be no wonder if he steals the hearts of my people from me, and takes captives from under the very covert of my thoroughly equipped and manfully served battery. You cannot guard your hearers from misbelief by fighting against it. On the other hand, you thus stimulate their curiosity to hear the other side; and you stimulate the champions on the other side to emulate, and very probably to transcend you both in dialectic skill and in persuasive rhetoric. Your only way of averting or supplanting error is to plant in the minds and especially in the hearts of your hearers a positive faith in the truths which you regard as of vital moment or essential interest. Let the truth once get a deep root, there is no room in the soil for the germination of error; and those who endeavor to plant error there will fare, though for a widely different reason, as did the sower in the parable with the seed that fell on the wayside and on stony ground.

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To particularize, you are free from bibliolatry. You have no superstitions about the plenary inspiration of the Bible, its entire historical authenticity, its scientific accuracy, its literal infallibility. But you do, I trust, regard it as of inestimable worth for instruction in righteousness. There are two courses, either of which you may take. You may open upon the Bible a fire of negative, destructive criticism. You may sneer at the stories of Samson and Goliath and Jonah, at the credulity of the evangelists about demoniacs, at the alleged mistakes of the apostles about the approaching end of the world. You may direct all your efforts toward undermining the plenary authority of Scripture and refuting traditional falsities with reference to it. With part of your congregation, you will succeed only too well. You will make them despise the Bible, and despise you, too, for reading it solemnly and taking your texts from it, when under shelter of those very texts you treat it contemptuously. Others, persons of tender susceptibility and serious and devout spirit, you will deeply wound and grieve, and may probably drive them to a religious home where what they hold sacred will not be trampled on with rough-shodden feet.

The alternative course is to use the Bible for what you regard it as being, and to teach your people how to use it. Familiarize them with its sublimity and its beauty. Draw for them such lessons as are amply furnished by its history and biography. Accustom them to dwell with loving interest on the spiritual physiognomy of Jesus himself, which has not a feature put out of drawing by the mistakes of his disciples. Never say a word about the Bible by way of concession to popular error; but be equally careful not to give the impression that you believe or feel about it less than you actually do. You can thus hardly fail to train those under your influence to a positive and rational faith in the Bible, and, what is worth much more, to its profitable and edifying use.

Again, as to the person of Christ, you have your own opinion. You in some sort believe in him, else your place

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is not in the Christian pulpit. Do not trouble yourself to show what he is not, but preach him as you believe him to be. Express unequivocally your trust in him, your reverence for him, your appreciation of his mission and work, of his place among the spiritual forces that have wrought upon humanity, of his claims on human gratitude. Say plainly, fervently, lovingly, all that you believe about him, — no more; but be equally careful that you say no less, though it be the fashion, among those with whom you are most familiar, to say less. The hope, in that case, will be that you will train your people to a rational and intelligent and, at the same time, a sincere and loving faith in Christ, which, because it is definite and substantial, is not likely to be supplanted by any other form of belief, however plausibly represented or eloquently urged.

On the other hand, by antagonistic preaching about Christ you will succeed in convincing many that he is not what you say that he is not, but will fail in helping them to believe what you think that he is; and those who crave a positive standing-ground within the Christian fold will be apt to seek it in some part of the fold where you are not the under-shepherd.

To take but a single additional instance, you cannot but believe in a righteous retribution, lasting for sin so long as sin shall last, reformatory no doubt,— if fires, purging fires, — in fine, such a discipline as shall make the soul feel the bitter consequences of its own evil volitions and habitudes, loathe its own iniquity, abhor itself, and seek of its own free choice the mercy which can never fail to welcome the returning prodigal to the Father's house and arms and heart. This, I say, you undoubtedly believe. You, of course, do not believe in a physical hell; but who does? You do not believe in eternal torment; but you will find that those in whose creed you read it explain it so as to mean something quite other than the words seem to teach. As for the popular mind, the tendency — and it is an unspeakably dangerous tendency — is utterly to ignore the future of evil-doing, to regard the wrong volition as a writ-

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ing in the sand which the next rising wave will wash away, to treat the Saviour's solemn words about the divine judgment as meaningless hyperbole. There is no need of your catering to this tendency, as is the habit of some of our clergy on the platform, and even in the pulpit, by coarse and vulgar puns and jokes about hell and the imagery appertaining to it, ministering to a mirth by no means of a godly sort. What our congregations need is that faith in the inevitable consequences of moral actions which is the dogma equally of sound philosophy and of rational religion. They need to see in sin, in its self-repeating, self-indurating, self-perpetuating quality, its own worst punishment, and in the sinners' self-consciousness the hell that shall endure, the worm that shall gnaw, the fire that shall burn, till that self-consciousness be transformed.

When you plant this faith in the heart, you supersede all notions of a material hell and physical torture, while you do full justice to the solemn and inevitable truth which, in an oriental dialect, and to hearers and readers unaccustomed to a more spiritual phraseology, was not unaptly shadowed forth by material imagery. There never was a time when positive preaching on this essential department of spiritual ethics was so much needed as now. I know very well that the present looseness of thought and carelessness of feeling on this subject are a natural and inevitable, but none the less a most regrettable and perilous reaction from the horrors of a type of Calvinism now rapidly obsolescent. But the reaction has already gone to an alarming extreme; and the minister who attempts to carry it farther is a traitor to the social safety and well-being, no less than to the gospel which he professes to preach. Better far were it that the exploded idea of punishment as an arbitrary infliction were restored than that actions should remain divorced from their necessary consequences, or rather, from their contents sure to be developed, the life hereafter be disconnected in thought from the life that now is, and the death-flood be looked upon as a fountain for the baptism of regeneration.

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There is no need of my adding other specifications. What I would urge upon you is the preaching of such positive truth as you believe, and relying upon such preaching for the defence of your hearers against error. By the opposite course, so far from feeding your flock, you will create in some of them an unconscious atrophy, which will lapse into a ghastly leanness of soul and sordidness of life; and in others a conscious famine of the Word, which will rather satisfy its hunger by truth largely adulterated with error than remain unfed.

For your own sakes, too, I would urge the same course. There is no surer way for a man to starve his own soul, and to detach himself entirely from all interest in Christianity, or in religion of whatever name or form, than the dwelling perpetually on negations. On the long list of those who have fallen out of the clerical profession, you will find not a few who began by the zealous preaching of negations, by fierce onslaught on what, perhaps rightly, they regarded as errors, superstitions, and absurdities; who thought that they were rendering the highest service by teaching people what not to believe; who at length awoke to the consciousness that there was no residuum of faith in their own minds, and that the whole realm of religious truth was involved for them in a dense and rayless agnosticism.

But there is no more healthy exercise for a minister's own faith than helping the faith of others. He finds their cordial attestation in word, and yet more in life and character, constantly confirming the testimony of his own consciousness. He sees what support, comfort, and spiritual might flow into and from the soul, nourished, sustained, braced, fortified by Christian verities, and in his own rich experience there is fulfilled the pithy saying of the Hebrew proverb, "He that watereth shall be watered also himself." You will find, too, that faith is, like the banyan tree, constantly striking new roots into the soil. By this, I do not mean that, in the common phrase, you will multiply the articles of your creed. On the other hand, you will reduce and simplify them. But, if you will give mind, heart, and soul to

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the propagation of what of positive Christian truth you believe, its relations, meanings, applications, will multiply in your consciousness and experience; it will in detail become many truths, and yet the many truths shall more and more seem to you but phases, outgleamings, reflections of one central truth, all traced back to, as they are rayed forth from, the infinite fatherhood of God, who is All in all.

A. P. PEABODY.

"THE CREED OF SCIENCE."

The Librarian of Harvard University has lately reminded us that "the spending of much time on new books is certainly of doubtful value. It was one of Emerson's rules never to read any but yearlings, at least; and this philosophy is at the bottom of the rules of the great European libraries, which do not make a new work accessible under a year, after which time there are but few comparatively to inquire for it. The calculation has been made that three-quarters of the books published are forgotten within a year, and not more than one in a hundred survive twenty years." Reviewing a book now and then, I am sometimes inclined to think that it would be a good practice, for the benefit of authors, critics, and readers alike, to keep most new works for a year before noticing them. If three-quarters of the whole number are in truth forgotten within twelve months, this late reviewing could probably be as much decreased in quantity as it would be increased in quality.

However this may be, it is one of the duties of every reader to his fellows sometimes to call their attention to a book which is likely to endure, although neglected by the critics. In this day of much reviewing, it occasionally happens that an English work of highest value, if not reprinted on this side of the great water, fails of its proper reading. Such a book is this one by Mr. William Graham, M.A., of Dublin, *The Creed of Science, Religious, Moral, and Social.* It seems to me to be one of the ablest contri-

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butions to the discussion of the philosophical and social problems of the day yet made. But, beyond a very few lines of high commendation in the *Nation*, it has received no attention, as far as I am aware, from any American reviewer; and one may still look for it in vain in some of our largest libraries. Having read it carefully, about a year since, laying it down with sincerest admiration for its rare power of philosophic thought, and its almost as uncommon force and beauty of presentation, I find, on taking it up a second time, that it still retains its fascination. It is a pleasure and a duty to give here some faint idea of Mr. Graham's sagacious criticism of current philosophy for the benefit of all but the few who have perused the work itself. The probability of a reprint is now, unhappily, but slender.

Mr. Graham is the author of a small book, published some ten years since,—*Idealism: an Essay, Metaphysical and Critical*, an examination and defence of the Berkelian doctrine. The interval between the two works has been evidently a time of great ripening of power. The work before us has been carefully planned and thoroughly elaborated, its subtle, connected argument has been long considered, and its verbal adornment chastely and finely wrought. It is the plain product of years of patient thought on the part of a mind trained in philosophy, familiar with the logic of natural science, and enamoured with the lasting beauty of faith and poetry. Mr. Graham's object is "to give the chief conclusions reached by modern science on the central questions of religion, morals, and society, . . . and . . . to offer some comments and criticisms on some of its more doubtful articles, with a view to their reconsideration or revision." "Herbert Spencer has . . . given the most complete and philosophic statement of the scientific faith; but his system is so severe a course of reading, which postulates a special facility in the art of quickly apprehending the meaning of a train of abstract symbols, scientific and philosophic, that a more compendious, if not an easier exposition, would seem a matter to be desired. . . . To supply some such condensed exposition . . . is one object of this

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book." The language should not, however, lead any one to suppose that *The Creed of Science* is at all such a work as Mr. Fiske's *Cosmic Philosophy* or Dr. Cazelle's *Compendium of Evolution.* Mr. Graham is an evolutionist, but Mr. Spencer is not to him the one authority whose utterances he confounds with those of science itself. He is a Spencerian, but is not destitute of discrimination in his admiration of this great thinker, who rightly commands the respect of all thoughtful men. He is evidently quite outside of the charmed circle of those ardent worshippers to whom Mr. Spencer has become a pope or Dalai Lama, incapable of error in metaphysics, science, or ethics,—the circle which reminds us forcibly how ineradicable is hero-worship in the human breast, how inevitably must the most passionate lover of abstract truth have some person as the object of his fond idolatry. Mr. Graham's attitude is that of the appreciative critic, "to supplement the exposition with a criticism" of which, he says, "to separate the false from the true elements in the new creed, is the second and possibly more important object."

"In the absence of any single and universally acknowledged authority on all articles of faith and doctrine, I have taken the consensus of scientific opinion among the few highest authorities on each particular article." For example, "there is a consensus of opinion among the foremost physicists as to the remote physical beginning and far-off end of the material universe." The orthodox belief of science is again "the Darwinian doctrine of the origin of species, and in particular of the animal origin of man." But "neither the most important nor the most interesting problems presented by man relate to the mechanism, however express and admirable, of his physical structure, nor to the transmutation of physical into vital and mental energy which really has place within the human machine. The most important problems presented by man from the point of view of science are psychological, moral, and social"; and "a different order of specialists, . . . such authorities as Mill, or Bain, or Herbert Spencer," must be

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consulted. It is not presumptuous to criticise such acknowledged authorities, as we have a right to "distinguish between scientific faith and scientific fact, between a fully verified law, and a supposed inference hazarded from it, without being contained under it." Nothing can be more true and certain than the facts and laws of science; "but the same cannot always be said of the interpretations of the facts of the influences from the laws of the temporary tentative hypotheses framed to give some sort of systematic unity or supposed casual connection to a collection of facts or laws. Some of the articles of belief . . . are only hypotheses of different degrees of probability, and consequently of fallibility; while one or two, confidently accepted by Herbert Spencer and Strauss at the hands of the physical speculators, do not merit even the name of good hypotheses, being predictions which have yet to be fulfilled from hypotheses which are acknowledged to be uncertain." "The nebular hypothesis, . . . now somewhat confidently offered as an article of belief, is still only a hypothesis, subject in all its forms and after all its revisions to very serious doubts." In the first chapter, "On the Creation and God," the reasons for these doubts are fully set forth. A hypothesis of a legitimate and scientific character, it is not without great and as yet unexplained difficulties. Whether stated by Kant and Laplace, by the authors of *The Unseen Universe*, or by Sir W. Thomson, our modern theories "are only guesses, however superior to the rude cosmogonies of non-scientific ages. We must not treat the nebular hypothesis in either of its forms as if it contained the whole truth which explained fully and finally the process of world-making. We must not erect it into an article of scientific faith with the physicists and geologists, or make it the integral part of our philosophic systems with the evolution philosophers like Strauss and Herbert Spencer." "The nebular hypothesis of Nature's mode of manufacture of the earth, and the worlds of space, now somewhat confidently offered as an article of belief, is still only a hypothesis; while, at the best, it does not admit of that decisive proof which other

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hypotheses, at first doubtful, in process of time received." "The very 'big' physical speculation," also, of the fall of this earth into the sun, and "the coalescence of all the matter of all previous suns and systems into one widely diffused matter of uniform temperature, which, as such, can make no fresh attempt at world germination," as Mr. Graham points out, rests upon very slender evidence, entirely inadequate to the burden of prophecy laid upon it. The resisting medium in this hypothesis is much more properly relegated to the region of the unknowable than are many doctrines over the rejection of which cosmic philosophers waste no time. It is, in truth, not a little amusing to us who are coolly requested to abandon rational theism, because man is incapable of such knowledge, to observe the immense drafts upon pure faith made by the evolution philosophy in the hands of Mr. Spencer. The origin and the end of the whole universe are laid down with a circumstantial decision, and the entire system rounded out and filled in, with an authority which, for the time being, but only for the time being, make us forget how little we in fact *know* concerning these mighty matters. The impression which the rigorous and imposing theory makes at first is sadly weakened when we remember, with Prof. Balfour Stewart, "that our knowledge of the laws of matter is in reality very limited."

We may well doubt again whether "Natural Selection was the sole agency employed by Nature in the derivation and fashioning of her innumerable types and varieties of life. We may doubt the universal applicability of the hypothesis . . . and the descent of man from an extinct variety of the ape species, though it is really easier to believe, and is more likely to be true, than the infinitely wider theory of Development from which, if established, it would of course follow as an evident corollary. In the present case, the corollary, if the least satisfactory, is the most significant part of the theory; and already independent of the theory in our undoubted ancestor, the Caveman, we have more than half-way bridged the gulf between

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us and our still more questionable 'country cousin,' the gorilla." Over the Darwinian theory, "when looked at from the scientific point of view, a degree of doubt still hangs as to the amount of which and the co-relative amount of evidence in its favor we must defer to the opinion of the best biologists, supposing them logical and free from mental bias. But it is otherwise when the scientific hypothesis is converted by biologists like Haeckel into a universal philosophical theory,— a change which, though great and significant in its consequences, is easily and often made without notice being taken of it. When the scientific hypothesis of Darwin is turned into a philosophical system called Darwinism, or is made the leading principle in the allied though more complete system of Herbert Spencer, called the Evolution Philosophy, when it is regarded not merely as a probable scientific hypothesis, but as a full philosophical interpretation of the universe and of the whole course of organic evolution, to say nothing of mental, moral, and social evolution in man, then it is quite another matter, and we have a right to object to the all-embracing pretensions of the hypothesis, even though we are neither specialists nor advanced students in biology."

Mr. Graham here strikes the strongest ground in his work, the vindication of thought and purpose in the universe. Not at all anthropomorphic in his ideas of God, he holds firmly to the existence in the frame of things of that which we do best to call intelligence and intention,— the exact opposite of bare chance. We have, he rightly claims, the "strongest philosophical grounds for objecting to the Darwinian doctrine, when natural selection, a name barely serving to mask the infinite play of chance, which is its essential feature, is offered to us as the chief or sole creative agency; when the only principle employed by nature in the elaboration of the marvels of organic and of all other evolution is said to have been the principle of utility; when the unfolding of the purpose of the universe is resolved into movement in 'the line of least resistance'; in a word, when chance and physical necessity, to the exclu-

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sion of reason, morality, and purpose, are announced by Haeckel and Huxley, if not by Darwin himself, as the fundamental principles of the universe and of its process of development." After a fine summary of the natural history of our species (on the Creation and God), the author develops his objections. "What strikes us most in reading this marvellous story of the origin and process of manufacture of Nature's living forms is the seemingly chance affair it all was. There was no conception, not even the vaguest dream, on the part of Nature, at the commencement of the cosmic process, of the forms of life that should emerge in the sequel. Nature did not know what she did, for there was no principle of knowledge within her. Still worse, there was no constant purpose in view, and no controlling power governing the process of evolution. Nature had no special aims in view: anything in fact might have happened. She did not aim particularly at life or the human consciousness. When life first resulted, it was an accident, lucky or unlucky, as we choose to regard it. . . . In particular, man himself, the crown of creation, might not have appeared at all. What has resulted need not have resulted, for Nature neither knew nor cared nor directed. . . . The splendid series of accidents which prepared the way for him [man] and made his advent possible could not have happened twice. In which case, nature would have had another master,— the dog, the horse, the elephant, or some other promising species now kept in the background, and 'whose genius is rebuked' by man's overshadowing superiority." Against such an inadequate view, Mr. Graham contends that "the highest immaterial things . . . would not have come out on the earth, if there had not existed other powers and properties than the physical ones postulated in the cosmic vapor, other agency at work than the play of contingency in natural selection; if there had not been an inner force and necessity that was bent on realizing life and consciousness and the ever higher content of these,— philosophy, art, science, an inner power at work behind natural selection, that manifested both unwearied purpose and all-comprehending

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executive skill, but of which there is no notice taken in either the materialist or the evolution philosophy." Natural selection, though a *vera causa*, is too simple a cause to account for the innumerable effects ascribed to it alone. "If it be offered not merely as a scientific, but also as a philosophical explanation, which, together with its further developments, finally disposes of all questions of the beginning and present existence of things and species, and which frees the mind of man from all further need to ask questions; if, in short, it is to be a final philosophical as well as scientific explanation,—we cannot accept it at all."

Even in pessimism, that eminently disagreeable host with whom optimistic evolutionists have never yet properly reckoned, even in Hartmann with his theory of the unconscious will laboring to produce the universe without preconception, there is postulated "a consummate art and skill in seeking its ends in the case of organized beings," there is a most persistent purpose though fatal and perverse, there is intelligence though blind and unconscious. Here, Hartmann's system contains "a deeper thought, a more fundamental truth, than Darwinism or the synthetic philosophy. . . . The existence of purpose in the universe Science must herself admit,—a purpose manifested in the fixed and rigid laws in the physical world as well as in the uniform laws that govern vital processes, and the relations of parts to each other in all organisms, nay, even in the action of men in societies, which are now found to be subject to laws of evolution and co-existence. In fact, wherever Science discovers the reign of law, whether in physical, physiological, or social phenomena, there, too, reigns purpose; and, wherever she discovers powerful tendencies that will yet become facts and future laws, there the delayed purpose of the universe is still manifested while awaiting fulfilment."

Darwin's "Creator in the *Origin of Species* seems introduced more for ornament than for any serious work that he has to do. . . . He is a monarch that 'reigns,' but does not govern, like the sovereigns under our parliamentary *régime;* and accordingly, in the evolutionary monism of Haeckel, the

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passive, personal, supernatural Creator is dethroned, and the real ruling and efficient agency, Matter, eternal, and governed by its own laws, is placed on the vacant throne." The German, however, "recognizes God's spirit and power in all phenomena without exception." "But the sublime conception," Mr. Graham may well reply, "here put forth, of a nature filled with the spirit of God, seems in no way to consist with an explanation of the universe from mere matter and its laws.... 'If, in short,' we say to Prof. Haeckel, 'spirit is at the bottom and the most fundamental thing, the final word in your system should be spiritualism, and not materialism.'" Yet this conception "seems to want only one thing to make it at once reconcilable with the needs of science, theology, poetry, and the imperious cravings of human nature. It wants only one thing, but that very important, the recognition of a purpose in this universal spirit. ... For all men believe in it, the mass of mankind guided by common sense, as well as the masters who have meditated most deeply on this all-important question. The greatest names in philosophy from Aristotle and Plato to Descartes and Leibnitz, to Kant and Hegel, even to Schopenhauer and Hartmann, have believed in purpose, in some sense of the word.... Now, for my own part, I am quite prepared to give up the old anthropomorphic Creator, who went to work in the construction of worlds and organisms as the architect and the machinist. I gladly deliver myself, by the aid of the scientific doctrine of the eternity and indestructibility of matter, from the old dogma of the creation *ex nihilo* of the earth and planets by creative fiat. I am even ready, on the strength of the united demand of modern philosophy and thought made by Spinoza, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Schopenhauer, and Hartmann as thinkers, by Schleiermacher as theologian, and by Goethe as poet, to surrender the human attributes of personality and consciousness in the Deity.... We can give up all these imperfect conceptions of God, one and all; but yet we cannot abandon all belief in a purpose, an intention, a finality of some sort, which has been and still is manifested in the uni-

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verse and in the evolution of human destiny. . . . Our belief goes further: . . . we believe that purpose to be a good one. Both convictions are articles of faith that do not admit of perfect demonstration; neither are they always held with the same unwavering strength of conviction."

In the third division of this masterly work, the conception of God already outlined is further defended. As a solution of the problem of the universe, "to assign a conscious mind and purpose resembling the human may be and is an imperfect explanation; but it is more philosophical to assign the highest than the lowest known cause as the first principle of things, even though we know that the highest is inadequate." The developed idea of God which Mr. Graham supports and which alone will be able "to make head against the new materialism in association with evolution" is a "monistic conception of the universe at least as old as the days of Spinoza,—a system which, though it has been obscured now by materialism, now by idealism, as one or other acquired temporary ascendency, yet has ever reappeared again, and at the present moment seems likely to prevail more and more, and, by drawing to itself the truthful elements in materialism and idealism, in the end to cut the ground from beneath the feet of both; deriving, moreover, as it has done, ever fresh life and strength from the great scientific discoveries of the past two hundred years, and certainly not least support from those of our own generation. There is the conception which represents the ultimate principle of the universe as something deeper, wider, greater than either matter as we know it, or consciousness as we know it; something of which matter and thought are merely special forms, appearances, expressions,—the only ones indeed that we can know, and that only by means of one of these themselves, but which are, nevertheless, far from being exhaustive of the transcendent nature of that One Eternal Substance and Power at the bottom of these things that we know, as well as of innumerable other possible presentations of itself of which we can know nothing."

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This God-idea is Spinoza's, Goethe's, Schleiermacher's, Kant's (on the speculative side), and Herbert Spencer's. Mr. Graham goes on to expound it eloquently in a manner which, to my mind, is much more acceptable than Mr. Spencer's presentation. The defects in the latter's theory of the Unknowable are mostly avoided by our author; for his qualifications for treating such a theme philosophically are superior to Mr. Spencer's, while on the other hand, in properly scientific knowledge and generalization, of course there is no comparison to be made between the two, I would not have any one get the impression from this imperfect abstract of a few of Mr. Graham's illuminating pages that his attitude toward the Spencerian system is that of a hostile critic: it is that of a discriminating admirer. It is surely time now that the Evolution Philosophy should receive more judicial treatment than has yet befallen it. We who have welcomed it when its right to a place was yet contested by bigots are precisely those upon whom the obligation to make a thorough appraisal of it free from the bias of mere conservatism or of equally irrational, pure enthusiasm is most binding. It is now in season for the Spencerian doctrine to be settling into its place among the many schemes of thought which attempt to solve the problem of the universe. Not one of them all is ever likely to be perfect, while in every one that has proceeded from a truthful mind there must be no small measure of truth and help. Mr. Spencer will now, it is probable, meet the same good fortune which has been the lot of other great thinkers, that no small portion of his thought will be better expounded by his disciples than by himself. The modifications and additions and explanations which the most capable of his followers will inevitably make will, perhaps, be accepted in large degree by himself as a more satisfactory expression of his real thought than his own *First Principles* now are to himself.

In a still greater proportion, the philosophic world will consider these changes as demanded by inward consistency in the synthetic philosophy. Among these *editings* of the

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Spencerian system, Mr. Graham will deserve high rank. His doctrine of God receives a much better statement than that given in the *First Principles*, and probably it really expresses the faith of many of the strongest evolutionists far more faithfully. There is a large amount of positive knowledge of God, concerning which *The Creed of Science* does not hesitate to be outspoken: "Though so much is inaccessible, we may even now know something of this noumenal Existence and ultimate Power. We can know its existence, infinity, eternity, universal agency and efficacy, and its final utter incomprehensibility.... We can know something more, and what more immediately concerns us than the universal and negative predicates just named. We can know the sides of his nature that this universal Being has turned to us, the small illuminated segment of the vast, inscrutable sphere of existence. We may know the manifestations of this transcendent Power both in ourselves and in the external world. This, knowledge, science, and a sound philosophy rightly interpreting the facts and conclusions of science, provide us with.... The Ultimate Reality in the universe is God. The conception ... coincides in its main features* with that of Spencer, though he was by no means the first to propound it or to shape it forth to the world."

I do not find myself in accord with all of Mr. Graham's theology. His "seemingly pantheistic notion" is not the weaker for its pantheism; but, when he rejects decisively the attributes of personality and consciousness, because in our knowledge of the transcendent Power the chief fact "is precisely its freedom from all the limits which govern and bind our finite being," he seems to be somewhat tricked by words. If, however, he means, as he probably does, that all that is high and valuable to our minds in the facts of personality and consciousness is present in God, only in combination with other powers which make the joint attri-

* "In its main features; for, as stated, we recognize one element, the most important of all, namely, *purpose*, which is omitted alike from the substance of Spinoza and the Ultimate Reality of Spencer.

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butes something to us inconceivable, something which consequently we cannot name, while we must believe that it is something very far *above*, not in the least *below*, our human being, then his doctrine is both religious and philosophic. Mr. Graham does not appreciate mysticism at its true value. In his chapter "On the Materialism of Atoms and Forces," he ably vindicates the place of thought as a "unique and indestructible and increasing energy"; but, here, he will not allow the validity of the religious sense, and is disposed to refer to Nature, in her manifold forms of grace and power, the emotions wrongly referred to God as their author. In communion with nature he strongly believes, but not in what theologians and the religious world term inspiration. In this respect, he makes the mistake of improperly limiting both the divine agency in itself and the mysterious possibilities of our minds. It is no valid answer to state that mysticism and communion with the divine mind are less common now than in the Middle Ages. The march of the intellect of the race is not so easy that it can always carry along with it all the good of all the past, nor is the advance so straightforward and perpetually onward that humanity does not now and again go back for some benefit rashly abandoned. We must beware of limiting thought in its upper stories. The poet is always here, a protestant whom the *savant* and the philosopher do well to heed, when he, as well as the Deity, of whom he writes, careless of the bonds of our little systems, smiles

> "At Thought's own substance made a cage for Thought,
> And Truth locked fast with her own master-key."

I suspect no little latent, insidious power of deception in the word "Nature," which our author would substitute for "God" in this instance. One of the most patent *idols* of the present generation is this very "Nature," undefined, generally, and often meaningless, if it be not a mere synonyme for the one *Power* of which what we call external nature is a vast and various manifestation. To change somewhat an old proverb familiar to the copy-books of a

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former generation, Personification is the thief of sense, too often. Scarcely anywhere else is its evil effect more pronounced than in many current writings which emphatically reject the idea of God as a mere imagination. Very often, nearly all the content of "God" is smuggled into "Nature"; and theology is converted into sound science in a trice, without the least suspicion on the part of the prestidigitateur.

I have devoted so much space to but one portion of this extremely thoughtful work that the remainder must be passed over with a mere mention. Two chapters are devoted to fearless discussion of Immortality. Mr. Graham's position is that "our present memory ceases with the body," that our future existence may possibly be some variety of the unconscious life, not to be confounded with what little we here know of a few modes of the unconscious, but something higher, it may be, than our present conscious frame. "This, at least, appears certain: we shall never escape out of the circle of existence into annihilation. We shall never get away either from consciousness higher or lower than our present, or from something quite other than consciousness, but quite as important and significant, and which yet is as the opposite pole from annihilation. We may have full and ample taste of both conscious and unconscious existence, in ways and modes that we dream not of nor can describe, the present life being far from the conclusion of our 'strange, eventful history.'" The views here expounded with great force, candor, and feeling, deserve of themselves an article as long as this. The same is true of the remaining chapters of the first book of *The Creed of Science*, which treat more especially the moral creed: "On Man and his Development," "On Human Nature and its Capacities for Virtue," "On Free-will and Man's Automatism." Here, as elsewhere, the reader will be rewarded with the fresh contribution to thought of a mind of ripe culture, of philosophic training, in sympathy with the spirit of his own day, yet careful of the pure legacies of price which we have received. The style of the book has a refined force

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and a chaste beauty, which are very uncommon in works of its class.

The second book is given to an exposition of the Gospel and the Social Creed of Science, and its chapters are successively entitled "Pessimism and Positive Science," "The Message and the Promises to Mankind," "To the Poor." Science and socialism, humanity and the scientific logic of society, Mr. Graham here seeks to conciliate. In his last book on the Future of Religion and Morals, after examining "Objections to the Evolution Ethics," he essays another conciliation between the old and the new ethics. The ethical portion of the work is at least as valuable as those more theological portions from which I have quoted. Numerous passages which I had marked for quotation must with reluctance be abandoned. Mr. Graham's place in the estimation of those who will carefully read this *Creed of Science* cannot fail to be high. His grasp is strong, his outlook wide, his sympathies full. He is a welcome addition to the ranks of those who defend the faith that the "world is the sign manual of the word." Too often in these partial days of physical science, when the large influx of new truth almost sweeps away from our sight and appreciation the truths of older days and longer siege, still true and fundamental, it happens that

> "Our eyes
> Are armed, but we are strangers to the stars,
> And strangers to the mystic beast and bird,
> And strangers to the plant and to the mine.
> The injured elements say, 'Not in us';
> And night and day, ocean and continent,
> Fire, plant, and mineral say, 'Not in us,'
> And haughtily return us stare for stare.
> For we invade them impiously for gain;
> We devastate them unreligiously,
> And coldly ask their portage, not their lore."

So with all our intellectual conquests,

> "We thieves
> And pirates of the universe, shut out
> Daily to a more thin and outward rind,
> Turn pale and starve."

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Would we know the

> "Sweet affluence of love and song,
> The rich results of the divine consents
> Of man and earth, of world beloved and lover,
> The nectar and ambrosia,"

we must follow those who,

> "Preferring things to names,
> Were unitarians of the united world,
> And, wheresoever their clear eye-beams fell,
> Caught the footsteps of the SAME!"

Mr. Graham is such a Unitarian of faith and science, of gospel and law. Refreshed and quickened by his words, I would hope for them a wider circle of readers, knowing that very few books treating these same subjects better deserve our close attention. N. P. GILMAN.

FICHTE AND HIS POPULAR WORKS.*

II.

Froberg, on the 12th of May, 1794, writes: "I look with great confidence to Fichte, who is daily expected here [Jena]." Six days after this was written, Fichte arrived, and on the 23d of the same month delivered his first lecture. He won the hearts and minds of his hearers, and at once became the most popular professor in the University. On the 7th of December, of this year, Froberg again writes: "Fichte is believed in, as Reinhold [his predecessor] never was believed in. They understand him even less than they did his predecessor, but they believe in him all the more obstinately on that account. . . . The spirit of Fichte's philosophy is a proud and bold spirit, for which the domain of human knowledge, even in its widest extent, is too narrow; which opens up new paths at every step it takes; which struggles with language, in order to wrest from it words enough for its wealth of thought; which does not lead us, but seizes us and hurries us along, and whose finger cannot touch an object without crushing it to dust."

* Popular Works of Fichte. Wm. Smith. Trübner & Co. London.

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His first course of public lectures was given that he might give the students the clearest and highest ideas of their duties. Though these lectures were well received by them, and in some degree gained for Fichte their confidence, yet, at the same time, they stirred up the jealousy of the university authorities. We find, therefore, that his purpose to continue the same course through the winter session of 1794 did not meet with much encouragement. It happened that, as the time was so occupied during the week, it was his intention to deliver these moral discourses on the Sundays at 9 A.M.; and, though the opposition was bitter, he was permitted to do so. He was charged with making "a deliberate attempt against the public religious services of the country"; but, in the judgment of the Duke (of Saxe-Weimar), this was "an utterly groundless suspicion," and he therefore continued his lectures.

While at Jena, he of course became acquainted with the eminent men of the time, among whom were Schiller and Goethe. Schiller and Fichte were not altogether unlike, both being possessed of an enthusiastic nature. But Goethe and Fichte stand in contrast: "the one cold, calm, sarcastic, and oracular, the other restless, enthusiastic, impetuously eloquent; the one looking on men only to scan and comprehend them, the other waging ceaseless war with their vices, their ignorance, their unworthiness." But, though they thus differed, Goethe found in Fichte's *Theory of Science* much which was helpful and comforting to him. The poet who laughed at metaphysics as pompous words wrote to the philosopher: "In my opinion, you will confer a priceless benefit on the human race, and make every thinking man your debtor, by giving a scientific foundation to that upon which Nature seems long ago to have quietly agreed with herself. For myself, I shall owe you my best thanks, if you reconcile me to the philosophers, whom I cannot do without, and with whom, notwithstanding, I never could unite."

To his ordinary duties, Fichte added the farther one of editing, in part, *The Philosophical Journal*, to which the

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leading thinkers contributed. This soon led him into trouble; for, in 1798, Froberg sent in an essay "On the Definition of the Idea of Religion." With this essay Fichte, in the main, agreed; yet he felt that it was calculated to give an erroneous impression. He therefore prefaced the essay with a short paper of his own, "On the Grounds of our Faith in a Divine Government of the World." In this paper, he gave his doctrine concerning God, which was very different from the current conception of Deity. In particular was he opposed to the argument from design. For, according to Fichte, we call phenomena into existence: how, then, can we hope from the attributes, qualities, and relations of the outward world, all of which are the product and growth of our minds, to prove the existence of the Divine Being? He insists that our starting-point must be the idea of duty: "from this, and our faith in the inevitable consequences of moral action, arises our belief in a principle of moral order in the world; and this principle is God" (Smith).

The conclusion of this paper sums up Fichte's belief at this time about God: "It is an error to say that it is doubtful whether or not there is a God. It is not doubtful, but the most certain of all certainties — nay, the foundation of all other certainties, the one absolutely valid objective truth — that there is a moral order in the world; that to every rational being is assigned his particular place in that order, and the work which he has to do. . . . On the other hand, no one who reflects a moment, and honestly avows the result of his reflection, can remain in doubt that the conception of God as a *particular* substance is impossible and contradictory." Such ideas of God as these were said to be "the coarsest atheism." So said the opponents of our philosopher. These ideas were "openly opposed, not only to Christian, but even to natural religion." It is difficult for us to repress the thought that too often the purest and clearest thoughts of God become coarse and dark after they have been filtered through the brains of those who deal only with the so-called practical. Fichte an atheist! Then, who

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is theistic? The copies of the journal in which Froberg's essay and Fichte's paper appeared were confiscated by the Ducal Government. Fichte was to be reprimanded for want of caution, but to retain his professorship. There was no justice in this, he thought; and he would not submit to it. He therefore withdrew from Jena, and by permission of the King of Prussia took up his residence in Berlin, July, 1799. Frederick William thought the good God could take care of himself: at least, it was not a matter for his interference.

From Berlin, Fichte wrote to his wife: "You probably wish to know how I live. For many reasons, the weightiest of which lie in myself and in my cough, I cannot keep up the early rising. Six o'clock is generally my earliest. I go to my writing-desk, so that I am not altogether idle, although I do not get on as I could wish. I am now working at the *Vocation of Man.*" This work was published in the year 1799, and its aim is to give a clear and popular exposition of Fichte's philosophy. The work is divided into three books, "Doubt," "Knowledge," "Faith." The question whose answer we seek is, "What am I myself, and what is my vocation?" and its answer is to be found only after a careful examination of myself.

In "Doubt" is given the answer of "Nature Philosophy." As I look around on the plant and animal life, I find "everything that exists is determined throughout: it is what it is and nothing else; . . . and it is absolutely impossible it should be otherwise. . . . In every stage of being, an antecedent is necessarily supposed, from which and through which alone the present has arisen." Underlying all things are manifesting powers or a manifesting power, and "all objects in nature are but the powers under certain determinate forms." Each power in nature is limited by the other powers of nature, so that everything produced is the combined product of the nature of the power and the limitations put upon it by the other powers. To change, therefore, in thought the position of a grain of sand is to conceive of the whole infinite past as being different from what it was. The plant is a manifestation of the "formative power," the

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animal of the "power of motion," I of the "thinking power." "I myself, with all that I call mine, am a link in this chain of rigid necessity of nature. . . . I am that which the man-forming power of nature could and necessarily must become." My freedom is a delusion. "I stand under the inexorable power of rigid Necessity: should she have destined me to become a fool and a profligate, a fool and a profligate without doubt I shall become; should she have destined me to be wise and good, wise and good I shall doubtless be. There is neither blame nor merit to her or to me. She stands under her own laws, I under hers. . . . My inquiry is closed, and my desire of knowledge satisfied. Yet I struggle, I would be free, I would love. I would know joy and grief; but here I am — indeed I am not, but something is, what is it? I know not: fettered and in agony, I am conscious; and yet it is not I who is conscious, but a power not I, and yet which makes me feel I am I. I am free and not free, myself and not myself. O intolerable hell, is there no deliverance?" These words of mine in some measure describe the agony in which, according to Fichte, one finds himself after he has sought an answer to his question in so-called "Nature Philosophy."

In this condition, the seeker is found by the Spirit of Knowledge, the instructions of which spirit are given in the second book, "Knowledge."

Spirit.— Canst thou not recognize an object by sight or hearing without knowing that thou seest or hearest?

I.— By no means.

Spirit.— Then, in all perception, thou perceivest only thine own condition?

I.— True.

Spirit.— But you transfer what is *in* you,—your sensations to objects *out* of thyself: you add to a sensation perceived an object *not* perceived, do you not?

I.— This is all true, and now seems very strange to me.

Spirit.— But perhaps you have an organ whereby you perceive the object in itself?

I.— I confess I have no such organ.

Spirit.— Yet one would suppose you had, for you add to a knowledge

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which you have a knowledge which you have not: you add objects themselves to a consciousness of objects.

I.— But I assume that my sensations must have a cause. I have at all times presupposed a cause, and every one who thinks will likewise be constrained to do the same.

Spirit.— You will perceive, however, that, in all this, you have not gotten beyond yourself: the object is but a consciousness of your own supposition that there is an object. The outside world is then a supposition of your own, is that it?

I.— No: I have a firmer grasp on it than that. I know that there is an outer world in the same way as I know I am I.

Spirit.— It is intuition. You are conscious of this objective world which is wholly in you, as out of you, by intuition?

I.— So I hold: when I contemplate my sensations, there arises in me, in accordance with my very nature, a cognition of existences outside of me.

Spirit.— This joining of your sensations by intuition to objects is done by a process of thought, you say?

I.— True.

Spirit.— What then, if you please, after all, is this conjoining of sensations to supposed objects but thought? Have you yet gotten outside of yourself?

I.— No.

Spirit.— This, then, is true, that our consciousness of things outside of ourselves is absolutely nothing more than the product of our own presentative faculty. We produce simply what we know. You seek freedom: surely, you are now free; for all is your own creation. You feared lest you should become the slave of the material world. That world has vanished.

I.— True; and with it, deceitful spirit, have vanished my own powers, my purposes, and my own being. For all are but creatures of my mind, pictures floating before *me*,— no, not even that; for my own consciousness is itself a picture floating before what, what,— ay, what? Is this the end of knowledge?

Spirit.— Yes. But arouse yourself.

Thus, the seeker has been made to see that in the speculations of knowledge there is no hope. But Fichte does not leave him hopeless. In his third book, "Faith," he points out the only way to truth. "Terrible spirit, thy discourse has smitten me to the ground"; and yet I feel myself stretching forward to that which is not presentation, as all knowledge is. I am aroused by a voice "in the innermost depths of my soul," proclaiming that, "Not merely to know,

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but according to thy knowledge to do, is thy vocation." But, before I can take a step in advance, I must have "faith, — that voluntary acquiescence in the view which is naturally presented to us. . . . It is not knowledge, but a resolution of the will to admit the validity of knowledge." I am free, because I have resolved to believe in my freedom. I have no desire to prove my freedom to others or to make them acknowledge their freedom: it is beyond argument, because beyond knowledge; it is simply unwavering faith. I am free, and free "to direct all my attention" to one point; "namely, what I ought to do." "Let me seek only that which I ought to seek, and I shall find; let me ask only that which I ought to ask, and I shall receive an answer. . . . I shall not desire to know aught beyond this: . . . my world is the object and sphere of my duties, and absolutely nothing more." Thus it is that "we do not act because we know, but know because we are called upon to act: the practical reason is the root of all reason."

This "I ought" opens up for us the other life, as we sometimes term it. We will to do; but, though our act affects the material world about us, the feelings and motives which prompted the act have had no effect on this material world. Are they wasted? Not if this universe of God is in earnest; and it is. These motives, then, have an influence not in a world of sense, but in a supersensual world, where will is "the efficient living principle, as motion is the efficient living principle of the world of sense." "I stand in the centre of two entirely opposite worlds: a visible world, in which action is the only moving power; and an invisible and absolutely incomprehensible world, in which will is the ruling principle. I am one of the primitive forces of both these worlds. My will embraces both. . . . I am a member of two orders: the one purely spiritual, in which I act by my will alone; the other sensuous, in which I operate by my deed."

"One idea now stands before me, in fixed and perfect shape": it is that "the law of the supersensual world is a Will . . . eternal, unchangeable, on which we may se-

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curely and infallibly rely." This sublime Will gathers into himself every moral resolution of finite beings, and gives it a result. Thus is it through duty and obedience we approach the Infinite Will: moral obedience is the "nerve" which unites the finite and the Infinite; conscience is the "light-beam on which we came forth from the bosom of the Infinite. . . . There is nothing real, lasting, imperishable in me but these two elements,—the voice of conscience and my free obedience": these are eternal, and make me immortal now and forever. Our prayer is: "Sublime and Living Will, named by no name, compassed by no thought! I may well raise my soul to Thee, for Thou and I are not divided. Thy voice sounds within me, mine resounds in Thee: all my thoughts, if they be good and true, live in Thee also." Our song is found in "Adonais," these lines being the key-note:—

> "The One remains, the many change and pass.
> Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
> Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
> Stains the white radiance of Eternity."

We notice that Fichte has advanced nearer personal theism since writing the article which brought upon him the charge of atheism. The Sublime Will may be related to the "moral principle," which, said he, is God; but it is a higher evolution of that principle: we have a personal will instead of an impersonal principle.

May, 1805, found Fichte Professor of Philosophy at the University of Erlangen; and, while there, he delivered his lectures on the "Nature of the Scholar," a short account of whose contents we have already given. In the spring of 1806, he published another of his popular works, *The Doctrine of Religion.* The full title of the work is *The Way toward the Blessed Life; or, The Doctrine of Religion.* It is the most important of his later writings. In this work, Fichte's thought is directed to the religious aspect of his theory: he wishes to make our faith in the Divine more than a mere inference from the moral sense. With the hope of doing this, he goes, as he believes, to the bottom

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facts in thought. What is knowledge, cognition? It is the representation, description, recognition, by means of character and sign. What does it re-present, picture? It imperfectly represents the Higher Being; in a word, it is the image or reflection of the Highest and Ultimate. "Thus, the actual Life of Knowledge is, at bottom, the essential Being of the Absolute in itself, and nothing else; and, between the Absolute, or God, and knowledge in its deepest roots, there is no separation or distinction, but both merge completely into one." Consciousness now becomes the self-revelation of the Absolute, and the Absolute is the substance of all phenomena. Consciousness contains nothing which does not rest upon and image forth the higher and infinite Reality. To attain to this knowledge is Blessedness. When, through love of this knowledge, we no longer cherish the desire to be something ourselves, but renounce ourselves sincerely, wholly, and radically, so that God alone remains, then he becomes for us the all in all. "As soon as man, by an act of the highest freedom, surrenders and lays aside his personal, individual freedom and independence, he becomes a partaker of the only true Being, the Divine, and of all the blessedness that is contained therein." This whole thought, it seems to me, can be put into Bible language thus: As soon as we can say, "Not mine, but thy will be done," we may also say, "All thine is mine."

It is impossible for us to think Fichte has put the belief in the being of Deity upon any firmer basis than that of faith. He does not prove God's being: he assumes it; and this we must all do, and do do in every act and thought. In two of his sonnets, Fichte gives us his whole Doctrine of Religion; and, if carefully read, they give us as clear, if not a clearer, idea of his teachings as his lectures: —

> "The perennial One
> Lives in my life and seeth in my sight.
>
> "God only *is*,— and God is naught but life!
> And yet thou knowest, and I know with thee.
> If such a thing as knowing then can be,

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Must it not be a knowing of God's life?
'Gladly to His my life I would resign;
But, oh! how find it? If 'tis ever brought
Into my knowing, it becomes a thought,
Clad with thought's garb like other thoughts of mine.'
The obstacle, my friend, is very clear:
It is thyself. Whate'er can die resign,
And God alone will hence breathe in thy breath.
Note well what may survive this partial death,
Then shall the hull to thee as hull appear,
And thou shalt see unveiled the life divine." *

Jan. 27, 1814, this prophet and seer passed away. We seek in Fichte not facts, but inspiration. When we feel that we are clay, or that life is only breath, we turn to his inspired and inspiring pages. While reading, a quiet joy takes possession of us; and, though the understanding may not comprehend all, yet the soul gives its assent, and we come away cheered and strengthened. We are led to thorough self-examination and to righteousness in life by his teachings, so that no more apt words come to us with which to close than those on his tomb: —

THE TEACHERS SHALL SHINE
AS THE BRIGHTNESS OF THE FIRMAMENT;
AND THEY THAT TURN MANY TO RIGHTEOUSNESS
AS THE STARS FOREVER AND EVER.

ALBERT WALKLEY.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD AND MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.†

PART II.

The impulse which Miss Edgeworth gave to juvenile literature has never died out, and we pass naturally with it to the life of her who issued in America the first children's magazine. "Here comes Philothea, her face all aglow." And these half-quizzical lines give us a far better idea of Mrs. Child than the very unlike portrait to be seen in these

* From Schwegler's *History of Philosophy.*

† *Letters of Lydia Maria Child.* With a Biographical Sketch by Whittier, and an Appendix by Wendell Phillips. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford. Edited by the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange. New York: Harper Brothers. 1882.

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letters. Of all beautiful women, Mrs. Child was perhaps the most beautiful to those who loved her; and this not so much on account of the exquisite form and color of the mask she wore as because the soul took such triumphant possession of her whole body.

Her complexion had the delicacy and freshness of the "apple-blossoms," of which her brother, Dr. Francis, once said, as he might have said of her, that they seemed "more and more beautiful" every year of his life.

Her eyes glowed with a warm fire or danced with child-like merriment; and, when her hair was as white as snow, it still reminded us of the rippling brown curls which fell from her open brow when she first became a wife.

Her whole being was fired with a sacred enthusiasm, which was not only felt by herself, but was evident to others, as pervading her to her very fingers' ends.

And this enthusiasm was persistent and loyal. She did not give up the cause she advocated or the wretch whom she befriended, because the world turned a cold shoulder on the first or she found herself mistaken in the character of the second. The sacred warmth of her nature fired the selfishness and indolence of all those who came in contact with her, and they could no more refrain from warming under it than the gold within the smelting-pot could defy the furnace. Her face, always full of expression, flushed with every emotion to the very last, like that of a young girl; and it always seemed to the writer like a translucent vase through which a soft but intense light shone.

Her beauty, her devotion, her power of loving faithfully even when disappointed, she seems to have owed to her Francis blood; for such traits have been conspicuous in other members of that family.

There is still living a woman, who inherits it in a double stream from both father and mother, who wears the same glowing charm, and has shown in a life of many trials and much discipline the very characteristics that have rendered Mrs. Child illustrious.

How little *she* thought of the influences which had shaped

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her possibilities, an amusing incident will illustrate. About ten years before Mrs. Child's death, we happened to be engaged on a genealogical history of the Francis family; and, finding a gap in the record, we wrote to Mrs. Child, asking for the name of her father's mother. By the next mail came the following reply: —

WAYLAND, Aug. 30, 1870.

Dear Friend,— I never took the slightest interest in the genealogy of my family on either side. I do not know the Christian names of either of my grandfathers, nor anything concerning their whereabouts. My mother's name before her marriage was Susannah Rand. My grandmother's name on either side I do not know.

Yours truly, L. MARIA CHILD.

A year or two ago, while we were sitting beside a very distinguished artist, she suddenly turned round and exclaimed: "I don't think you will like me. Do you like people with freaks?" In the midst of a hearty burst of laughter, we were able to assure her that, while we did not like freaks at all, we yet dearly loved a good many eccentric people in spite of their freaks. Now, Mrs. Child was a person who had "freaks"; and it is necessary to say, just here, that this note was not the consequence of a freak. Although she did not care for her own antecedents, she was not displeased by the inquiry; for she volunteered a certain amount of information which was not needed. And the amusing part of the whole thing was that she was named for the grandmother whose name she did not know, Lydia Convers Francis.

Although the volume before us is entitled *Letters of Lydia Maria Child*, yet it is probably, when we consider Whittier's Biographical Sketch and Wendell Phillips' Appendix, the only attempt at a life that this generation will see. Judged in this way, a way that the authors would probably consider very unfair, it is a bitter disappointment. The proof-readers were no more skilful than when they turned over the sheets of Maria Edgeworth's Life. The friends of Mrs. Child should insist upon a uniform edition of her works, which shall in some fit way emphasize the enthusiasm that her life

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commanded. Meanwhile, let us try to fill in a few of the gaps of the story.

The Francises of Francis Court, who afterward succeeded to the estate of Combe Florey, a name made pleasant to us by joyous associations with Sydney Smith, were of the same stock, it is said, as the English progenitors of Richard Francis, who came from Norfolk, England, to Cambridge, Mass., in 1636. He removed to Medford before 1646; but, when he died at the age of eighty-one, he was laid near his wife's kindred in the old burying-ground at Cambridge. His descendant, the Parkman professor, who found it pleasant to look back, was glad to reset the old stone and deepen the worn letters which recorded the fact. Richard Francis and Alice Wilcox had seven children, of whom only two lived long enough to marry. Stephen, the eldest child, born in Cambridge, married Hannah Hall of Medford, where he was a prominent citizen, but not one of his four children survived him or left descendants.

John, the third child, born at Medford in 1650, is the ancestor of all the branches in New England. He held important positions in the town, and was given the first seat in church. His wife was Lydia Cooper. From their son Stephen, born in 1691, was descended David Francis, the father of the well-known publisher, who encouraged Mrs. Child to issue her *Juvenile Miscellany*, as one of the liberal firm of Munroe and Francis.

From Nathaniel, born in 1692, descended Dr. Francis of Harvard College and Lydia Maria Child; and from Ebenezer, born in 1708, descended the well-known merchant of that name, now represented by the families of Mason, Bowditch, and Thayer in Massachusetts, as well as the Grants, Osbornes, and Lows in Kennebunk, Maine, and whose offshoots are to be found in Western New York and Ohio.

Wherever found, the Francis name carried with it characteristics of dignity, independence, and straightforward moral worth, which any one might be proud to claim.

It is with John's son, Nathaniel, that our story has to do. He and his wife Sarah lived at "Menotomy," or what is

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now called Arlington. They had four sons. The second, Benjamin, born in 1734, was brought up as a weaver, a trade that was very lucrative in those early days. From his mother, Sarah, whose family name no one has discovered, a fiery infusion must have darted through his staid Francis blood. He was a "stalwart" liberty man in the best sense of that remarkable adjective, and so good a shot that he is said to have killed five men at Concord bridge. He had married Lydia Convers, an orphan niece of Dr. Convers of Woburn, by whom he had ten children. In spite of this, the first revolutionary gun carried him away from wife and loom to the distant field. He served for four years, passed through many battles, and endured the sharpest sufferings. When he procured his discharge, he returned to find his family destitute, and immediately resumed his work as a weaver. His fourth son, named Convers for his mother's family, was the father of Dr. Convers Francis and Lydia Maria Child. Mr. Whittier gives the name as David; but that belonged, as we have shown, to another branch. Convers Francis was a very intelligent boy. His teacher begged the old weaver to give him more time to study; but the family needed his labor, and, like many of the most distinguished men of the same generation, he never went to school more than six weeks or two months in any year. We have no need to pity these men. They turned mature eyes to the pages they pondered, and had a better than college training. In 1780, Convers was apprenticed to a Medford baker; and here he remained until 1787. His father had removed to that town in 1764. The baker's sons lent him books, and helped him in the long evenings to read, write, and cipher; and, in his twenty-third year, he married one Susannah Rand, and set up in West Cambridge for himself. "She had a simple, loving heart, and a spirit busy in doing good," wrote her son, the Parkman professor, in later years, and goes on to tell us how she loved flowers, and taught him to help her in the garden. Of his father, he wrote: "He was the most intensely industrious man, I think, that I ever knew. He was sturdy, and a great lover of right and freedom. His

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opinions sometimes became prejudices, and they were very strong. He detested slavery and its apologists. It was pleasant to hear him say a little before his death, 'I rejoice that my first vote was given for General Washington, and my last for Colonel Fremont.'" When we remember that Susannah was the mother and Convers the father of Lydia Maria Child, we can trace in these two quotations the sources of her strength and of her weakness.

In the year 1800, Convers Francis built a new house and bakery in Medford; but he had already been living there for some time, for the old Revolutionary soldier had died in his son's house in that town as early as 1798. Lydia was seven years younger than her brother. And the two were the youngest of a family of six. In this new house, Lydia was born in 1802; but it was her great misfortune that her mother died when she was only twelve years old,— her great misfortune, for she lost the tender influence which her brother prized all his life. She had special need of it, being formed somewhat after the likeness of the old Revolutionary soldier. Both she and her brother, Dr. Francis, inherited from their mother an intense love of nature, of flowers, birds, unfolding buds, and all suggestive things. Such lives as theirs are an evolution of forces far out of sight; and, in Lydia, we find united to the rugged force of a peasant woman the inspiration of an artist and a refinement of delicate traits, such as we are accustomed to refer to aristocratic birth alone.

As there was no one to take charge of her in Medford, Lydia went soon after her mother's death to a married sister in Maine. Mary Francis had married Warren Preston, a young lawyer of Norridgewock, whom the passing generation remember as Judge Preston. She must have had a fair share of the ability which distinguished the name; for, of her five children, two are well known to the liberal church,— Susan, who married the Rev. Dexter Clapp of New Orleans, and Mary, now the widow of Major George Stearns.

In the year 1814, Norridgewock might be considered a

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frontier town. Bears, wolves, and foxes were at that time the terror of farmers who lived much nearer to the sea-coast. Society must have been in a most primitive condition; and, at the very moment when her glowing, impulsive nature most needed a forming hand, there was probably no one to suggest the value of self-surrender in trifles, or those restraints which form the very backbone of all human intercourse. She came back to her brother's house in Watertown the moment she was twenty-one, which seems to imply that the wilderness had then no special charms for her. She had read and thought and written a great deal during her absence; and, now, an article of Dr. Palfrey's on the value of the early history of New England, in the *North American*, roused the imagination, which had been restless ever since she first read "Waverley." In less than a year, before she was twenty-two, she published the pretty little story of *Hobomok*, an Indian romance. "I never shall forget," said her brother when he was an old man, "the little chamber in my house at Watertown, where she wrote her first book." This was followed in six years by a little cook-book, called *The Frugal Housewife*, which went through thirty-five editions! This was the fruit of her early life in Maine. We wish we could see a new edition of it. Modern cooking schools and modern cookery books invariably cater to the taste of those who live in luxury. Mrs. Child's book was meant for those who were poor. She showed people how to make broth instead of *bouillon*, brown bread instead of "angel's food," and to cook simple, inexpensive desserts rather than *méringues* or *soufflés*.

Mrs. Child was greater than any work she ever undertook, and we think the volume before us gives very small idea of the expectation and intellectual movement which followed some of her earliest undertakings. No child who read the *Juvenile Miscellany* edited by her will ever forget the excitement that the appearance of each number caused. Never did any one cater so wisely and so well for the unfolding mind. After the lapse of half a century, the mere names

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of some of the stories, "Garafelia," "Ferdinand and Zoe," "The Easter Eggs," and so on, bring vivid pictures of past delight before us. The *Juvenile Miscellany* was not, as Mr. Whittier thought, the first magazine published for children in the English tongue. It was only the first in America; but, in simplicity, directness, and moral influence, it remains superior to any of the illustrated magazines of to-day. It was published for eight years, from 1826 to 1834; and the writer of these lines well remembers what a grievance it was that it always came on Saturday. The children sat on the stone steps of their house doors all the way up and down Chestnut Street in Boston, waiting for the carrier. He used to cross the street, going from door to door in a zigzag fashion; and the fortunate possessor of the first copy found a crowd of little ones hanging over her shoulder from the steps above. And, then, we went to supper early on Saturdays; for families were large, and every child went to his bath, that the dear old Sunday morning might be greeted with renewed purity and in fresh linen! How forlorn we were if the carrier was late!

The letters from New York, ranging from 1843 to 1845, created a literary sensation as they appeared. They were published, if we remember rightly, twice a week. The counting-room of the *Courier* was filled by an eager crowd, half an hour before the proper time, on the days when they were expected. The paper came damp from the press, and many a delicate glove bore traces of the fervor with which the owner had grasped the sheet. Men read it as they walked slowly up School Street. Young women ran into Munro and Francis' bookstore for their first glimpse. These letters were read aloud at the tea-table, and the next day everybody passed their bright sayings along. And, when they were gathered into volumes, *Junius* himself never commanded a readier sale.

Whether *Philothea* is written so that it may be considered in a day of advanced scholarship as a trustworthy picture of Athenian life must admit of question. We knew many things about Aspasia then, but we did not know how Aris-

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tophanes had maligned her. The *Progress of Religious Ideas*, which Lydia probably thought would best preserve her own memory, is already historically useless; but these books will always be pure and delightful reading. They are largely and in the best sense autobiographical, and the autobiography is that of one of the rarest of God's children. To the varied gifts of their author, the *Letters from New York* bear ample testimony. Some of the best of them are quoted in the charming Life of Ole Bull, lately given to us by his wife;* and there we read of the bower of rest that Mrs. Child's warm heart prepared at Wayland for the tired artist, when the falsehood and ingratitude of mankind had made his very soul sick.

While her literary power was developing in this startling way, Lydia Francis had married. Her husband was David Lee Child, a young and able lawyer, whose career was sadly complicated, the biographer thinks, by his strong anti-slavery views. At the outset, this man was full of promise. His mind was brilliant, his acquisitions great, and he was a striking figure in any society he entered. His wife's beautiful tribute to him after he had passed away shows how happy they were together in spite of many trials, and how his character had softened and become enriched as the years rolled away. In her admiration of Bernard Palissy, a man who permitted wife and children to starve, while he passed his time in infatuated pursuit of an "immortal glaze," we see what warm sympathy she always felt for the disappointed; and when she found an opportunity to give such sympathy to a man of rare fascinations, love was not far behind.

At some time during his earlier life, Convers Francis had purchased some land at Wayland, on which his son James had established a home. When his activity ceased, he went thither himself; and, in 1852, Mr. and Mrs. Child went there also, that the daughter might watch over her father's declining years. Some of the passages in her letters, which

* *Ole Bull.* A Memoir. By Sara C. Bull. With Ole Bull's "Violin Notes," and Dr. A. P. Crosby's "Anatomy of the Violinist." Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

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refer to the sacrifices she was supposed to have made and the intellectual privileges she was supposed to have lost, while she fulfilled this sacred duty, are among the sweetest and the most powerful which she has left. What she says about her household care being a work of divine art may be commended to those young people who share the æsthetic craze.

After the death of Convers Francis, Mrs. Child continued to live for twenty-two years on the modest property he had bequeathed her. All through the activities of her anti-slavery career, she had changed her humble home often. She never went into any neighborhood so obscure that, within a radius of three or four miles, it did not hold many who had sat upon doorsteps waiting for the *Juvenile Miscellany*, or who, as young men and women, had not found in her their only fit interpreter of art. To them, she was the soul of all things fair; and, knowing her poverty and reverses, they would gladly have shared with her all that field or dairy furnished. She was distrustful of all such advances, and soon obtained a reputation for "offishness," which grieved and wounded many. "She was too truthful to affect to welcome unwarrantable intruders upon her peace," writes some one. Why should there have been any "affectation" about it? Why should not the warm hearted have been ready to welcome the love which must have been sincere, since it came to her in spite of her anti-slavery position, or the "stage ride" and the pitchfork and the bull dog," with which she told Whittier that she had learned to defend her entrenchments? The young and enthusiastic forgave what they did not understand, for the sake of the debt they owed her; and, one day, she will find herself garlanded by their loving arms, in a sphere where such defences are unknown. "That woman is the plague of my life," she wrote once of some one who asked questions about her literary work. "What does it matter when the *Juvenile Miscellany* began?" It mattered very much to those who recognized it as a leading influence in their lives. "Walls of partition rise up everywhere above and below"

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between us and "the angels," she once wrote to Eliza Scudder. That perhaps is safe, for the angels have ways of their own; but "walls of partition" are never good between us and our fellows. As life went on, she sometimes recognized that she had cut herself off from what might have been precious. She grew softer as she grew older; and, toward the close of life, we find her writing to Lucy Osgood: "For my part, I am delighted to find a few flowers on the mile-stones, as I pass along. A buttercup is as good as a japonica. Somebody put it there who remembered that I was going by."

She had many wealthy friends who desired to make her life easier; but her sturdy independence made her reject their offers, almost without exception. She could give no greater proof of her love than by submitting to an obligation. To one person only did she ever submit without pain.

"Judge her by her friends," said Emerson once, when Margaret Fuller was under discussion. Nothing can be more delightful than to judge Lydia by her friends. She will be always remembered in connection with the anti-slavery conflict, although she was broader and deeper than any single reform into which she entered. No one can read her letters without being sorry that it did not fall to her to write the history of that conflict. The glimpses of George Thompson, Charles Sumner, Angelina Grimké, John G. Palfrey, and Mattie Griffith are full of vigor and color. Channing, Sumner, and Palfrey always candidly confessed how much they owed to her counsel and inspiration. Here, too, we get some sweet memories of him we used to call "Frank Shaw," a man of so lofty a life that we hardly like to say of him that he has "gone up higher."

Those who remember how Mrs. Chapman speaks of Channing in her memoirs of Harriet Martineau will be glad that Mrs. Child has written: —

"At first, I thought him timid and even time-serving; but I soon discovered that I formed this inference from my ignorance of his character." The most unbelieving opponent will surely accept this testimony, when he remembers by

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whom it was written. It takes the united judgment of many generations to gauge a man like our great Unitarian teacher.

Among Mrs. Child's friends there is a group of noble women of whom no adequate memorial survives. Of such were Henrietta Sargent, her faithful friend amid the poverty and struggle of her earliest married life, and Lucy and Mary Osgood.

Lucy and Mary, two maiden sisters living to fourscore years in Medford, were the daughters of the old clergyman of Mrs. Child's native town. "These are women you must not fail to know," said Theodore Parker once, when he was driving the present writer past their house. He stopped his horse, opened the door, and in a moment we were in the midst of one of the New Year parties which Mrs. Child has commemorated. All the children of the town were in the open parlors, and every little hand held a pretty book.

Miss Lucy had the sharpest tongue. "Lucy always '*makes*' all the humble pie, but *I* have to eat it," said Miss Mary, quaintly. Both were remarkable for ready wit, wide observation, and clear insight. Miss Lucy was a very hard student, and it was often said that what she did not know was hardly worth knowing. She was the last survivor; and, after her death, Mrs. Child wrote a memorial of her for the *Independent*. For some reason, her pen failed. It was not a vivid picture.

The letters we have been examining preserve many bright sayings. Sometimes these sayings are her own, sometimes they are those she gathered from her reading or her intercourse with men. Of her obscure life in Wayland, she wrote: "I seem to those who live in shadows to be cooking food or mixing medicine; but I am, in fact, making divine works of art which will reveal their fair proportions in the far eternity. The outward has no power over us but that which we voluntarily give it." Was not this a worthy sister of Jane Carlyle?

"David has signed my will," she writes soon after her father's death in 1856, "and I have sealed it up, and put

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it away. It excited my towering indignation that it was necessary for him to sign it."

This is a paragraph which the lawyers may well ponder. It is more than twenty years since Massachusetts began to plume herself upon the fact that within her borders a woman could make a will! She has had that privilege, we believe, ever since she was taught the alphabet; but who is to enforce it? A woman's will is still "purposeless" in Massachusetts, as the Scotch say, unless her husband has indorsed it; and this indorsement must be intelligent, he must read before he signs! And of what use is this "privilege" to the women who need it most,— to the women who earn the bread their children eat, and who must leave them, should they die first, to fathers who are incapable, drunken, shiftless, or extravagant? Are such men likely to "read and sign"?

"We do not choose our states, they come upon us."

"If Webster had done his duty, there would have been no storming of Fort Wagner."

"John Dwight says, 'It is evident that Goethe was to Bettina merely the algebraic x, which stands for the unknown quantity!'"

"When some one said to Berrien, of Georgia, that Foote had great command of language, Berrien answered, 'On the contrary, I think language has great command of him!'"

These and other "winged words" as gracefully feathered as any that ever came from Maria White we gather from her pages: —

> "And" ever, "with the gold light of a life more fair,
> Twin bows of promise o'er her grave" are "blent."

PART III.

It would not seem at first as if there were any natural connection between such lives as those of Mary Russell Mitford and Lydia Maria Child. But these lives overlapped a whole half-century, although Miss Mitford was eighteen years the older; and, on one of Mary's pages, we find this clew: "The woman whom I like best in London society is

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Harriet Martineau, who is cheerful, frank, cordial, and right-minded in a very high degree." We can imagine that Lydia might have written these words; and, when we have safely bridged the gulf between the two with this scarlet thread, we discover other points of likeness. These women held the same noble relations with the men they knew. They passed their lives in works of beneficence or in self-sacrificing labor for the men they loved; and their labors were, although for different reasons, attended by very similar results in loss and discouragement. In both cases, the labor was lightened by the enthusiastic love of those they served, and by a self-forgetfulness so absolute that it was never conscious of its own existence. At first, it would seem as if Mrs. Child were the stronger nature; but if, in the conflict of opinion, she showed herself strong to act and endure, in the body's agony, and the long decline of great powers shamefully overtaxed, Mary Mitford showed herself quite as strong to endure, and to endure with a smile. The brain was clear, the courage unfaltering, the nobility of nature never swerving to the very end.

The natural gifts of the two women were similar. "The Neighbor-in-law" might be inserted between the pages of *Our Village* without doing any violence to our imagination.

Miss Mitford's life fits in also to the records of Fanny Kemble's later years. The same persons write to Miss Edgeworth, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Kemble, and George Ticknor. It is pleasant to see how they adapt themselves to their correspondents. In Miss Mitford's pages, we get pleasant glimpses of the devoted Lady Franklin, while she is still plain Eleanor Porden. Miss Sedgwick tells us that Mr. Butler was far the inferior of his gifted wife, but gives him credit for an amiability and common sense that could not have gone deeper than the surface. Mrs. Trollope tells sadly how all her plans failed in Cincinnati. Standing the other day at Rufus King's window, and looking at his garden wall, we saw some sculptured stones built into it, as the sculptures of the Colosseum have been built into the later Roman houses. What should they be but certain deco-

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rations of Mrs. Trollope's vanished "business block," which mine host rescued from ruin when that building was taken down! The richly foliated stones tell the whole story of her failure.

One theme of interest runs through all Miss Mitford's correspondence; we mean the execution of the various portraits of her by Lucas. Incidentally, these furnish good proof of her keen artistic perception. In 1829, her friends were not satisfied with the work of this almost unknown painter; but she defended and appreciated his work, and when, in 1852, her publishers and James T. Fields wanted fresh portraits of her taken, she was able to write, "Mr. Lucas, incomparably the finest painter of female portraits alive, has condescended to come and take me."

On the 141st page of *The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford*, Susannah Strickland, now better known as Mrs. Moodie, the younger sister of Agnes, writes some lines to Mary from her home at Reydon Hall, beginning,—

> "Thy 'sister poetess,' thou gifted one!
> Never for me will lyre like thine be strung."

In the notes with which Mr. L'Estrange connects the correspondence, he mentions that Mrs. Moodie afterward came to Canada; but he does not seem to know that, near the close of a life as disinterested and overworked as that of Miss Mitford herself, she is still living, and has proved herself possessed of great literary power, to be fitly vindicated in the future. From her hand, many years ago, the present writer received as an autograph the copy of verses which contains the "clew" to the lines we have quoted above. Oddly enough, in them is to be found the very earliest expression of her admiration for the artist Lucas; and, so far as we know, they have never appeared in print.

From M. R. Mitford to her "sister poetess," Susannah Strickland.—To Mr. Lucas, written while sitting to him for my portrait.

> O young and richly gifted, born to claim
> No vulgar place among the sons of fame,
> With shapes of beauty haunting thee like dreams,
> And skill to realize Art's loftiest themes:

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How wearisome to thee the task must be
To copy these coarse features, painfully;
Faded by Time, and paled by Care, to trace
The dim complexion of this homely face;
And lend to a bent brow and anxious eye
Thy patient toil, thine Art's high mastery!
Yet, by that Art, almost methinks divine,
By touch and color and the skilful line,
Which at a stroke can strengthen and refine,
And mostly by the invisible influence
Of thine own spirit, gleams of thought and sense
Shoot o'er the careworn forehead and illume
The heavy eye, and break the leaden gloom,—
Even as the sunbeams on the rudest ground
Fling their illusive glories wide around,
And make the dullest scene of Nature bright
By the reflection of their own pure light.

M. R. MITFORD.

THREE MILE CROSS, May 6, 1829.

These lines show that, when Miss Sedgwick complained of the portraits she had seen, Miss Mitford found the justification in the fact.

CAROLINE H. DALL.

THE GLORY OF THE SON OF MAN.

"The hour is come that the Son of Man should be glorified."—JOHN xii., 23.

What hour was this? What was its glory? It was the hour of Christ's crucifixion, it was the glory of the cross. This, according to the ideas of those around Christ, was a strange kind of glory; and, to the ideas of the worldly in any age, such glory is but little intelligible. But this hour to which Christ had now come, for which from the beginning he was ordained, was the greatest hour in the history of the world; and that cross, shameful as it was in the eyes of men, was the sublimest throne that ever king ascended. Here it is that we have Christ revealed in his fulness, revealed in the holy grandeur of his spirit, in the profoundest meaning of his life. Here was a testimony for righteousness more impressive than marvels. Here was a soul unmoved in its goodness and rectitude, patient and benignant amid cruelties and wrong, a

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spectacle more impressive to men and angels than miracles and powers. Great had been Jesus in word and deed, yet was he still greater in silence and submission. Never was Jesus more divinely the minister of heaven than in this quiescent subjection. Never was the light of God's glory more divinely in his face than when it turned in meekness on the scoffers. Jesus was not grander at the tomb of Lazarus than he was in the hall of Pilate; and grandest of all was he when he hung upon the cross, lingering slowly on to death, with mercy and faith in his heart, with prayer and blessing on his lips. Looking upon Christ in his latest afflictions, we see him in the simplicity and the singleness of his own blessed nature; we see him disrobed of all the outward accessaries which distract the attention from himself, without miracle and without hosanna, depressed in mind, wearied and broken down in body, *alone* in the midst of his enemies. The denied, the condemned, the crucified, with a deeper love than ever, our affections hail him as the sent of God.

Let me speak on a few of the attributes of spiritual excellence in which the suffering and crucified Jesus was glorified: —

1. The suffering and crucified Jesus was glorified in his benignity. The light of benignity which shone upon his whole course was transcendently resplendent on its close. But what was the benignity of Jesus? Standing at this point of his career, but not resting all attention upon it, let us look from it upon the goodness which at every stage marks the way of Christ. This goodness was no enfeebled sensibility. It was a principle and an affection united; the principle having life from the affection, and the affection energy from the principle. The goodness of Christ, therefore, was exalted and comprehensive, strong while it was tender. His thoughts reached to the immortal, and his love had the height and compass of his thoughts. He saw the immortal enshrined in every form of man, and therefore his first affection was for the human soul. He saw in that soul a deathless essence, and this eternal life attracted his especial

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interest. To this goodness, all humanity was dear. To this goodness, the well-being of that humanity was dear,— all that could raise it and all that could redeem it. But, though Jesus loved the soul, he did not overlook the body; though he appreciated, as only he could appreciate, the relations of eternity, he did not despise the charities of time. United as he was to the mysteries of the spiritual world, there was yet such an atmosphere of gentleness about him that none feared his approach, and many heard his steps with gladness. Therefore it was that parents brought him their babes to bless. Therefore it was that Mary sat at his feet, and that John leaned upon his breast. Therefore it was that in the very thirst of torture and dissolution he had words of thoughtful solace for his weeping mother. Nay, so deep was Christ's pity for the ills of life that nearly all his miracles were directed to relieve them; and so harmoniously could he blend the gentle with the godlike that human sweetness is never absent from mysterious power. In every action of Christ — the supernatural as well as the simple — there is always a most heavenly courteousness,— a courteousness which is at once the spirit of lofty benevolence and of noble manners. The dejected soul is that over which Jesus seems the most to lean, the contrite and returning spirit is that which he delights to welcome. He said in plain words he came to seek and to save the lost, and graciously did he fulfil his mission. Abating no jot from the standard of perfect duty, he had yet abundant compassion for human infirmities. Ready to love any inclination to good, ready to extenuate to the utmost the feebleness of sincere but imperfect will, ready to hear the rabbi at night who feared to come to him in the day, ready to follow with kind thoughts the rich man who longed to go in the way of duty, but who could not bear its hardest trials, Jesus still admitted of no compromise with sin; and to those only who renounced it did he give the full blessing of his peace. The struggle of the spirit had always from him the kindest encouragement, and never the slightest reproach. Wherever a single wish existed for a better state, the soul in which the wish had

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birth was precious to him; and, when the wish grew into resolve, and resolve became reformation, then no matter how ruined that soul had been, no matter how despised, he took it to the bosom of his mercy, and he gave it a refuge from contempt. When those who had lost the world's esteem, and, still worse, had lost their own; those who had no rest on earth and no light in heaven; those who looked in vain within them and above them for support,—came near to him with their bleeding hearts and their weeping eyes,—he discerned a faith in their spirits of which they themselves were not yet conscious; and, speaking comfort to that faith, he gently bound up their bruises, and he gently wiped off their tears. But, even in all this, we reach not the height of our Saviour's goodness. That was not seen in the day of his power as it was in the day of his humiliation: not in contact with the grateful, but in contact with the thankless; not near the loving, but near the hating,—must we look for the sublimest exhibition of it. There are souls that can be bounteous as the breast of heaven, while their lives are pleasant. There are souls that can meet sin with an angel's mercy when it comes, an unresisting suppliant; but these same souls may be embittered by adversity and become fierce by opposition. Not so was Christ. No change could cloud his benignant heart. Humanity, even in the madness of its guilt, was sacred to his pity; and he loved it with love unspeakable in the persons of his most cruel enemies. Bereaved, deserted, wrapped in grief and darkness, no ungracious word escapes him. To the last, his breathing was unblemished and divine,—divine in his consolation to the penitent thief, divine in his prayer for the impenitent transgressors.

2. The suffering and humiliated Jesus was glorified in his trust. Mighty, indeed, was the trust demanded; and mighty was the trust exhibited. In the moral history of the world, the combination of events presented in the tragedy of Calvary was the most dismal and the most disheartening. Here is the affliction of the innocent, the triumph of the guilty, the apparent failure of the best purposes, whatever

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is mysterious in the ways of God, whatever is evil in the ways of man, whatever obscures our hope, whatever tries our faith. It would seem as if God, in making Jesus the great preacher of immortality, had collected in *his* person all those perplexities of visible existence which it needs immortality to explain. Iniquity rules in palace and the temple. Justice is mocked at in the courts. The wicked rejoice, the good weep and lament. Christ travails in the sorrow of his soul, Herod revels in the fulness of his desire. Sad to the outward eye are such appearances. Jesus on the cross, Herod on the throne. Apprehended only by the senses, what a bewildering result was the death of Christ! Shame waits on purity, beneficence leads to agony, and hatred follows love. When we are most confounded at the contrarieties of human life, when we would pierce the skies for some guidance in our obscurity, when we would invoke a spirit from the dead to ease us of our doubts, the most oppressive difficulties that have ever lain heavily upon our thoughts, that have ever endangered our trust in Providence, in God, have been light and easy, compared with those which thickened around the death scene of Jesus. But not for an instant did the trust of Jesus tremble. He had full confidence in God. His filial heart clung to his Father as the immortal source of goodness and of wisdom. The tempest raged, the heavens were black, the deluge beat upon his head; but his spirit was fixed in its rest, and from *that* the shock of worlds could not move it. Hard as it might seem to be maligned and scourged and brought to death, while working for the right and the good, Christ accepts the dispensation as it comes, and, in the conformity of his will to the will of the Supreme, illustrates the principle which is sublimest in the moral universe,—the principle of obedience.

Christ had confidence also in humanity, and in this faith had, indeed, exceeding glory in its victory against the senses. The experience which he had of *men* did not destroy his trust in *man*. And yet how sad was that experience! The multitudes had given him to an unjust sentence; and they

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demanded its execution of those who loved him, but few had courage to confess him. The selected messengers of his word had fled before the breath of danger. One of his companions betrayed him with a kiss, and another denied him with an oath. The priests belied him, the judges condemned him without law and against law. The magistrates scoffed at him, the soldiers harassed, the rabble insulted him. Terrible was the depravity that encompassed him; but cruel as the human heart was toward him, marred as the human visage was before him, he did not spurn the nature which he bore, he did not renounce his conviction in its worth, he did not cast aside his hope. For *that* nature he lived, for *that* nature he died; and, in his life and death, *that* nature was redeemed and glorified. Wicked as men around him were, he knew that excellence had not perished; he knew that rectitude, though cast down, was not destroyed, and that, though evil for the time prevailed, it had not obtained the final victory.

Little in our selfish and unbelieving spirits do we understand the greatness of Jesus in his moveless trust. Easily indeed does *our* faith give way. It requires not the darkness of a Calvary to overcloud our hopes and to disquiet our peace. If disease for a little breaks down our strength, and the senses, in which we live so much, bring us but weariness and pain; if death steals into our dwellings, and leaves us but vacant places where our eyes were wont to look for friends; if vicissitude and years sweep off the castles which our vanity shaped in air or built on sand, and which our folly expected to last forever; if adversity takes away the riches which, perchance, we possessed only to abuse,— immediately we sink to despondency, we complain of our lot; in thought, if not in word, we murmur against Providence; we transfer the discord of our own unsettled feelings to the universe, and, while God with infinite harmony carries on his wise designs, we are angry that he smites our gourd, and we weep over its ashes, as if they were the ashes of a world. If, also, we have found men as faithless to us as we have been to God; if we have had to

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bear wrong at the hand of the unscrupulous; if we have trusted the unworthy, and had our reward in treachery; if we have confided rashly, and been deceived according to our folly,—then, with a guilty perverseness, we malign humanity, and, when we should only condemn ourselves, we denounce our species. Likewise, if our plans, chimerical as the morning vapor, are defeated; if our labors, begun without forethought, and continued without wisdom, bring us no return but chagrin; if expected results do not come, when we think they ought; if the concerns of the world, as they are, fail in being what our idea of moral harmony requires; if wrong takes the place of right; if the noble are borne down, and the base exalted; if integrity is derided as madness; if falsehood is gainful and prosperous; if truth is persecuted and odious; if iniquity abounds, and the love of many has waxed cold,—we waver in our confidence, virtue seems to us a shadow, truth a name. Sceptical of the right, we relax our efforts in duty, we grow weary in well-doing, and we exclaim in our discontent, Verily, have we cleansed our hearts, and washed our hands in innocency. But we have one lesson more to learn at Calvary, and that is the sublimest of all. It is to *wait* and to *endure*.

3. The suffering and humiliated Jesus was glorified in his endurance. This is our last topic. Let it not be said that the mind of Jesus was at perfect peace in the security of superhuman knowledge and superhuman power. That Christ was thus secure gives direct contradiction to the impression which his agony leaves upon us, and such security would render that agony itself impossible. We see in Christ a perfect nature, finely sensitive in body and in mind, —not secured against pain in either, but open to it,—yet bearing torture and grief to the uttermost extremity. Hence, the trembling of Jesus to enter on this awful conflict. "I have," he says, "a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straitened until it be accomplished!" Thence his convulsion, thence his prayer in the garden: "Oh, if it be possible, my Father, let this cup pass from me." Thence the moaning of his spirit,—"My soul is exceeding sorrow-

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ful, sorrowful even unto death." Thence his agonizing shriek upon the cross,—"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" But it was not at the end of Christ's office in the world that it made him acquainted: from the beginning, his mission was a mission of endurance. It was one that involved opposition all the way, one that at every step must be maintained in sacrifice. It was a mission opposed to the lower self, opposed to all that the lower self desires; and Christ sustained it to the close by encountering nearly all that the lower self avoids. It was a mission that sought no alliance with the senses. It promised no temporal rewards, and it exposed to many temporal privations. It made little of mere physical calamity, and it gave no high value to mere physical enjoyment. It set forth as the prime objects of desire nothing to which the senses directly tend. Instead of these, it held out objects which they cannot apprehend,— God, Duty, Immortality. It was a mission in opposition to prejudice. It was in opposition to the prejudices of the age and of the nation when and where it worked. To a nation which hoped for a conquering Messiah, it introduced one whose cry was not heard in the streets. To a nation which expected a Messiah that would place its own tribe on the throne of the universe, it introduced one that declared all men brothers. In an age of resistance, it preached forbearance; it preached charity in an age of conquest; it glorified peace in an age of war; it glorified meekness in an age of strife. From point to point, it was a hard and continued fight: it was a passage from combat to combat, from enemy to enemy. Christ had, single-handed, to bear the contest,— to front with meek endurance the fierce hostility of sin combined with hatred. The sensual hated Christ for his purity. They detested a Godlike soul, who in open sunshine and to open ears flung shame upon their grossness. The prejudiced hated Christ for his liberality. They had no toleration for the man who had tolerance for others. They could not pardon one who did not measure the scope of Providence by the standard of their conceit, and whose charity refused to be restricted

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by their bigotry. They could allow no brotherhood to a man who acknowledged a brotherhood larger than their own. They could see no excellence in a man who lightly esteemed their ceremonies, and who believed in a virtue independent of their forms. He who denied their dogma denied their God. The selfish hated Christ for his generosity. They hated him, that he saw within their evil heart and that he turned its foulness to the light. They hated him, that he unravelled their casuistries and that he divined their motives. They hated him, that he tore away their subterfuges and that he demolished their pretensions. At last, they all united and conspired to destroy the blameless. When night sealed in death the eyelids of their victim, they imagined that their triumph was complete, and they hurried away to make ready for rejoicing.

The qualities which occasioned hatred to the Saviour are ever in the world; and ever they are the enemies of right, the conspirators against duty. They exist in every age,—nay, they exist in every person. At however great a distance, the true Christian must even be as Christ. He must gain his victory in sore contentions. Through many tribulations, he must enter the kingdom of heaven. He must pass through suffering to perfection. If he follow Christ, he must take up his cross; and, in taking up his cross, he must deny himself. He must be disinterested, he must rise above the world, he must live above the senses, he will often have to live against himself. There is no man who aims at moral exaltation, but must crucify, in spirit, downward earthly desires upon the cross of Calvary; learn, in faith, to accept the will of God and to resign his own; learn, in charity, to bear cruel enmity with a patience, in which mercy rejoices against malice to the last. To be, therefore, as his Master, he must endure; to be as his Master, he must endure meekly; to be as his Master, he must endure willingly. The man who aims at moral exaltation must be content to wait, and he must be content to suffer. The seed does not come forth, until it has seemed to die; and so it is with life. Principles and actions, big with conse-

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quences, often for a period appear given to oblivion. The disciples of Christ did not understand this in his first conversations with them, and it was only when he had risen from the grave that the truth spoken struck into their minds with power. The man who aims at moral exaltation must be content to bear with censure, to meet resistance, to encounter obloquy. He must be prepared, if a great principle demands his allegiance, if an unpopular truth calls for his testimony,—he must be prepared to see his enemies multiply, and to see even his friends desert him. He must be prepared for humiliation; he must be patient under defeat; he must, for the time, be prepared to accept mockery for victory, to find a reed in his hand instead of a sceptre, and with a bleeding brow to feel that thorns have been placed in his crown for gems. But let him be bold, and of good cheer. His reward is sure. If he suffer with Christ, he shall also reign with him. His sceptre shall not be broken, his crown shall be unfading; and, "when Christ's glory shall be revealed, *he* shall be glad also with exceeding joy."

Is not Christ who was thus glorified in humiliation and affliction unspeakably precious to our souls? We cannot but venerate Christ. We cannot but venerate him as pure, as perfect. We cannot but venerate him as enthroned over humanity and as having carried its character upward to the sanctity of God's unqualified approbation. We cannot but venerate Christ as the inspired messenger of Deity, the sublime interpreter of life and death. And, most of all, we cannot but venerate him as the incarnate manifestation of God's paternal care toward our world and our race. We cannot but venerate Christ, and we cannot but love him. Yet, if I should speak of love, not as a mere sentiment of appreciation, but as an active principle, that which is not satisfied with passive regard, but that which labors for conformity to its object,—if I should speak of such love, I should be compelled to say that men are not deeply imbued with the spirit of the crucified. We have yet but imperfectly learned Christ. In our hearts and in our actions, we are still far from Calvary. Where do we find the benevo-

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lence of Calvary? Not certainly in our rancor and our discord, not in our aversions and our intolerance, not certainly in our strifes of temper and our strifes of tongues, not certainly in our injustice, our oppressions, and our wars. Where shall we find the trust of Calvary? Not assuredly in the idols which our passions form and adore, not assuredly in the pleasures for which we barter happiness, not in the gauds which we mistake for greatness, not in the wealth for which we lose our peace and for which we sell our souls! Where shall we find its holy patience, its gentle and disinterested spirit? Where shall we find that divine resignation, that heavenly forbearance? Alas! alas! not in the cares which our ambitions impose, not in the irritations which our vanities excite, not in toilsome days and the restless nights by which we try to gain the world, but by which we most effectually lose it; not in the miseries which we create for ourselves, not in the opposition which we provoke from others, not in the stores of sorrow which our sins accumulate, not in the scourges which our sins prepare and by which our sins chastise us.

Passing from the hall of judgment to the field of death, from the field of death to the garden of the sepulchre, from the garden of the sepulchre to the mount of ascension, pausing for a moment ere we close, let us look before and after. The sentence passed on Jesus, he is hurried to the cross. There he hangs in slow-consuming misery. Hours of pain lag heavily along, and his weary soul creeps on through agony to death. At length, his eye closes to the earth and sky. His bleeding head, pallid and exhausted, falls upon his breast, his spirit quits for heaven. His body, covered in its shroud, is carried to the tomb; and here all seems finished in despair. A melancholy emblem this of much that is in general history and individual thought. Occasions there are when all appears hopeless in the world, when Satan seems unloosed, and a smoke that shuts out light gathers from every region of wickedness. Occasions there are in the personal life, when the broken and darkened heart has neither hope nor joy, but, heavenless and Godless, it is shriv-

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elled in its sorrows. Occasions there are when we lie down in moral desolation, or when we writhe within the coils of difficulties that squeeze us with every advancing hour more tightly in their folds. Occasions when fear and distraction tread before us on our way, and sweep from it all that made it pleasant. Then, like the disciples at the cross, we behold our expectations all expire. The heavens thicken into blackness above our heads, the earth reels beneath our feet, our hopes are laid in the silent grave. Stunned and tearless, we bend above them, and feel as if our very souls had perished. But Jesus did not remain in the cold sepulchre. Out from the hollow rock, out from the narrow prison house, out from the murky dwelling of the sheeted corpse, Jesus comes forth with a new glory on his brow. The clouds pass away, the heavens are opened, the gladdening beams of immortality shower their lustre on the world. The nations are reconciled. Earth is proclaimed a common home. The roof of this home, the sun-brightened, the star-kindled sky of heaven, appears more lovely, when it becomes the covering of a single family. The Parent-God is revealed to the craving of the soul, and the Father of Jesus is announced as the Father of humanity. The mountains are levelled, the valleys are filled up, and a highway is made forever of progress toward the perfect. Let not our souls then be troubled, neither let them be afraid. Let not our souls be cast down, neither let them be disquieted within us. If grief at the death-beds of earth leads us in dejection to the dying Christ of Calvary, let faith in exultation raise us to the living Christ of heaven. If mortal sorrow flings upon us the shadow of the cross, let immortal joy cheer us with glory from above upon the height of Olivet.

HENRY GILES.

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EDITORS' NOTE-BOOK.

We have often thought it surprising that attention has not more frequently been called to the great effect which the works of popular writers of poetry and fiction, where the subjects and characters are drawn from the Oriental religions, must have upon the current systems of Christian theology. Thousands everywhere are reading these books, and from them learning for the first time that among those people to whose worship or superstition they have never accorded the name of religion, are ideas of the Supreme, moral obligations, a sense of sin, and a faith in the future life, strangely similar to our own. The result of this must be to disturb very seriously those who have been accustomed to think of Christianity as the only religion, and it must be regarded as one of the principal silent factors in the "new movement" of the theological world.

Of course, it is impossible for any but the most careful student of the Oriental religions to say how much of the highest Christian faith and spirit these writers consciously or unconsciously put into their books; but, to the general reader, the conclusion is easy and certain that those religions have been misrepresented, and that there the fundamental elements of the true worship and the true spiritual life surely exist. We are far from putting them on the same plane with Christianity. We welcome the most thorough research into all their dogmas, and trust that whatever is beautiful and of perennial value among that vast mass which is certainly tedious to read, and seems to be elementary and even absurd, will be sifted and brought within the easy reach of every one, and are confident that, in any comparison which may follow, Christianity will not be the loser; but its disturbing influence over current views which are popularly regarded as essential interpretations of Christianity must be beyond calculation.

Arnold's *Light of Asia* set before countless readers for the first time, and in the most inviting form of pleasing poetry, some of the leading points in the Oriental faith of Buddhism, or gave the impulse to read more about them. They were astonished to find so many legends clustering around the life of its prophet closely resembling those which are attached to the birth and early years of Jesus of Nazareth, all the marvellous stories which Ori-

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ental imagination wove around that life there was enough to mark the certain doings of a great soul; to find many moral maxims fully approaching the standard of Christianity, and many doctrines long taught and familiar to that people, which have been regarded as the exclusive revelation of Christianity; to find there an order of ritualistic services of which the most elaborate performance of a modern High Church would be but a faint copy.

Within a very short time, another book has appeared, whose chief interest lies in its dealings with this same great Oriental religion. We refer to *Mr. Isaacs.* With this book, as a novel, we have little to do, and need make but a passing criticism. We could wish that, even in this form, Mr. Crawford had shown more care, or had taken for his model those who have made a better use of the English language; and, certainly, most of the incidents of the story are extremely unnatural and greatly out of keeping with that sense of reality which the best fiction easily gives to the reader. But we are chiefly concerned with that part which deals with Buddhism, and which, so far as the book will have any influence at all, must join with those numerous open and hidden movements now working for the rapid disintegration and overthrow of the current systems of evangelical religion. Ram Lal, a Buddhist priest, learned in all the science of his day and skilled in that Eastern magic which from the earliest times has had its devoted students, whose wonders have closely approached the miracles of the Hebrews, converts Mr. Isaacs from his Mohammedan faith, and gives him the most peaceful assurance of the highest spiritual immortality, after his overwhelming sorrow at the death of Miss Westonhaugh, and when his Christian friend felt that he had no consolation to offer. We quote a few passages put into the mouth of this Buddhist when Mr. Isaacs said to his friend, "It is all over."

"It has but just begun," said the solemn tones of Ram Lal. "I found you many years ago, a very young man, most exceptionally placed in regard to the world. You were even then rich, though not so rich as you now are. You were happy because you thought you were, but such happiness as you had proceeded from without rather than from within. You were a materially thinking man. Your thoughts were of the flesh. . . . The grosser scales of material vision fell away from your inner sight on the day when you met and knew you had met the woman you were to love. You looked back at your former self so careless and

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sunny, so consciously happy in the strong sense of life and power, and you wondered how you could have been even contented through so many years. . . . But last night closed the second of your three destinies — as true love always must close on earth — in bitter grief and sorrow because the one is gone before. Rather should you rejoice, Abdul Hafiz, that she is gone in virgin whiteness, whither erelong you shall follow and be with her till time shall chase the crumbling world out over the broad quicksands of eternity, and naught shall survive of all this but the pure and the constant and the faithful to death. . . . Think not that all ends here. The greatest of destinies is but begun, and it is the destiny of the soul. . . . The way shall be short that leads thee upward, the stones that are therein shall be as wings to lift thy feet instead of stumbling-blocks for thy destruction. The hidden forces of nature shall lend thee strength, and her secrets wisdom. . . . Be faithful to her who has preceded you, and learn of us who know it wherein consists true happiness. Banish only from your thoughts the human suggestion that what you love most is lost, gone irrevocably. Rejoice, and mourn not, that she has entered in already where all your striving is to follow. . . . Very subtle are the fast-vanishing links between you and the world. Very thin and impalpable the faint shadows that mar to your vision those transcendent lines of heavenly glory you shall so soon behold."

We believe it is one of the real merits of good fiction that it puts into the mouths of its characters the words and ideas that, if real, they would utter, and, when representatives of philosophy or religion, the views that that philosophy or religion is supposed to stand for. If Mr. Crawford has in his living among or reading of Oriental religions found such teachings as Ram Lal gives expression to, he has done far more than any of the best and most diligent scholars have yet been willing to admit. To us, they read more like the familiar talk of some Christian revival meetings.

The most enthusiastic supporters of liberal Christianity, and believers in its final triumph, especially as the Church for this country, could hardly ask for more or more favorable signs of its growth than are seen at every point of the theological horizon. That the leaven of a liberal faith has been performing its silent part most surely and actively has to be confessed. The actual as well as threatened trials for heresy are abundant proof that a

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great many prominent religious teachers are straying beyond limits which ecclesiastical synods have decreed essential. Nor is it where open heresy has been proclaimed that the most insidious danger lurks: open heresy can be detected, exposed, and to the authorized bodies made obnoxious; but the real heresy has silently permeated so many high places and made such an atmosphere, such a public sentiment of its own that the established arbiters of the faith know not where to look for its next outbreak, and fear lest its silent supporters may be more powerful than its open opponents. When we recall the prominent theologians who, the past few years, from the pulpits or chairs professedly evangelical, have taught liberal doctrines so plainly as to attract the public attention, and even invite the public approval, the extent to which these views have spread among less influential teachers is inconceivable. Indeed, steps are already taken that the "new movement" in the evangelical churches may have its organ. What this new movement really means may not at present be foreseen: the drift of the ages gives to every movement a far greater impulse and a far different direction than its originators ever dreamed about; but it is finding expression in every place, and breaking out in the most unexpected quarters. Here, one tries to put it into a creed varying a little from the familiar words, just enough to awaken suspicion or to couch the new thought in terms far more unsatisfactory than the old, and so as to make it mean everything or anything or nothing to the restless, inquiring mind. Here, it finds organization in an independent church; here, it appears in a newspaper article; here, from a professor's chair; here, in some theological review. The issue of it all is not doubtful, for these are precisely the steps that the liberal church in its early days went through, and not of its own planning so much as by an irresistible and divine leading; and these are the steps through which all the orthodox churches must go. There is no resting-place, no stopping-place, through all the ages: that would be only spiritual decay and death.

We want to quote a few passages, which indeed may have already met the eye of some of our readers, but where this tendency of the age is admirably expressed: —

The whole civilized Christianity of the world hitherto has been based upon the doctrine of the fall of the whole human family in Adam. They never did fall: they never could fall, because they were born at the

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bottom; and, if there has been any turn at all, it has been upward and onward. There is not a word in the whole Bible about a fallen world. There is not a word in the whole Bible about a lost world. Christ came to seek and to save the lost. Multitudes of men have been lost; but that is never spoken of the human race nor of the whole world, and yet it is the absolute foundation on which the current theologies and the theologies of the past have been based. It follows that, the text being false, the whole discourse has been vitiated. Now, what we call "advanced thought" in theology is not purely and truly an intellectual process. It is the feeling revealed in the hearts of men, of the true tendency of the ages, and of the real thought and heart of God himself. It is an attempt to give it shape and adapt it, so that it can be formed into a philosophy. You may baffle it and exclude it, you may do what you please; but, if God is good, it will prevail, although not necessarily in the way in which we put it in this age, nor as it may be put in any other age. There are some men holding to theology who are looking back to see what it was; and there are some men who, in formulating their theology, are looking forward with an ideal of what it is and must be. I think it must be said that the difference between the school of advanced thinkers in theology and the school of conservative orthodox thinkers in theology lies in the struggle between the spirit of hatred and the spirit of love.

In a still later sermon, the same preacher says:—

Liberty of investigation, liberty of knowledge, liberty of speech,— all these belong to the higher stages of moral development in the teacher and in the church. How comes it to pass that the place where there is the least liberty is the place where there should have been the most? Organized Christianity is in such a peculiar condition that everywhere it withstands and estops absolute liberty. The church that was founded for the protection of spirituality, the church that was meant to be the very Eden of love, is that growth which has attained to so small a stature and has so little liberty that it is more afraid of investigation and discussion and advanced views than any other organization in the world. Heber Newton is a good Christian, and nobody doubts it. He has laboriously made himself acquainted with all that has been thought on the subject of the inspiration of sacred Scripture in the whole wisest scholarship of Germany, England, and America. As a part of his pastoral duty in instructing the people of his church, he has made known these views of advanced thought. He is now seized by the hand of authority and cited to appear before his bishop. What for? Neglect of church duty? Oh, no! For an untoward spirit? Oh, no! For rashness? Oh, no! Because he has expressed the scholarship of a hundred years' ripening as a part of his duty to his church. What is the charge? He has violated his ordination oaths. How came a man to have imposed on him ordination oaths that take away from him the divine liberty of

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thought and speech? It is the Church that is the criminal, not the man of light. No organization has a right to exist that cannot hold within its bounds a man who gives evidence that he is the Lord's in his temper, and in his whole disposition and life. . . . What is inspiration? What is the doctrine of Scripture itself? What is the light that has been thrown upon this by historical research? What has criticism done? What is the structure of this Bible? Where did it come from? How did it gather into unity and complete itself? Is it all alike inspired, all authoritative? A hundred questions come up. Now, we are coming to times in which that which has already taken place in the great civil organizations of the globe is going to take place in the church organizations. Men may resist it, and may in various ways club together against it; but the light is too strong, and the scholars are too numerous. Men who are really Christ-like, and men who have in the liberty of Jesus Christ gained more penetrating thought, deeper experience, and knowledge of God deeper and truer,—these men are beginning to be so numerous in England, in America, and in every part, that they form an invisible brotherhood who comfort each other; and a public sentiment is growing up.

These are the free words of a preacher who stands, nominally, upon an evangelical platform; and they are in the same spirit which finds utterance in many upon the same platform, a number rapidly swelling to an irresistible multitude. They are teachings which, in substance, have for years found a home on the liberal platform: there, they are familiar to all listeners. We say the leaven is spreading, has spread, has permeated other churches, to the very verge of controversy and disrupture. But we are not satisfied to be only leaven, only the pervading spirit of unrest: we want to be ourselves a great, living church, to be the bread of life to all this questioning, disturbed, and longing humanity; and, while these voices in essential harmony with our own come up in increasing number and increasing power all over the land, it seems as if we were blind or faithless to our mission or opportunity, if we cannot be the leaders of this "new movement," saving it from indifference, from extreme materialism, from dismal doubt, and gathering it into the true, living church of freedom, truth, and righteousness.

The discussions now going on within the evangelical churches are much the same that have been waged in the past between Orthodoxy and liberal Christianity. The troublesome questions that Orthodoxy tried to get rid of by casting out the Unitarians

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have got again inside her lines in greater force than ever,—this time, we think, to stay. The present controversy is an old acquaintance to Unitarians. The very phrases of the New Orthodoxy have a certain familiarity to those who remember or have studied the Unitarian controversy of sixty or seventy years ago. The same old arguments reappear about the nature of the divine government. There is the same fear of human learning and human reason on the one side, and the same appeal to rational conscience and common sense on the other, the same disputed proof-texts are brought forward to assail or defend the same controverted doctrines, and even the very old quarrel about the meaning of the Greek word for "everlasting," or eternal, which Unitarians and Universalists were fully familiar with fifty or sixty years ago, is filling volumes of orthodox discussion, without adding, so far as we can see, a single point to the learning or the argument. In one respect, the new discussion has an advantage over the old. The progress of science and literature has made some of the old doctrines much more difficult to defend, in their clearer inconsistency with nature, history, and human intelligence. The pivotal doctrine of orthodox schemes, the Fall of Man, looks spectral in view of researches showing no traces of a primitive perfection, and with the current scientific theory of the rise of man. And an age that has read a literature saturated with freer and more spiritual views of religion, from Dickens to George MacDonald, from Tennyson to Emerson, will find the rhetoric of divine wrath and the logic of orthodox plans of salvation more difficult than ever.

The New Orthodoxy, then, is fighting out the battles that our fathers began, under new conditions and with new allies. The men of progressive spirit are fighting for a liberty *within* the old church lines that Orthodoxy granted to our fathers by thrusting them *outside* these lines. The conflict — as to any doubt or discomfort in our position — has been over for us a long time, and most of us cannot even remember the conflicts and stress of contending elements through which our fathers passed on the way to this liberty of religious position. The new protesters mean to stay in, as our fathers did till pulpit and church communion were closed against them. Let no Unitarian fancy that his spiritual ancestors were a faction who seceded from the Congregationalist body to take up a new heresy. They were the natural growth of near a century of growing rationalism and increasing protest

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against the narrow Orthodoxy that from Edwards down was forging its iron system and drawing tighter its dogmatic lines. And the new Orthodoxy is a shoot from the same root, and has fair chance of absorbing all the life juices of the orthodox trunk. At any rate, it is getting to be a large sapling; and the zeal for cutting down such shoots of promise is tempered by the fear that the tree may bleed to death from the process. We are sympathetic and interested witnesses in a religious conflict whose principles and many of whose terms even are portions of our history; but for us happily, as a church, for most of us as individuals, the fight is long since over. We are free-born, and no pushing of the old logic or quoting of the old proof-texts against us or casting of the old anathemas disturbs us longer.

The tokens multiply that the new orthodox creed will be greatly more rational than the old, and that it is being adopted fast. A committee was appointed at the last meeting of the National Congregational Council to draft a new statement of faith for the body. When it meets again next fall, we shall see how far the committee will venture to go. Probably not far, for the ruling powers in a church are generally its conservative men; and these do not move fast or far. But the more significant movements are those of separate churches and of individuals, and these are many and remarkable. A newly formed church in this neighborhood has put into its declaration of faith that it does not mean "to restrict the freedom of our brethren in the interpretation of God's word." That is a marked advance. It has been one of the main uses of declarations of faith for fifteen hundred years, to bound the faith and the interpretation of believers; and one that is only used to state the real convictions of those who adopt it is unobjectionable.

The new orthodox creed, then, if it does not seem likely to meet our views on all points, is a great advance upon the old, and, in several important respects, repeats and justifies the movement of our fathers, and puts itself in line with liberal Christianity. In three or four most essential points, it accepts our views where they are most opposed to the principles of earlier and even the more current Orthodoxy.

I. That God is, first of all, Father rather than King and Judge, and that his government is that of love, and not of arbitrary will.

II. That Christ's help is moral and not expiatory, from God to teach and move men, and not to placate God, or to accept pun-

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ishment or the equivalent of punishment in man's stead. This whole artificial scheme of redemption is fading out of sight.

III. That the Bible is no divinely dictated or plenarily inspired revelation, but the record of God's showing of his truth to a remarkable people, in whose prophets and great teachers there was unusual — in some cases, very wonderful — insight and inspiration,— a truthful, most instructive and precious record, though of various values in different portions, and, in some parts, having the rudeness, errors, and superstitions of the people among whom it was penned.

IV. And, finally, that the old doctrine of probation as ending with death, and the doom of all who have in this world no saving knowledge of Christ, is unworthy of God and unjust to man; and that God's Fatherhood insures not only a "fair chance" to all, but the utmost that God can do here or hereafter to bring every prodigal back to the Father's house at last.

These are certainly great changes, and changes in the most important points of our difference with and protest against Orthodoxy. On these great moral and rational doctrines, the New Orthodoxy is squarely with us, or coming very near us. That it will agree with us in some other matters is not so evident, nor, practically, of so much importance.

We do not know that the new Orthodoxy will deny the Trinity of three persons in the Godhead as Unitarianism does, but it certainly does not care to insist upon such a conception of God as very important to be maintained nor as essential to salvation. It may not declare what seems to us both the only Scriptural and the only reasonable view, that Jesus Christ is a derived being, subordinate to the Father who sent him, and whose will he came into the world to do; but it is already saying what we long have said, that the true divineness of Jesus is in his lofty and complete humanity; and it will come to be satisfied with the scriptural title, Son of God, dropping phrases like "God the Son" into the background, and praying as Jesus did to the Father Almighty. It may not drop such phrases wholly as "vicarious atonement," "sacrifice of Christ," and "salvation through his blood"; but it will be careful to explain that its vicariousness is the same in kind as that by which the mother suffers to restore the sick child, and the hero to redeem his people, and that Christ's death is efficacious only in the same way as the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, and the death of patriots has been the witness and the way of a nation's deliverance from her foes.

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The New Orthodoxy may not give up the view of a special inspiration in the Bible: it certainly will never hold it only level to other ancient religious writings, while moral perception and spiritual insight remain; but it is already telling us, as we have been for generations teaching, that there is no infallibility as to scientific fact, or full historical completeness, nor even of moral and religious teaching to be claimed for it as a whole, nor for any separate book of it; that it is not all revelation, but the record of a revelation, and that a human and transitory, even in some parts a mistaken and barbaric element mingles with the wonderful line of religious faith and moral authority, making the use of thought, study, discrimination, needful in its use.

The New Orthodoxy will not cease to regard God as Sovereign and Judge, but it will be sure to teach that he is Sovereign goodness, and that the Judge of all the earth may be trusted to do right; in short, that his rule is moral and not arbitrary, and that his mercy is as far extending as his law. Indeed, the New Orthodoxy is saying as new truth — as indeed it is ever new, because ever true, and new with special emphasis in the new orthodox conception — that the best type of Deity in his relations to man is parental, and not royal or judicial; and that the Fatherhood is the largest and completest idea of God.

And once more, and because of this adoption of the Fatherhood of God as its central conception of him, the New Orthodoxy looks forward to the future in a more rational, humane, and hopeful fashion. It may not put into its creed the doctrine of final restoration of all souls, which seems to most of us the logical result of God's foreknowledge, his wisdom and love, and his sympathy with our love; but it already is teaching theories of a second probation, and of eternal hope. It says rightly that the language of the Bible and the working of sin on character make final extinction much more conceivable and probable than everlasting sin or everlasting misery, and yet that the whole spirit of the gospel makes us sure that no soul will be given over to suffer or to perish till all the resources of the divine armory of discipline and promise and penalty have been exhausted. The New Orthodoxy, while never blinking the mischief and misery of sin, will not make death the cut-off of human opportunity or divine mercy, nor shut the door of hope to any soul of man. That is, the New Orthodoxy is coming to see that salvation is not mechanical or magical, but moral; in character and not in condition of

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outward award or doom; and that dying cannot alter the soul's quality or God's feeling toward it and power and purpose for it.

This is the conflict for freedom in reverent and rational Christianity in which the New Orthodoxy is engaged. It seems likely that, with fidelity, boldness, and persistence, it will succeed in retaining a place for its adherents within the historic Churches, and in gradually leavening these Churches with its freer spirit.

The struggle for us is past a generation ago. Such sacrifices as were needed to maintain these truths our fathers made. Such conflicts as are inevitable in bearing witness to new-seen truth they fought for themselves and for us. Such contumely as that witness imposed they bore. Such spiritual loneliness and outlawry of suspicion as they suffered for their convictions has little bitterness for a generation who have never known the old fellowships, or the strain of parting bonds.

Our true attitude toward those engaged in this struggle is that of most respectful and earnest sympathy. We must not forget the difficulties of their position, the hold of sacred associations, the sadness of severing old connections, the impossibility of passing at once by a mental transition out of the old to balanced and settled convictions in the new. We find liberal people sometimes indignant with seeming inconsistencies or partial views, or extravagances in the adoption of new views, as though all change of view in this world, and all standing still, did not involve more or less inconsistency before or after. We can only ask for reasonable fidelity to actual conviction, and hope for an openness of mind that will make all progress safe, and all inconsistency comparatively harmless. We ought to rejoice that the truths we hold by inherited right are coming to be the achievement and possession of increasing numbers, for the enlarged fellowship it will give us, even more for the good we are sure it will bring to them and to the world.

What effect shall the coming of these new allies for the spread of liberal Christianity have upon us?

Three answers are given. There is the answer of indifference, that we may be content to die, since our work is done. There is the answer of radicalism, that we must take up our tents and move on into new regions of research and belief. This is like the backwoodsman's feeling,— that, when neighbors begin to come, it is time to take to the wilderness. And, finally, there is the answer of religious loyalty and common sense, which sees no

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reason to abandon a truth because others are coming to rejoice in it, but recognizes its duty to go strongly on to do its part of the world's religious work, and to organize its life in sympathy with all who will work with it, and with glad recognition of all workers old and new. There is enough liberal Christian work in the world for all to do, and so there is no permission granted to indifference and discouragement to be idle. And there is enough liberal Christian truth to go all around, and so no call for Unitarianism to become a mere scouting party, because others are settling upon its lands. The New Orthodox movement means not only the justification of our liberal Christianity, but its call to new opportunities, and the earnest of its increasing triumphs.

"THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION."

The tendency of recent novels to dwell on the unhappy side of American domestic life, and to portray the distresses and disasters that are happily exceptional in American households, is meeting with general protest, not only from the readers who find these scenes little entertaining, but from those more serious and thoughtful ones who are convinced that the tendency is unwholesome and misleading. If the case were as unhappy as these books imply, their tone and spirit are ill adapted either to arm their readers against disaster or to exert a redeeming influence upon society. We publish below the comment of a very devout, thoughtful, and cultivated woman upon one of the most powerful of these novels, and cannot doubt that it is indicative of many a woman's thoughts about the whole class: —

I have such a kindly, almost personal feeling for the creator of Louisiana and her father in that perfect little story bearing its heroine's name, that it is with reluctance I undertake any criticism of this last novel by its writer. Mrs. Burnett's stories are always dramatic in the extreme. One does not so much read about her heroes and heroines as see them, know them, even become them for the time; and this book is no exception to the rule. But I wish she had not written it. It is not what we promised ourselves when we had read and re-read and re-re-read *Louisiana*. It is not what she had almost as much as promised us.

With every chapter, it became more and more evident that it could never be made a happy story, as well because of the woman we feel the writer to be, as because of her artistic sense and of the cause of public morality we felt sure she had at heart. Any writer can kill off his characters and make the unhappy ones happy; but that often fails of true

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artistic effect, and is very rarely exemplified in real life. The story did not amuse, it was heart-rending. Bertha's pangs never grew less, her struggles were always equally severe. The last half of the story was only made endurable by the falling in love of Arbuthnot with the charming Mrs. Sylvester, who seemed to have been introduced almost entirely for the sake of lengthening out the agony. We had seen all the suffering we could well bear: we longed for the death of all parties, — the end,— anything but the repeated descriptions of Bertha's sufferings and Tredennis' struggles. Unless a story of this kind has a direct moral influence and really exerts it, I can see no reason for its being. And, with more than a careful reading, with re-readings often, and much thought given to it then and since, I cannot see how it could influence any one for good. Refined in the extreme, of pure style, it can harm no one; but it will not entertain. Then why read or write it?

Why have our American novelists recently seen fit to regale their readers with stories of marital infelicity? Is it because in this day of easily obtained divorces there is really more unhappiness in the marriage bond than before? Then our divorce laws are all a mistake. They were made, we thought, to enable wretched men and women to escape from a loathsome or an unendurable life. If they have only increased the numbers of those same sad lives, let us have no more of them. The State has made a mistake. The Church has known better. "Whom God hath joined let no man put asunder," says the priest. What right has the State to pretend to undo the work of God?

G. D. P.

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NOTES FROM ENGLAND.

ANOTHER SUNDAY IN LONDON.

Having a Sunday morning and afternoon to spare in London, just before "the May meetings," I cast about for a profitable way of using the precious opportunity. Mr. Spurgeon was ill. Mrs. Booth (wife of the "General" of the "Salvation Army," and a remarkably keen, sympathetic, eloquent woman) I had heard five days before. Archdeacon Farrar was tempting at St. Margaret's, and the Dean inviting at Westminster Abbey. But, eventually, I decided in favor of two advertisements, which suggested a striking contrast,—Dr. Allon, minister of "Union Chapel," Islington, probably at the head of the Congregationalist preachers in London, and lately the Chairman of the Congregational Union; and Canon Liddon, the eloquent preacher of the Established Church, who was announced for the afternoon at St. Paul's. The contrast came out as I expected; and I doubt whether any two services could have better illustrated the best sides of the two great schools of organized "Orthodoxy" in London, or indeed in England. Dr. Allon's chapel is a magnificent specimen of what may be called nonconformist architecture. The building alone cost about two hundred thousand dollars. It will seat probably three thousand persons. It is a splendid meeting-place,—circular or octagonal in shape, light, cheerful, relieved by refreshing color in brick, stone, granite, marble, and wood. The word "Congregational" expresses everything. Everybody is at home; everybody is seen; the minister, in his pure white pulpit, seems only a member of the congregation in a convenient place. He speaks to the people in a simple, clear, manly way. It is like a father talking to his boys, even when telling them where to find the hymn.

The short opening prayer was simple, human, affectionate, and truly uplifting and sanctifying. Its object was to bring men near to one another in the feeling of the soul after God; and it might have been spoken in any church in Christendom. Indeed, from beginning to end, there was scarcely anything sectarian or dogmatic. On the other hand, there was no particular originality or power. The preacher, in his sermon, told a very old story, and

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seemed to be oblivious of most of the modern difficulties attending the old belief in the supernatural origin of the Hebrew and Christian religions, and the old anticipation that the latter will become universal. The sermon had special reference to the forthcoming great evangelical "May meetings," and was an uncompromising application of the seventy-second Psalm to the prospects of Christianity as the universal religion. In working this out, the poetic and patriotic raptures of Isaiah were unquestioningly taken as predictions applicable to Christianity and its final triumph. But Christianity was spoken of all through as a moral force, a spiritual influence, a reforming and civilizing power; and the realization of the preacher's ideal would almost be attained in the universal extension of the best social and human results of Christianity in England, with perhaps the survival of those ideas or opinions or trusts with which those results have been allied or which may be regarded as their cause. Sin and evil and untruth hurt men, said the preacher, and all religions are really devices for delivering men from these; and, inasmuch as Christianity is the revelation of the highest and mightiest moral and spiritual truth, it must prevail. The preacher had here to be one-sided. He pointed to blots in connection with heathen religions, such as polygamy, degradation, and cruelty, but said nothing about the same things in connection with the "supernatural" religion that paved the way for Christianity, or about the horrible superstitions and cruelties of Christians. He extolled "the moral elevation of Christian nations," but told us nothing about Russia and not much about ourselves. As an aspiration, however, it was wholesome; as an ideal, even beautiful. And yet, as we went out into the old streets, and talked about it all, it had to be confessed that, in regard to it, we needed very much to walk by faith.

Could there be a greater contrast every way than the simple, direct, real, social service in the chapel and the ornate, perfunctory, spectacular, and lonely service in the cathedral? "Lonely" it was, in spite of the tremendous throng. For the manly, fatherly speech of the pastor, we had the whine of the intoning priest. For the singing of a whole congregation, we had a performance by a surpliced choir. For hymns chosen for their inspiring sense, we had an old-world anthem that told us how the high mountains skipped like rams and the little hills like young sheep, and that asked the mountains and the hills what ailed them that they

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skipped like unto rams and young sheep. I know it is Scriptural, but none the less did it sound childish. The service was a long one, especially for an afternoon,— quite two hours. The sermon was very imperfectly heard. The audience sat immediately under the mighty dome, and beyond it on all sides; and the preacher's fine voice, ascending, rang and rolled up into it in a most curious manner. It was evident that half the people heard but few consecutive sentences. The place was either never intended for hearing, or it is a gigantic failure as an auditorium. It is not easy, indeed, to say what this famous cathedral *is* adapted for. The dome is the only impressive or really interesting thing about it, and that is incomparably finer when seen from one of the bridges across the Thames than when seen from within. The place is ugly, heavy, monotonous, cold. Shall I confess that, during the delivery of the sermon, I spent a good deal of the time wondering what the building was best adapted for, and that I came to the conclusion it would make a perfect market,— lofty, cool, capacious, airy, and full of isolated spaces for separate departments? St. Paul's, in fact, is all that Westminster Abbey is not, and is not at all what Westminster Abbey is.

Not one word of prayer or chant or Bible-reading could I distinguish, and not one word in twenty of the sermon. The sounds went sighing, rolling, marching, echoing up into the dome in a most marvellous way, producing some curious and occasionally some beautiful musical effects. For the rest, I was chiefly happy at the thought that I was free to stay away next Sunday. Enough of the sermon reached me to enable me to understand the drift of it. It was on the words, "It is expedient for you that I go away"; and, for a whole hour or more, the most eloquent preacher in the Established Church, in the great cathedral of London, tried to show eight or ten thousand people what a good thing it was that Jesus did not continue on the earth till now! He gave us all kinds of reasons why he went away. Did it never occur to him that he could not help himself? Even on the preacher's own ground, that Christ was a real man as well as the very God, it was inevitable that he should die. But that reflection, though it makes a clean sweep of the preacher's rhetorical subtleties, is as nothing to the other thought,— that, if he could have remained here till now, and had done so, we should now have in our midst an overwhelming argument against all conceivable unbeliefs. There is a beautiful sense in which it is true that the going away

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of Jesus brought a blessing down upon the souls of those who loved him and who had to carry on his work; but, surely, if his departure was not inevitable, it was a sad pity he ever went away. I confess I did not hear much of it, but what I did hear from this great ecclesiastical orator led me to the conclusion that his sermon was the blowing of an ingenious bubble.

In the evening, I conducted the last of the Bermondsey Town Hall services under the auspices of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. These services, among the working men and women of this densely populated district, have been signally successful. There were about fourteen hundred persons present, nearly all of whom, until lately, knew nothing about our rational, simple, human faith. The work will be carried on by the London District Association; and the British and Foreign Association will be free, next autumn, to commence elsewhere. It is a noteworthy sign of the times that Unitarians are taking up this kind of work, and as noteworthy a sign of the times that, wherever it is taken up, the people respond with interest and sympathy.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

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THINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

MEMORIES.

We have taken pleasure in recalling the memory of our two former editors, Mr. Sears and Mr. Lowe, each year, at the time when they left this sphere for higher work above. We give here, as a souvenir of Charles Lowe, a few extracts from a sermon on moral perceptions and discernments:—

If we turn to the analogy of the external sense, we find that two things are essential, in order to accuracy of judgment respecting objects of perception. First are required soundness and perfectness of the perceptive organ. But this is not all. The keenest and best adjusted eye cannot see an object that is in the water without apparent distortion, by reason of the refracting power of the medium through which the rays must pass; . . . and therefore, besides a sound eye, there is a second requisite, in order to correct seeing,—namely, freedom from disturbing and bewildering causes in the medium through which the object is seen. It is the same with our spiritual perceptions. With the truest and keenest faculty, we may get erroneous judgments, when things are viewed through a cloudy medium of passions and desires. . . . In regard to questions of practical morals, we constantly see how the opinions of men are determined by their habits and tastes. . . . It is the same on all subjects where the feelings are strongly enlisted: the most trivial evidence suffices to convince men of what would support their own theory or interests, while the opposite are hardly admitted on the most convincing testimony. How light are the arguments that will outweigh all opposition to those who are determined to believe! . . . Have you ever had occasion to notice how astonishingly accurate and discerning are the judgments of a child? Have you ever listened in wonder to its questions and its keen insight into the highest spiritual truths? . . . Perhaps you have imagined, with some philosophers of old, that the new-born mind has brought with it some intelligence from a former state of existence, of which there are gleams not yet effaced, and that this power is peculiar to the child. It is not so! Those flashings of truth and heavenly wisdom betoken a divine spark which is permanently planted in the human soul. . . . Far from being limited to the period of childhood, this power of perception, in so far as it is a faculty, is designed (like all other faculties) to be developed and increased. . . . It is therefore not in respect of mere capacity for seeing and judging, but in freedom from the influences of passion and prejudice and habit, that we are told, as a necessary condition of knowledge, that we must become "like little children." And that marvellous power

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of discernment, which you revere in your little ones and think the whisperings of an angel, is in fact only the dim first awakening of that divine faculty which is also in you stronger and more perfect than in the child: only in you have risen sinful desires and habits, which alone prevent it from leading to ever higher and clearer revelations.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

The Record of Adelaide Phillipps by Mrs. Waterston, published by A. Williams & Co., is a very graceful and beautiful tribute to this distinguished singer. We are all somewhat familiar with Miss Phillipps' history, remembering the early days when she sang with such childlike sweetness and purity on the Museum stage, and how the best people found her out and she was sent abroad to become a great singer and delight the Italians, and how she came home to Boston to win the dearest laurels of all in the city of her affections.

But Mrs. Waterston has done more than merely recall these facts. She has illuminated them with the warmth and sympathy of her own affection for Miss Phillipps, and her delicate appreciation of what is best in music. She has wisely forborne to make a large book. She has not attempted what is called a memoir. She starts at once upon her theme with dramatic ease and simplicity, and shows you the young singer just as she herself first knew her, and fixes your attention upon her until the close.

Adelaide's career in Italy and Spain, etc., was a brilliant one. Probably Boston, when it gave her a hearty welcome home, hardly knew the ovations she had received abroad. Her letters to her friends are models of good sense, sprightliness, and affection. Her sentences are uncommon for their spirit and brevity. She packs them in one after another, and ends thus in one letter: "There, now, you know all about me. Adelaide." Her devotion to her family was very great. On her return from Europe, she purchased a fine old estate in Marshfield, Mass., and put it under the care of her brother. There she loved to rest, and extend hospitality. Her letters giving directions in regard to the farm, and its cultivation and adornment, show a clear head, executive ability, and a prompt eye to discover what was lacking. Her last visit to Europe, as we know, was a fatal one. She went there out of health to die. Her remains were brought home and buried with touching services at King's Chapel, in the presence of a multitude of persons of all ranks and professions.

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The picture of Adelaide is probably a good likeness, but the fashion of the hour in the dress of neck and hair takes off from that ideal aspect which we should like to see thrown around an artist of so true a genius; but the photograph was probably the best that the publishers could obtain. The book is a very pretty one, in handsome type and broad margin, and contains an attractive cut of the Marshfield home.

Mr. Quincy's *Figures of the Past*, from the press of Roberts Brothers, is certainly a most entertaining book. The writer is garrulous without being too minute. He acknowledges that he is indebted to his friend for cutting short his pages, to suit them to the demands of this hurrying age. He dwells on the old days, copying from his youthful journals, describing events, acknowledging the halo which they wear for his eyes still, declaring that these scenes were absolutely grander than anything now; and yet he never reveals himself as old-fashioned or behind the age, but throws in a line on every page or two by way of contrast, showing that he is fully alive and up to the present. His reminiscences of Cambridge days are graphic, and his valuable records of conversations with John Adams startle us with the fact that his memory goes back so far. Then comes the brilliant hour when Lafayette, the darling of Americans, made his tour of triumph throughout the country. The young man was on the same seat in the carriage with the hero. Happy youth! Well born, the favorite of Presidents, the college orator, the social favorite, and afterward the genius of thirty dinners. But we anticipate. It is the boy's journal we read; and the distinguished old man lets you know how favored he was, and enjoys it, yet without any offensive egotism. His delight in those days makes them again a reality to him more powerful than the present; and he says tenderly: "The dead and forgotten worthies of old Boston, full of life and enthusiasm, are crowding the theatre. Those who claim to have taken their places are to me the phantoms."

One remark of Lafayette's to him is striking, as showing how the spirit of our country startled the observation of an eminent foreigner, and stamped itself upon his imagination. Lafayette says: "What do you think is the question the Revolutionary soldiers, to whom I am introduced, invariably ask me? It is this, 'What do you do for a living?' and sometimes the inquiry comes, 'What was your father's business?' Now, everybody is

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working for a living in America, and the people do not understand how it can be otherwise in the older countries." In the chapter on a "Journey with Judge Story," the Judge says some notable things about women, which are quite pleasant to hear, considering the general tone of feeling at this early period. The Judge remarks, after speaking of Jane Austen: "It is only the nature of their education which puts women at such disadvantages, and keeps up the notion that they are our inferiors in ability. What would a man be without his profession or business, which compels him to learn something new every day? The best sources of knowledge are shut off from women, and the surprise is that they manage to keep so nearly abreast of us as they do."

Next, we have "John Randolph in the Senate, Commodore Stockton, Washington Society in 1826," "The House of Representatives," "The Supreme Court," "Baltimore Belles," "Boston Again," "Harrison Gray Otis," and "Pillars of the State." In commenting upon distinguished and upright New England men of that day, Mr. Quincy says, "We find a medley of railroad kings and learned specialists to-day, who are not without value in a fragmentary way; but we have lost that lay priesthood who were once the accepted models of high living, and whose qualifications to direct the State were eminent and undisputed."

We have, then, "The Reverend Clergy," "Notable Women," etc., "Jackson in Massachusetts," and end off with Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet, whom our annalist thinks a man of power. He recalls a conversation with Smith on the slavery question, and declares that his views coincided remarkably with those of Emerson at that period, who advocated a purchase of the slaves by the sale of the public lands. "We," says Mr. Quincy, "who look back upon the terrible cost of the fratricidal war which put an end to slavery, now say that such a solution of the difficulty would have been worthy of a Christian statesman."

So closes this attractive book.

Macmillan & Co. have published this winter a very interesting memoir called *Annie Keary*, by her sister. This is all the title-page reveals. It might be only an obscure woman, beloved and admired by her friends, for all we can see at the first glance; but, on opening the book and reading, we find a charming and well-known woman in England, who has been the author of several popular stories for the young. The biographer's tribute

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is tender and affecting. No society talk, no great personages, are introduced, but simply the unfolding of a pure, gifted, and religious nature, carrying beauty and sunshine wherever it went. The book would be a valuable one for Sunday-school libraries, to be read by the older classes.

The Revival of the American Carrying Trade is an answer to the questions of the joint committee of Congress, appointed to inquire into the condition and wants of American ship-building and ship-owning interests. By John Codman. New York: G. S. Wilcox, printer. This pamphlet, whether one agrees with it or not, is certainly appropriate to the discussions of the hour. It appears to be circulated by the New York Free Trade Club, and touches upon the whole tariff question. We profess to no learning whatever on this vexed subject; but we have sometimes reflected in England upon her free-trade policy, and observed that she was certainly as well off as other countries, to say the least, if no better. Her miserable poor have been brought up as an argument against free trade; but what can we say now in this country, when our pauper element, for the last six years, has been equal almost to anything abroad? We will argue from a woman's stand-point, and say that, if there were no duty on English pins, we should find, perhaps, our pin manufacturers making pins which will not bend and become useless the moment they are put to any hard pressure.

The report of the committee on "The Care of the Town Poor of Quincy" comes to our hand, and shows us how a wiser administration of the public charity funds is reaching out from Boston into its neighboring communities, and especially what enlarged ideas spring up, and good results are produced, when the most influential families of the place attend faithfully the town-meetings, and give their time conscientiously for the public good.

The report of the committee for the Country Week is before us, and shows us again what a beautiful charity is going on in Boston at the Rooms of the Young Men's Christian Union.

GLEANINGS.

The "Free Thinkers" of Brussels and the church people seem to have had quite an amicable interchange of feeling, which is creditable to both parties. James Hocart, pastor, was invited to give a lecture before the so-called atheists. His arguments are reported as scholarly, evincing scientific research; and his defence

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of Theism and the doctrine of a personal Father is broad and reasonable. During his lecture, he recalls the fact that once before, when he expressed the wish that he might see some of them return to the worship of God, they cried out: "Never! Never!" He says, "'Never' covers a long period, and it is doubtful whether such a word should be uttered by those who claim to be passionate seekers after truth." "It is possible, however," he says, "that you may not allow yourselves to be convinced. I know from experience how difficult it is to break with any form of faith we have once held." The lecturer then goes on — it seems to us, in a most fair and courteous way — to reason with this atheistic audience, which has invited him to address them. He goes clearly over the scientific objections, the talk about matter, the impossibility of recognizing soul and the supernatural, all of which we have not space to quote. We would rather give a few extracts where the speaker seems to come into direct personal relations with his audience as "a man with his friend," and from the depths of an affectionate and catholic spirit endeavors to bring about a spiritual union between himself and them in spite of the difference of opinion. We quote a little here: —

Whether our morality be religious, philosophical, or independent, let us take care that it be lofty, pure, and noble, that it be an aspiration after perfection. Let us be just, honest, pure, devoted: let us not remain content with mere controversy or correct opinion, but add to it the constant emulation of benevolence and brotherhood. Follow this course, energetically repudiating the immoral consequences which a rigorous logic might deduce from your negations, and then the God whom you will have served without knowing him, since you will have fulfilled his moral law in life; the God to whom you will have rendered homage even while denying him, since you have loved justice and goodness; that God, I as a Protestant pastor make bold to say to you, my atheistical brethren, that God will pardon your error: he will take account of the abuses of religion, of the puerile superstitions, of the tyrannies, cruelties, and odious crimes by which pretended believers have blasphemed him by resorting to them in his name. He will take account of all those aberrations which have obscured your judgment and driven you to extreme views of a diametrically opposite kind; and, in that other life of which you wish to hear nothing, but in which I hope, both for you and myself, for your development, for your happiness, for the satisfaction of your soul as well as my own, he will permit you to know him better, to comprehend more clearly his purposes, to approach more closely to that resplendent source of light, beauty, justice, and perfection,

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whose refracted rays are all that reach the wisest and the best in this mortal state, and who will be forever the supreme God of our common adoration.

The Baptists in England are very energetic and hopeful in the temperance cause. At a great meeting in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the Rev. J. P. Chown reviews their position, the number of children in their "Bands of Hope" Society, the list of ministers who are abstainers, and especially the large number of theological students in their colleges who are total abstinents. Some parts of this address have such a fine dignity and spirit that it does one good to read it; as, for instance, the following passages:

I have never been altogether thoroughly able to sympathize with a good deal of the criticism, not always most generous, regarding those who have been the advocates of total abstinence in the earlier years of the movement's history, and in years since then. I am bound to say that for thirty years I have known not a little of the characters and spirit of some of the advocates of this great temperance question; and, while personally I have seen very little to deprecate, I have seen a vast deal to admire. But still we may say that we desire that the advocacy should rise as far as possible into the height, the sublimity, the grandeur, that gathers around that great religion in which its triumph may be anticipated and its victory assured. And so we meet as men with men, as men with hearts in our bosoms, feeling, as regards all around us, whomsoever we may touch and influence in any degree whatever in this great cause that we are bringing benefit to them and reflex benefit to ourselves. If the ancient heathen could say, "I am a man, and there is nothing human that does not affect me," then, I say, if we are men, and especially if we are Christian men, in every brother man we shall see one who claims our sympathy and should receive our consideration; and upon him we will pour all we can of blessing, so that time may be enriched and eternity may be crowned.

A new departure seems to have been taken in a prominent Baptist church, worshipping in Graham Street Chapel, in its recent vote that baptism shall no longer be considered a *sine qua non* of membership, the church "having thus declared itself in favor of 'open' principles after having practiced close principles for over one hundred and fifty years."

Messrs. Kegan, Paul & Co. have published this spring a volume of George Dawson's *Sermons*, which will be cordially welcomed. The Hibbert Lectures will be delivered this year by Rev. Charles Beard, in London and at Oxford.

MARTHA P. LOWE.

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REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

Final Causes. By Paul Janet, Member of the Institute, Professor at the Faculté des Lettres of Paris. Translated from the Second Edition of the French by William Affleck, B.D. With a Preface by Robert Flint, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Divinity, University of Edinburgh. Second Edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883. pp. xxii, 520.

This is a remarkable work. One is reminded in reading it of Locke's discussion of the doctrine of Ideas in his work on the *Understanding*, or the argument of Edwards on the "Will." No objection is overlooked, no weakness in the argument unacknowledged. Calmness, fairness, clearness, pervade the whole discussion. Such a work was needed, and will be welcome even to the deniers of final causes. A worthy opponent, who challenges the best strength of the contrary-minded, is always desired by the heroic debater and profound thinker. The doctrine of final causes has been assailed by some of the keenest intellects of the age,—yes, of the ages,—and yet men believe it, and will believe it, in spite of all the cunning of criticism, in spite of the doubts and denials of philosophers. Where there is the *appearance* of purpose men will believe there was a purpose till the contrary is proved by most irrefragable arguments; and, where there is evidently a purpose, as in the object-glass of the great Russian telescope, in Alvin Clarke's shop, the consensus of "the angels' noble host" would not convince a reasonable being that it was made for no end, without any design. But, if that lens compels the assent of the reason that it was constructed with design, with intelligence for an end,—namely, the collection of the rays of light into a focus,—how much more does the crystalline lens of the eye compel belief in the intelligent design of accomplishing the same end? And if the delicate apparatus by which it is adjusted to revolve to opposite points of the compass, and from the horizon to the zenith, fills us with astonishment at the skill of the builder, and the adaptation of every cord and screw to attain the end designed, how much more will the marvellous adjustment of the lens in the eye to sweep the horizon, and adapt itself to different distances and different degrees of light, compel an accurate observer to confess that an end was evidently sought to be accomplished by a skilful workman?

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The truth is, we are so constituted that we cannot but believe that the end attained by complicated adjustments was proposed in making these adjustments, wherever we find them. Intelligence is believed to be the cause of these adjustments, and not chance, the action of blind, undirected forces. The inference is the same, or the instant conviction is the same, whether the construction is a watch or an eye. The material used in the fabric has nothing to do with the argument: it is the arrangement of that material into a complex fabric, promotive of an obvious purpose. As we are constituted, we cannot but so believe. The doctrine of evolution does not in the slightest degree diminish the force of this belief. The more complicated the process to produce the result, the more impressed we are with the fact of a designer, the more wonderful appears the skill of the maker, and the more certain we are that he had the end attained in his mind. The unorganized protoplasm changes by the operation of a force or forces by slow degrees, under intelligent direction, to the attainment of the end designed,— a man, a horse, a whale. All the additions to its original simplicity were for the attainment of that end. The carpet loom is a much more complicated structure than the hand-loom; and by as much as it is a more complicated structure, and its products more wonderful, so do we estimate both the certainty of the end sought in its structure and skill of the maker above that of the hand-loom. We do not conclude that the process had no designed end, because it was so complicated, by any means. Every new addition to the complication of the machine only renders its purpose more certain and its end more indubitable. Now, if it has taken the complicated loom of millions of years of time and a million millions of parts to produce a man, an eagle, a lion, how evident is it that the machine had a constructor who saw, through all these ages and all these complications, just what the final result would be to which all these innumerable influences tended! In a word, the more complicated the means resulting in a certain end, the more certain are we that these means were designed to produce that end.

The doctrine of final causes is imbedded in the nature of man as one of the indisputable certainties of nature. He can no more rid himself of the belief in a designer, when he sees a multitude of individual parts all acting unitedly for one end, than he can rid himself of a belief in his own existence and in his own plans.

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An article of too great length for our *Review* would be necessary, to give even a brief analysis of this very able and scientific treatise. He who would know its power and worth must read the work itself. He will find that no objection to the doctrine of finality is evaded, and that full credit is given to its strength. With the calm consciousness of power and right, the author advances from proposition to proposition, demolishing objection after objection, till his conclusion is reached.

Ralph Waldo Emerson: His Life, Genius, and Writings. By Alexander Ireland. Second edition, with three autotype portraits. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1882. pp. 338.

Emerson at Home and Abroad. By Moncure D. Conway. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1882. pp. 389. Price $1.50.

Ralph Waldo Emerson: An Estimate of his Character and Genius, in Prose and Verse. By A. B. Alcott. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1882. Price $2.00.

The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1834–1872. Two volumes, pp. 368 and 383. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1883. Price $4.00.

Emerson as a Poet. By Joel Benton. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co. 1883. pp. 134. Price $1.50.

The above list of books relating to Emerson, and published since his death, indicate that he is not likely to be forgotten at present. Besides these, as many more works are in preparation, including the life by his friend and literary executor, J. Elliot Cabot; a volume in the "American Men of Letters Series," by Dr. O. W. Holmes; and a new English edition of his works, with an introduction by John Morley, though one must wonder how Morley is in any way fitted to write of such a man as Emerson. All this writing helps to indicate that Emerson is a fixed factor in American literature, and that he is not in any degree a waning star. The correspondence with Carlyle has given us much new information about both men, but very much less of that which is in any degree biographical than might have been expected. In these volumes, Emerson remains the serene, noble soul that all else known about him would indicate. He is reserved even with Carlyle, who is made the more demonstrative and enthusiastic in professions of friendship and admiration. Much the larger portion of the correspondence is taken up with the details of the publication of Carlyle's books, which Emerson superintended in this country for a great many years, and, as the result of much labor and vexation, helped Carlyle to thousands

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of dollars he would not otherwise have received. The whole transaction betrays some of the noblest qualities in both men. The letters on larger subjects are full of wisdom, fine suggestion, and inimitable touches.

Mr. Conway's book adds much to our knowledge of Emerson that is of great value and interest, and much concerning transcendentalism and its advocates. It is a brilliant book, very readable and racy; but it is brilliant at the expense of accuracy. Mr. Conway is a romancer, and has very little regard for the truth when he can say a fine thing or tell an interesting story. Some of the best things said of Emerson in this book have no foundation in fact, and many others are to be taken with allowances.

Mr. Ireland has made a good and substantial book. It is a worthy tribute to his friend. He induced Emerson to visit England in 1847 on a lecturing tour, and he tells us more about that journey than we know of it from any other source.

Alcott has republished his tribute of many years ago, partly reprinted in *Concord Days*, adding a little new matter and his own and F. B. Sanborn's poetical tributes before the Concord School of Philosophy. As the testimony of an intimate friend, it is a valuable contribution to our Emerson literature. It will be read with much satisfaction by the admirers of both men.

The little book by Joel Benton is a short and suggestive essay on Emerson's poetry by one of his most enthusiastic admirers. It brings to notice the charm and grace of the poetry, as well as its depth of thought. It is supplemented by W. S. Kennedy's helpful concordance of Emerson's poems. G. W. C.

John Greenleaf Whittier: His Life, Genius, and Writings. By W. S. Kennedy. Boston: S. E. Cassino, 1882. pp. 311. Price $1.50.

This volume contains a short memoir of Whittier and a discussion of his writings. It is well written, and contains all the information that is properly open to the public at the present time. It will be found a valuable help to those clubs or classes which are making a study of Whittier's poetry, as it contains much information concerning the origin of his poems. The general reader will also find it a helpful companion in reading the much endeared Quaker poet. G. W. C.

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On the Desert. With a Brief Review of Recent Events in Egypt. By Henry M. Field, D.D., author of *From Egypt to Japan*, etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883. pp. ii, 330.

This book is a description of a journey from Egypt on the track of the ancient Israelites through the peninsula of Sinai and the desert to Jerusalem. Dr. Field is a charming writer, and has made a charming book, though writing on an old theme on which it would seem as if nothing new or attractive could be said. A part of his route, however, was new. The Arabs of Petra and the surrounding country were so hostile that dragomen declined to take parties that way, and, instead of going to Akaba, along the Gulf of Akaba, the probable route of the Israelites, he determined to cross the desert direct for Jerusalem, passing Nukhe, the great camping-ground of the pilgrim caravan from Egypt to Mecca. The graphic description of the incidents of travel and of the country passed through holds the reader fast to the pages, even though the theme is old. It is an admirable book for family reading and for Sunday-school libraries. It deserves a wide circulation. The more such books of travels are read, the better. As a book of travels, it would have been more perfect, if the author had omitted his synopsis and discussion of the Mosaic laws.

My Portfolio. A Collection of Essays. By Austin Phelps, D.D., late professor in Andover Theological Seminary, etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1882. pp. vi, 280.

This is a selection from the fugitive writings of the Professor on thirty-one topics, including three chapters of reminiscences of his father, of most fascinating character. No one who commences reading the book will lay it aside unfinished. Not that all its opinions will be accepted, nor all its reasoning considered sound, especially in the two essays on the "Rights of Believers in Ancient Creeds." All attempts to justify the use of old creeds, where the subscriber does not interpret them in the sense in which their authors did, are sophistical and baseless. Henry Ward Beecher knew he was joking when he was asked, during his New Haven lecture, if he was a Calvinist, as he answered, "Yes, yes, I believe just what I think John Calvin would believe now, if he were living"! Prof. Phelps indulges in no such witticism; but his argument, reduced to its lowest terms, results in it. As a whole, the book is a charming one.

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Lectures, Essays, and Sermons. By Samuel Johnson. With a Memoir by Samuel Longfellow. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. pp. 466. Price $2.00.

All who have read Samuel Johnson's *Oriental Religions*, or who have been interested in his career, will welcome this admirable volume. The memoir is from the pen of his most intimate friend, and is a charming piece of work. It is, however, quite too short; for we should be glad of some more definite information about Johnson's work in Lynn, and about his independent position as a preacher. Yet the hundred and forty-two pages devoted to his life give us a very good insight into the character of this modest, retiring man, who did his work faithfully and well. He would join no sect or party, and would not even indentify himself with the Free Religious Association in any way that could serve to label him as of that *ism*. He did his quiet work in Lynn for seventeen years, living all that time at his father's house in Salem; and, then, he retired to his farm in North Andover to study the great religions. He published in 1868 a remarkable little book on *The Worship of Jesus*, he published a few discourses on anti-slavery and free church topics, and more than twenty discourses and essays in *The Radical*. Early, his interest was attracted toward the comparative study of religions, and he prepared a course of lectures on the Oriental faiths. These studies grew into his two extensive works on the religions of India and China. At his death, he had a third volume, on the religions of Persia, nearly completed; and this work will probably be published in due time. It is a melancholy fact that Johnson had to pay the expense of printing these two volumes, and that the second one gave him back but very little more than the money spent on it. Yet there are no other books which give such a clear and intimate insight into the Oriental faiths as these. Johnson put himself into sympathy with these religions, and he endeavored to give their spirit as well as the facts about them. Some of his chapters are marvellous pieces of historic writing, and are not to be surpassed in any other work of religious interpretation. The present volume, besides the memoir, contains thirteen lectures, essays, and discourses, on the following topics: Florence; the Alps of the Ideal and the Switzerland of the Swiss; Symbolism of the Sea; Fulfilment of Functions; Equal Opportunity for Woman; Labor Parties and Labor Reform; The Law of the Blessed Life; Gain in Loss; The Search for

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God; Fate; Living by Faith; The Duty of Delight; Transcendentalism. The first three and the last of these are perhaps the most suggestive and valuable. Johnson remained to the last a genuine Transcendentalist. He believed in the spiritual capacities of the soul, he delighted in the still communings of religious faith. The discourses in this volume are more controversial than some of his sermons, and for this reason are not so helpful as many of his chapters in the *Oriental Religions*, or so expressive of his religious spirit. Altogether, the book is one to be treasured as the record of a genuine soul, a pure heart, and a devout mind. The portrait and the list of Johnson's writings add much to its value. G. W. C.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Thomas Whittaker.

Principles of Agnosticism applied to Evidences of Christianity. By John Andrews Harris, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia. Price 75 cts. For sale by W. B. Clarke & Carruth.

From David G. Francis.

Works of Frederick Huidekoper. In two vols. Vol. I., Judaism at Rome. Vol. II., Indirect Testimony: Acta Pilati: Underworld Mission. Price, 2 vols., $4.50.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Lectures, Essays, and Sermons. By Samuel Johnson. With a Memoir by Samuel Longfellow. Price $1.75.

Poems of Jones Very. With an Introductory Memoir. By William T. Andrews. Price $1.50

Ten Great Religions. A Comparison of all Religions. Part II. By James Freeman Clarke. Price $3.00.

From John W. Lovell Company.

The Right and Wrong Uses of the Bible. By Rev. R. Heber Newton. Price, paper, 20 cts.

From Estes & Lauriat.

Reminiscences and Memorials of Men of the Revolution and their Families. By A. B. Muzzey. Fully illustrated.

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Threescore, and Other Poems. By George H. Calvert. Price $1.00.

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From Charles H. Whiting, successor to Hall & Whiting.

Joan of Arc. By J. S. Foote.

From Charles Scribner's Sons.

English Style in Public Discourse. By Austin Phelps, D.D.

The English Novel and the Principle of its Development. By Sidney Lanier.

The Gospel of the Secular Life. Sermons preached at Oxford. By Hon. W. H. Fremantle. Price $1.00.

The Wisdom of Holy Scripture, with reference to Sceptical Objections. By J. H. McIlvaine. Price $2.50. For sale by Estes & Lauriat.

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FEB 22 1888
APR 2 1888
APR 17 1888
MAY 14 1888
JUN 8 1888
FEB 4 1890
APR 5 1890
MAY 28 1890
OCT 10 1890
FEB 4 1891
JUN 4 1891
SEP 28 1891
OCT 9 1891
APR 21 1892
APR 14 1893
APR 22 1893
APR 27 1893
MAY 2 1893
DEC 26 1893
MAY 2 1894
APR 7 1894
FEB 6 1909
MAR 14 1911
AUG 21 1964 R
DUE APR '65 H
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